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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXXII.

JULY, 1846.

ART. I. — *The Elements of Morality, including Polity.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, Author of the History and the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. 2 vols. 16mo.

DR. WHEWELL has been for some years well known as a scientific writer of great learning, candor, and soundness. His Bridgewater Treatise was second to none in the series, and may be studied as a model by any one whose office it is to embody for the use of general readers the results of profound research and scholarship. But his reputation rests, and probably will rest, chiefly on his History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, — works which cover with singular fidelity the entire ground which they profess to occupy, — the former with a perfectness of method and an accuracy of detail which leave little to be desired, — the latter with a patience, caution, precision, and blended clearness and depth of thought, which must command the respect and admiration of those who dissent from its doctrines. The work now before us fills the same place for the department of Ethics, which the first of the above-named works does for the Inductive Sciences. It is not a treatise on Moral *Philosophy*, but an appropriate basis for such a treatise, which we cannot but anticipate as forthcoming (though not explicitly announced) from the same hand. The object of this work is to present what we may term the *physiology* of morality,

that is, an outline of the undoubted facts and phenomena connected with man's moral being, self-consciousness, and agency, and of the leading eras and aspects of the ethical history of the race. Or, as the author takes England for his station, constantly applies his principles to the public law and sentiment of England, and seems on many subjects to have stopped short himself at the point which they have reached, we might define this work to be an answer to the question, "Through what elements of human nature, through what processes of development and culture, are the conscience and the moral standard of an enlightened and virtuous English Churchman what they are"? This route of inquiry excludes, of course, the many metaphysical questions which properly belong to the department of ethics, such as the ultimate basis of moral obligation, the power of motives, the nature of the will, and the seat, laws, and limits of free agency; but it presents a clear and philosophical statement of the facts from which alone these questions can be answered. We propose to give an outline view of the ground thus covered by Dr. Whewell, with such remarks of our own as the work and the subject may suggest and our limits permit.

Man is made a moral being by his powers of observation, reflection, and reasoning, combined with his conscious free agency. He understands what he does, and he does what he prefers to do. Moreover, as actions lead to events by invariable laws, they are the legitimate subjects of rules. But moral rules, as they are designed to act upon the will, must, in order to be of any avail, be adjusted with reference to those motives or springs of action which immediately influence the will. The springs of action our author enumerates as follows: "The Appetites or Bodily Desires; the Affections; the Mental Desires; the Moral Sentiments; and the Reflex Sentiments," under which head he classes the desire of love or esteem from others, and the desire of our own approval, together with "all those Springs of Action which are designated by some compound of the world *Self*; as *Self-Admiration*, *Self-Love*." This last class seems to us redundant. We can trace no difference in *kind* between "the desire of superiority," enumerated among the mental desires, and that of popularity or fame, which is put among the reflex sentiments. We do not deny, indeed, that the love of fame is a *reflex* sentiment; but so is hunger, thirst,

avarice, each implying an external object of desire, the reflex action of which influences the will. And as for the class of sentiments designated by the compounds of *self*, these may all be resolved into different forms of self-consciousness ; and self-consciousness is an essential condition of every desire or sentiment, while *self-love*, in its largest sense, may be assumed as the connecting *formula* between every spring of action and the will. This entire class of sentiments might, then, better be distributed, according to their respective aims and ends, among the mental desires and the moral sentiments.

The various springs of action operate with different degrees of intensity upon different individuals. But reason is conceived of as the same in all persons, as to its decisions and results ; and the common reason of mankind leads to the establishment of such rules of action as shall confine the several springs of action to their just places in the economy of individual and social being. Moral rules exist of necessity ; for "we cannot conceive man as man, without conceiving him as subject to rules, and making part of an order in which rules prevail." Man does not create society, but is born for it and into it. Society is as essential an element of human nature, as reason or conscience. And there can be no society, unless it have for its basis rules, enacted by the common reason, which shall so circumscribe and balance the springs of action in each individual, as to leave certain essential objects of desire open to the attainment of all. Actions derive their value from their ends ; and a subordinate end derives its value from a higher end which it promotes. In assigning reasons for our rules of action, we pass successively from lower to higher ends, till we arrive at *the Supreme Good* as the ultimate end. This supreme good is rather the limit than the expression of our conceptions of the desirable. We cannot define it ; but in our rules of action, we constantly aim at it and approximate towards it. The supreme good implies a supreme rule of action, — the sum and archetype of all our approximate rules ; and with reference to the supreme rule we conceive of actions as *right* and *wrong*, — terms which are indefinable, and represent certain ultimate ideas that underlie all our moral self-consciousness and our reflection on moral subjects.

Moral rules, in prescribing what it is right for each person

to do, must take into account the objects of desire to which each person is entitled. They thus recognize *rights*, and impose corresponding *obligations*. There are certain fundamental rights which flow necessarily from the moral nature of man, and the conceptions of which are universal. These conceptions are the basis of public law. All law aims at their realization, but with greater or less success according to the existing degree of culture, or the historical circumstances, which may have favored or retarded the development of a particular class of rights. Thus laws, though based on immutable principles and universal ideas, may be partial, imperfect, and mutable, — indeed, must ever be in a transition state, as it is their office to embody the conceptions of rights in local and historical circumstances, which can never be the same in two different communities or two successive generations.

Our author enumerates as essential rights "the rights of personal security, the rights of property, the rights of contract, the rights of marriage, and the rights of government"; and proceeds to trace the development of these several classes of rights in the Roman and the English law. We cannot follow him in this sketch, which is fair, accurate, concise, and comprehensive. He passes thence to the consideration of duties and virtues. Obligations relate to outward acts. So long as we invade no man's rights, no man can justly make any farther claim upon us. Beyond this point, law cannot go. But the *obligation* to refrain from certain illegal actions imposes upon us the *duty* of refraining from such thoughts, desires, and purposes as might lead to these actions. The law, "Thou shalt not steal," imposes the duty of not coveting; the law, "Thou shalt not kill," the duty of suppressing those angry, malicious, revengeful thoughts, of which murder is the ripened fruit. Moral precepts thus cover with prohibitions addressed to the minds of men the whole circuit of wrong actions which the law prohibits. But the prohibition of certain wrong desires and purposes implies the duty of cherishing the opposite desires and purposes. The mind cannot repose with satisfaction on a negative morality. The supreme law of human action must necessarily include the whole of our nature, so as to direct every faculty, power, and affection towards its proper object. The idea of perfect goodness is a universal idea,

and it embraces several distinct conceptions, corresponding to the several kinds of rights and obligations ; and each of these gives rise to a separate class of moral precepts, and asserts its supremacy over a distinct department of the thoughts, desires, and purposes. The moral conceptions, to which all others may be reduced or referred, are benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and order, which, considered as dispositions of mind, may be termed the cardinal virtues. From these conceptions are deduced the propositions which we term the fundamental principles of morality. Thus, " Each man is to have his own," is the principle of justice. To the principles corresponding to the five cardinal virtues our auther adds the principle of *earnestness*, " The affections and intentions must not only be rightly directed, but energetic," and that of *moral purpose*, " Things are to be sought only as means to moral ends," — principles which express the intuitive conviction of every moral agent. The various forms and manifestations of character included in the *five* cardinal virtues, together with the opposite shades and degrees of vice, are drawn out with great perspicuity and accuracy of detail ; but there are no salient points which demand special notice, and our limits will not permit us to give even a hasty sketch of the discussion. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our admiration of the symmetry between Dr. Whewell's classification of rights and his list of cardinal virtues. The term *cardinal virtues* has hitherto been an arbitrary term, applied, as the caprice of an individual author dictated, to the prominent traits of a good character, without reference to their susceptibility of a farther analysis or of identification with each other. But the classes of rights ennumerated in this work grow out of the ultimate, elementary conditions of human well-being ; and, as virtue is necessarily based on human rights, and aims at their security and extension, it must therefore have a separate phasis, and ought to have a generic name, corresponding to each class of rights. Accordingly, the rights of personal security are protected by benevolence ; those of property by justice ; those of contract by truth ; those flowing from the marriage relation by purity, which prescribes the subjection of the lower parts of our nature to the higher ; those of government by order, which dictates obedience to laws, and the discharge of one's relative duties as a member of the body politic. To these

virtues the principle of *earnestness* gives intensity, energy, and progressive development, while that of *moral purpose* unites them in their highest office of enriching and ennobling the individual soul.

All duties imply the duty of cultivating them, that is, the duty of moral progress, which can never terminate on earth; for, so long as we live, we "have room to make ourselves better and wiser, to increase the warmth of our affections, to purify our hearts, to elevate our thoughts, to make ourselves more and more virtuous." Transgressions not only arrest our moral progress, but are steps in a retrograde moral course. After transgression, our progress can be resumed only by repentance, amendment, and reformation; nor can the moralist pronounce, without authority from a higher source, that even these can avert the consequences of sin, and restore the integrity of the moral nature. Conscience is the faculty by which we determine whether our dispositions or actions are right or wrong. Conscience (*con-science*) is *self-knowledge*. It implies the knowledge of our own moral condition, of the principles to which it is amenable, of the complexion which it bears as good or evil. It is at once *witness*, *law*, and *judge*. As *law*, however, it does not necessarily and in all points coincide with the supreme law. It represents the individual's degree of moral culture and stage of moral progress. Therefore, while he who acts against his conscience is always wrong, he who acts in conformity with his conscience is not necessarily right. He may not have educated his conscience, — he may have violated the duty of progress; and in that case, conscientiousness is no excuse. Or he may have had imperfect opportunities of developing the ideas of right and duty; in which case, whatever judgment we may pass upon the moral agent, his dispositions and conduct cannot be regarded with approbation by one whose conscience is more enlightened.

Compared with the supreme law, the most highly educated conscience is imperfect, and may sometimes render doubtful responses. Hence come what moralists have termed *cases of conscience*, to the discussion of several of which the author devotes one of his most ably written and interesting chapters. From this chapter, which we would gladly quote entire, we offer several extracts on subjects of immediate interest, on which well disposed people might range themselves on

different sides as to their judgments and conduct. Thus, we have heard good men assert the right of an anonymous author to maintain his *incognito*, even at the expense of literal truth, against intrusive questioners, who have no legal or moral right to know the fact. To such persons we would commend the following statement.

"The author of an anonymous work, who wishes to remain unknown as the author, but is suspected, is asked whether he wrote the work. To refuse to reply would be to acknowledge it. Such authors have held, that, in such a case, they may deny the authorship. They urge, that the Questioner has no right to know: that the Author has a Right to remain concealed, and has no means of doing so but by such a denial. But this defence is wrong. The author has no moral Right to remain concealed at the expense of telling a Lie: that is, it is not right in him thus to protect himself. But on the other hand, he is not bound to answer. Nor need he directly refuse to do so. He may evade the question, or turn off the subject. There is nothing to prevent his saying, 'How can you ask such a question?' or any thing of the like kind, which may remove the expectation of an answer. If he cannot secure his object in this or some similar way, it is to be recollected that he has drawn the inconvenience upon himself, by first writing an anonymous work, and then engaging in conversation on such terms, that he cannot escape answering questions about the authorship of the work. He has no Right, moral or other, to insist that these two employments may be pursued jointly without inconvenience. Familiar conversation is a play of reciprocal insight and reciprocal guidance of thought; and such weapons a man may very rightly use, to guard his secret. But he may not assume that it must be guarded at any rate, by means right or wrong, by declarations true or false. On the other hand, he may seek, as widely as he chooses, for some turn of conversation by which he may baffle curiosity without violating truth. To discover such a turn is a matter of skill, self-command, and invention. If he fail and be detected, he may receive some vexation or inconvenience; but if he succeed at the expense of truth, he receives a moral stain." — Vol. I., pp. 280, 281.

We commend the following extract to the attention, both of lawyers who would be good and true men, and of those who doubt whether the profession of an advocate can be pursued without the sacrifice of integrity.

"Some Moralists have ranked with the cases in which Convention supersedes the general rule of truth, an Advocate asserting

the justice, or his belief in the justice, of his Client's cause. As a reason why he may do this, though he believe otherwise, it is said that no promise to speak the truth was given, or supposed to be given. But we reply by asking, If there is no mutual understanding that he shall speak truly, to what purpose does he speak, or to what purpose do the judges hear?

"By those who contend for such indulgence to Advocates, it is alleged, that the Profession of Advocate exists as an instrument for the administration of Justice in the Community; and that it is a necessary maxim of the Advocate's Profession, that he is to do all that can be done for his Client. It is urged, that the application of Laws is a matter of great complexity and difficulty: that the right administration of them in doubtful cases is best provided for, if the arguments on each side be urged with the utmost force, and if the Judge alone decide which side is in the right; that, for this purpose, each Advocate must urge all the arguments he can devise, and must enforce them with all the skill he can command. It is added, to justify the Advocate, that, being the Advocate, he is not the Judge; — that it is not his office to determine on which side Justice is; and that therefore his duty, in his office, is not affected by his belief on this subject.

"In reply to these considerations, the Moralist may grant that it is likely to answer the ends of Justice in a community, that there should exist a Profession of Advocates, ready to urge, with full force, the arguments on each side in doubtful cases. And if the Advocate, in his mode of pleading and exercising his profession, allows it to be understood that this is all that he undertakes to do, he does not transgress his Duties of Truth and Justice, even in pleading for a bad cause; since, even for a bad cause, there may be arguments, and even good arguments. But if, in pleading, he assert his belief that his cause is just, when he believes it unjust, he offends against Truth; as any other man would do who, in like manner, made a like assertion. Nor is it conducive to the ends of justice, that every man, however palpably unjust his cause be, should have such support to it.

"To the argument, that the Advocate is not the Judge, and therefore that he is not responsible for his judgment on the merits of the case, the Moralist will reply, that every man is, in an unofficial sense, by being a moral agent a Judge of right and wrong, and an Advocate of what is right; and is, so far, bound to be just in his judgments, and sincere in his exhortations. This general character of a moral agent he cannot put off, by putting on any professional character. Every man, when he advocates a case in which morality is concerned, has an influence upon his hearers, which arises from the belief that he shares the moral

sentiments of all mankind. This influence of his supposed morality is one of his possessions; which, like all his possessions, he is bound to use for moral ends. If he mix up his character as an Advocate with his character as a Moral Agent, using his moral influence for the Advocate's purpose, he acts immorally. He makes the Moral Rule subordinate to the Professional Rule. He sells to his Client, not only his skill and learning, but himself. He makes it the Supreme Object of his life to be, not a good man, but a successful Lawyer.

"If it be alleged, that, by allowing the difference of his professional and unprofessional character to be seen in his pleading, the Advocate will lose his influence with his hearers; the Moralist will reply, that he ought not to have an influence which arises from a false representation of himself; and that, if he employ the influence of his unprofessional character, he is bound, in the use of it, to unprofessional Rules of Duty.

"The Advocate must look upon his Profession, like every other endowment and possession, as an Instrument, which he must use for the purposes of Morality. To act rightly is his proper object: to succeed as an Advocate is a proper object, only so far as it is consistent with the former. To cultivate his Moral being is his highest end; to cultivate his Professional eminence is a subordinate aim.

"But further; not only is the Advocate to cultivate and practise his profession in subordination to moral ends, and to reject its Rules where they are inconsistent with this subordination; but moreover, there belong to him moral ends which regard his Profession; namely, to make it an Institution fitted to promote Morality. He must seek so to shape its Rules, and so to alter them if need be, that they shall be subservient to the Rules of Duty. To raise and purify the character of the Advocate's profession, so that it may answer the ends of justice, without requiring insincerity in the Advocate, is a proper aim for a good man who is a Lawyer;—a purpose on which he may well and worthily employ his efforts and his influence."—Vol. I., pp. 282–285.

The lamentable carelessness and levity with which otherwise conscientious men and women often treat the preliminaries to the marriage contract, the rashness with which the most sacred of promises is frequently made, the breach of that promise in multiplied instances because it ought never to have been made, attach a deep solemnity of interest to the passages which follow.

"Promises of Marriage often give rise to doubts and fears; for

the Promise implies much; — no less than affection and general community of interests during a whole life. A person may well hesitate before giving such a promise, and having given it, may fear whether he is not engaging for more than he can perform. But on the other hand, the Promise, sincerely given, leads to its own fulfilment; for affection grows, in virtue of the confidence which such an engagement establishes between the parties; the marriage union adds new ties to those which drew them together; and the progress of a well conducted married life makes conjugal affection continue as a habit.

"But the intention of fulfilling the engagement in this sense, and the belief of a power to do so, can alone render it right to make the Promise. A Promise of Marriage, though made, cannot morally be carried into effect by him who does not intend thus to perform the engagement, or who despairs of doing so. If, before the Marriage takes place, he find the germ of conjugal affection wanting in his heart, the course of Duty is, to withdraw from entering upon the immoral condition of a mere external conjugal union. But still, in doing this, he violates a most serious Relative Duty to the person thus deceived. She may have to accuse him of no less an injury than the blighted hopes and ruined happiness of her whole life. To a man of any moral feeling, or even of any natural feeling, the remorse of having done such a wrong, by the promise of affection and livelong companionship, must be intense. And his shame also must be profound: for he may be supposed to have well examined his heart before he made the promise; and if his affections be so dark to himself, or so fickle, that, in spite of his self-examination, he has remained so long in error, and has been led to such a false step at last; how can he hope ever to be justified in making a like engagement with another person? A life of remorse and shame would be the proper sequel to such a fault.

. . . . .

"Without there being an absolute Promise of Marriage, there are often manifest suggestions of such a common purpose, between man and woman, which lead to difficulties of the same kind. In all countries, and especially in countries in which men and women are left free, in a great measure, to choose for themselves their partners in married life, marriage is the great event of life; it is the point to which the thoughts and imaginations, the hopes and designs, of the young of both sexes, constantly tend. This is still more particularly the case with women; inasmuch as their social position depends mainly upon that of the husband. Hence, the manner and behaviour of young men and young women have a frequent reference, tacit or open, to the possibility

of engagements of marriage among them. Conversation, of almost any kind, may disclose features of character and disposition, by which one heart may be drawn to another; and indications of such inclination may be given, in all degrees, from the slightest to the most marked. Among such a variety of elements, it may often be doubtful how far such marks of preference, on the one side and on the other, may be equivalent to an Offer of Marriage, or to an Engagement. Nor can any general Rule be laid down; for much must depend upon the conventions of society. But we may say, in general, that Morality requires of us a most serious and reverent estimate of the marriage state, and of the union of heart and community of moral purpose by which the parties ought to be drawn together. Any behaviour, therefore, which, while it appears to tend to such a purpose, is really frivolous and unmeaning, or prompted only by vanity, or love of amusement, is at variance with Duty. Such behaviour is a very unfit portion of a life which has our Moral Culture for its constant purpose; and which looks upon the prospect of marriage, and the tone of intercourse with women, as means to this end." — Vol. I., pp. 287 – 290.

Cases of necessity are next discussed, — cases in which one is prompted to violate common rules and duties under the pressure of extreme danger or fear, whether for himself or others. It is useless to lay down maxims of conduct for such cases; for the course which an individual will take under a sudden emergency will depend for the most part on his previous moral culture, — on the intensity of his regard for the class of duties which self-preservation or sympathy with the person endangered would tempt him to violate. But when under such circumstances an essentially immoral act is committed, the moral nature receives a severe shock, and the moral progress is for the moment suspended. Yet the shock may be transient, and the progress may be resumed with but brief interruption; for a temptation, which is not likely to recur, and which was yielded to in a paroxysm of dread, will probably do much less harm than a temptation to some transgression of far inferior magnitude, met and yielded to in the common course of the daily life. Sometimes the violation of common rules in a case of necessity is connected with signal self-devotion and self-sacrifice. It then becomes an *heroic* act, and may be attended with manifestations of character which will compel the admiration of the sternest moralist, while still, as it violates these general rules of mo-

rality, which cannot be regarded with excessive reverence, he is unable to present it for approval and imitation.

Ignorance and error are often deemed to render wrong actions excusable. The first question, however, is, whether the ignorance or the error was unavoidable, or whether it resulted from the neglect of the duty of self-culture, or from the lack of investigation or caution as to the case in hand. In the latter alternative, the wrong action deserves no less censure than if it had been committed with full consciousness of the wrong, though the blame attaches itself to antecedent steps rather than to the ultimate act. Unavoidable ignorance or error may exist either with reference to the external *facts* which furnish the occasion for the wrong action, or with reference to the supreme *law* of actions as applicable to the case in hand. Ignorance or mistake as to facts which we have not the means of knowing, even though it leads to deeds essentially wrong, can imply no personal guilt, nor can it do any injury to the moral nature. The man who purchases stolen goods, under circumstances not adapted to excite suspicion as to their ownership, incurs neither blame nor harm. But ignorance of the law of duty, however involuntary, if not blameworthy, still is not harmless. It implies a suspended or inverted moral culture; and the wrong acts which flow from such ignorance tend to cloud over the conceptions of right and duty, to deepen vicious tendencies of the moral nature, and to lead the individual farther and farther from that conformity to the supreme law in which consists the supreme good. Thus in the divine government we recognize the workings of those cardinal maxims of human jurisprudence, "*Ignorantia facti excusat; ignorantia juris non excusat.*"

Nations and communities, as well as individuals, have their own standards of right and wrong, more or less conformed to the supreme law; and these standards are generally progressive, as, with growing intelligence, moral conceptions gradually become clearer and clearer. We can conceive of no settled human society, without the distinct and well established conception of the general rights of person and property. Equally essential is the conception of the State, as legitimate ly sovereign and the guardian of individual rights. But the state may be invested with its supremacy and sacredness, before rights in general are distinctly defined and circum-

scribed ; and in that case the state will sanction many alleged rights founded on injustice. As the state advances in moral culture, it will perceive the arbitrary and wrongful origin of titles, distinctions, and immunities thus founded, and will aim gradually to remedy the inequalities established by ancient prescription and usage. But it cannot do this suddenly, or except stepwise and by prospective legislation ; for what was arbitrary at the outset may have become relatively right by the historical sanction of long consent and habit ; and the hasty reversion of historical precedents, the righting, in paroxysms of strong moral feeling, of wrongs established by immemorial prescription, would break up the continuity of a state, destroy its identity, unhinge the confidence of its citizens, and unsettle the mutual understandings on which they had been wont to base their contracts and their enterprises. Law, therefore, in a well constituted community, will always, in its progress, keep somewhat in the rear of the national conception of justice. "Law, who must constantly travel on towards justice, must always have some part of her journey yet to perform." But on this intervening ground some crushingly hard individual cases may arise, — cases for which the law in its present condition provides no remedy, but which the sense of justice in the community will not suffer to remain unremedied. This space is covered by *equity jurisdiction*, which exists in some form in every enlightened community, and which always marks the next steps which law will take in its progress onward towards the supreme rule of right. As man's moral nature developes itself in the lapse of time, the conception of humanity, as a principle requiring each individual to own in others the same rights which he claims for himself, acquires definiteness, consistency, and universality. Humanity points constantly to an equality of civil rights, and thus to the emancipation and enfranchisement of whatever classes of men, as serfs or slaves, may have been interdicted from the free exercise of some or all of these rights. The laws of a state, with their retributive sanctions, are among the chief means of establishing, and may be highly instrumental in elevating, the national standard of morality. It is not their only function to command or forbid express acts ; but they perform a most important part in the moral education of the people. They impress certain characteristics of good and of evil on the acts which they

command, permit, and forbid. By their scale of punishments, they graduate the guilt of different crimes, and thus affect the relative estimate in which different vices and their opposite virtues are held by the great body of the people, who never become criminally amenable to the laws. This teaching of the laws combines with the moral education which children receive from their parents and instructers, and with that which results from the self-culture of individuals more advanced in life ; so that laws which there is seldom occasion to execute may exert an incalculable influence in creating and sustaining the state of general sentiment which makes them seem otiant and superfluous.

We would here pause and ask, whether this last consideration has the weight which it deserves in the proceedings of legislative bodies, and in the discussions designed to influence them. Humane and philanthropic reformers are constantly demanding a mitigation of legal penalties, on the plea, that such mitigation, especially if the administration of justice be rendered sure and prompt, will still leave punishments sufficiently severe to exercise a salutary restraint upon evil-doers. They maintain a perpetual protest against punishments more severe than are absolutely necessary for the prevention of crime. We agree with them that punishments should be limited by this essential end. But it is not the vicious portion of the community that is chiefly affected by them. Depraved men are too much under the influence of their passions, to calculate coolly the chances or the degrees of penalty which they are going to incur. Most great crimes are committed under the impulse of overmastering desires or enmities, which render the malefactor reckless of consequences. The prevention of crime is an end much more likely to be attained among those who have their characters yet to form, and who will grow into the tone of feeling which pervades the statute book. When in England the killing of a man might be atoned for by a fine, while the knocking down of a deer by an unqualified person was a capital offence, multitudes of youth grew up with a much more sacred reverence for the royal forests than for human life, and the stain of "blood-guiltiness" was regarded by the whole community as slight and transient. In our own country, fraudulent bankruptcy and some of the more genteel forms of swindling are looked upon with a leniency of judgment which is train-

ing young men in all our commereial cities for lives of dishonesty ; and this mainly because the law has failed to set its penal brand of reprobation upon these practices. On the other hand, there are forms of impurity and unnatural vice, that used to be unblushingly practised and gloried in before the Christian era, but which have almost died out of Christendom, not because few reach the depth of depravity which renders these crimes possible, but because the severest penalties stand written against them in the statute books of every civilized nation. The judicious philanthropist will wish not for mild, but for just punishments. He will desire to see the moral scale as distinctly recognized in the penalties which society inflicts on the guilty, as it is in the instructions of the Christian family or pulpit ; and will be contented that those crimes which imply an abnegation of common humanity should be visited (whether by death or by hopeless imprisonment) with the perpetual excision of the offending member from the body politic.

It was conclusively shown in our January number, that capital punishment is neither necessary for the prevention of the last steps of crime, nor effectual in the prevention of the crimes to which it is attached. The question remains, whether it may not be needed for the moral education of the community at large, in order to sustain a general and profound sense of the sacredness of human life, and of that purity in the weaker sex, which is to be regarded as dearer than life. And we say unhesitatingly, that, if imprisonment nominally for life is to continue what it now is in our country, a brief restraint, almost sure to be terminated by the irresponsible and ill-judged clemency of the executive, or, yet worse, to be bought off by money or by votes, we cannot afford to have the death-penalty removed. This sham imprisonment does not brand with sufficient ignominy those outrageous crimes which ought to be held in universal detestation. But could certain classes of criminals be made civilly dead, beyond the possibility of restoration except by new evidence casting doubt upon their guilt, we will then grant that the community may give added sanction to the sacredness of human life by forbidding its violation even by the stern hand of public justice.

But to return to our author. We have followed him so far as morality can go without new light and added sanctions

from a higher source of authority. Man's intuitive moral conceptions cannot but identify duty with happiness. But the connection is often apparently interrupted, and at best but dimly traced. Expediency and right often seem to point to divergent paths ; and the temptation is strong, and frequently irresistible, to pursue happiness in opposition to the dictates of moral principle. Here morality seeks the aid of religion. The idea of God becomes unfolded and fixed, in the course of man's intellectual and moral progress. The evidences of design in the outward creation, the structure and powers of the human soul lead irresistibly to the belief of a supreme First Cause. The harmonious course of nature points to an unceasing Providence. The creature cannot but feel himself the subject, and thus learns to regard the moral law, as enacted by the universal Creator and Governor. The system and course of nature also abound with traces of a benevolent purpose, and indicate the happiness of his creatures as the will of the Creator. Here, then, is found the desired thread that connects duty and happiness. If the moral law is the law of God, it must be a law of supreme benevolence, and obedience to it cannot fail in every instance to promote human happiness ; and if this end cannot always be traced in the present life, there are numerous analogies that point to a future state of being in which it may be fully attained.

These ideas of natural religion, when established, prepare the way for the reception of revealed religion ; and in the history of the world we find a series of well authenticated revelations, of which the central, or rather the culminating, point is the advent of Jesus Christ. His teachings expound the supreme law of duty, sanction it by promises extending into the boundless future, establish the identity of duty and happiness, and prescribe new means and offer new aids for man's moral progress. Taking the divine origin of Christianity for granted, Dr. Whewell brings together the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles with reference to the several classes of duties previously discussed ; and the chapters devoted to this synopsis consist of the express words of Scripture, with only here and there a connecting or explanatory sentence.

But religion not only sanctions the obligations of natural morality ; it prescribes a new class of duties, of which God is the object and the centre, — duties of reverence,

worship, praise, and prayer. Nay, more, it makes God the object of all other duties, and prescribes their performance as an essential portion of the homage which we owe to him. As religious truth is simply an outline of the actual relations of moral beings to each other and their Creator, of course religious belief is essential to the full moral culture of each individual, and without it, he must omit the discharge of many positive and essential duties. To religious unbelief or error, then, are applicable the same principles which were laid down as to ignorance or error with regard to the moral law. Unbelief, in consequence of the lack of suitable religious teaching, is a misfortune as regards the moral nature, arresting its progress at a very low point, if not inverting it; while unbelief, with ample means of ascertaining the truth, is necessarily blameworthy. Religious belief being thus essential to man's moral progress and well-being, there results the duty of *Christian edification*, or mutual religious improvement, which suggests a system of social means for the acknowledgment, the preservation, and the diffusion of religious truth, for the initiation of the young and ignorant, and for the embodiment of Christian ideas in men's social relations and intercourse. That these supremely important ends may be adequately answered, they must not be left to the random and fickle impulses of irresponsible individuals; but they demand an *established system of means.* Such means are Christian ordinances. Our author enumerates four sources of rules for Christian ordinances; namely, Natural Piety, Early Revelation, Apostolic Institution, and Catholic Tradition.

These sources we readily admit, with a qualification, to which he would undoubtedly assent, by which we would assign to early revelation and Catholic tradition the mere office of interpreting and authenticating apostolic institution. Thus, for instance, we would defend *infant baptism*, not on the mere ground that the circumcision of infants was practised under the Jewish revelation, and that the baptism of infants comes down to us sanctioned by the unvarying practice of the early church, but because these facts render it morally certain that infants were included in the apostolic institution. In addition to these sources, the right is claimed for each national church of regulating the forms and details of ordinances, where they are not specially prescribed, — a right which none will question where a national church exists.

Under the head of Christian ordinances, Dr. Whewell treats of the Lord's day, the consecration of places of worship, forms of prayer, baptism, the Lord's Supper, marriage and funeral rites, oaths, and the Christian ministry. As a member of the Church of England, he of course decides in favor of forms of public prayer, though he has reinforced the exceedingly jejune argument from authority by few of those obvious collateral considerations, on which, in the absence of express command or institution, the stress of the discussion ought to rest, and on which it is no difficult task to defend the expediency of an established liturgy. He also defends the distinction of orders in the ministry, and the vesting of the exclusive right to ordination in the bishops ; but evidently takes ground with the Evangelical party (so called) in his own church, in that he says not a word of the apostolic succession, and denies the alleged priestly character and office of the Christian ministry.

We pass now to the chapters which treat of Polity. The state is defined to be "a necessary society," existing, "in the order of reasoning," before the individual, that is, involving conditions of being without which man could not live as man. The state, thus endowed with underived and inherent attributes, is represented not merely as the guaranty, but as the source, of individual rights, and as deriving its own rights not from any social contract or from cession by its individual members, but from an *a priori* necessity. The state, it is said, cannot be conceived of as divested of these rights ; and they are rights *sui generis*, such as can never in any sense or degree have belonged to individuals, — nay, some of them such as it would be grossly immoral for any individual or body of men, considered apart from that abstraction, *the State*, to claim and exercise. These rights (in addition to the general rights of government) are "the right to the national territory ; the right of war and peace ; the right of capital punishment ; and the right of imposing oaths." Corresponding to these rights are the obligations of self-preservation, of national defence, of upholding law, and repressing sedition.

Now we are constrained to regard this whole statement as a specimen of special pleading for certain established usages of states, which no recognized moral principles can justify. The author is sufficiently aware that individuals have no right to murder or to plunder their enemies ; he traces no

charter for such privileges either in natural morality or in revelation ; and in order to legitimate them for nations, he is driven to regard the state as a distinct, nondescript personality, devoid of human attributes and responsibleness, half God, half devil. But admitting for a moment this vague abstraction, whence are we to infer its rights or its duties ? If it have rights not analogous to those of individuals, and over and above those included in man's intuitive conception of government and of social order, they are rights which cannot be brought to the forum of conscience, or tested by moral principle. How, then, shall it be ascertained that they are rights, and not mere facts ? They are legitimated solely by their existence ; for they are not necessary facts, — we can conceive of government and social order as existing independently of them. Are we not, then, on our author's ground, driven to the conclusion, that, in the constitution of the state, " whatever is, is *right*," and in earlier ages would not the same mode of reasoning have legitimated slavery, despotism, and the slaughter of women and children in time of war ?

The state, so far from being an *a priori* conception, is an after-growth of society, and may be traced historically from its origin through every stage of its progress. Government is indeed an essential condition of society, and the " virtues of order " are the dictates of natural morality. But in the earliest times, the functions of government were exercised by the father of each separate household, and then by the centre of regard and influence (whether on the score of age or character) in each larger family group. Under this simple organization, men acquired property, both movable and immovable, by individual acts of appropriation, while all was free and there was room for all, and by the proceeds of their own industry ; and this property was secured to the owners, not by virtue of an imagined lease from the family or tribe, or from its head, but by an intuitive sense of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, which induced every man to respect his neighbour's property, that his own might be respected in turn. As men's mutual transactions grew complicated, and as the collateral branches from the same common stock became too numerous and too widely separated to cherish equal regard for every individual patriarch or leader on merely personal grounds, some more stringent form of government became necessary ; and at this epoch men began to resign,

whether by express or tacit consent, such portions of their individual rights as were necessary for the mutual protection of the residue. There were certain relations and functions in which a community had to stand and act unitedly, if at all; and the central authority, under whatever name, was endowed with powers requisite to occupy those relations and discharge those functions. This process took place in different ways, under the control of varying circumstances. Where there was a single individual of overmastering influence and character, he was enabled to avail himself of the exigencies of his associates, so as to usurp the powers that needed to be vested somewhere; and thus was laid the foundation of the early despotisms. Where there were none or many possessed of these commanding traits, the general voice was more distinctly recognized in the organization of the state; and the governments thus formed bore and transmitted strongly marked features of freedom. But in both cases, the acquiescence of the people must have been implied in the origin of the state.

In confirmation of the position, that landed property is not necessarily derived from the state, but may exist prior to the development of a state organization, we might appeal to the existing condition of things among the aborigines of New South Wales. Their tribes have no recognized chiefs; but the only authority is that exercised by the fathers of separate families, and by the elders of each tribe, through the influence which age and wisdom may give. There is no central source of power, — no authorized and recognized headship or magistracy, — nothing that corresponds to the idea of a sovereign state with underived rights of its own. Yet we have assurance from various independent authorities of the existence of landed property among these people, under the guaranty of their intuitive sense of right. We quote the following from a recent work of Mr. Eyre, for twelve years a resident magistrate in the colony, and the enterprising explorer of a large portion of the Australian continent.

"As far as my own observation has extended, I have found that particular districts, having a radius, perhaps, of from ten to twenty miles, or, in other cases, varying according to local circumstances, are considered generally as being the property and hunting-grounds of the tribes that frequent them. These districts are again parcelled out among the individual members of

the tribe. Every male has some portion of land of which he can point out the distinct boundaries. These properties are subdivided by a father among his own sons during his lifetime, and descend almost in hereditary succession. A man can dispose of, or barter, his land to others; but a female never inherits, nor has primogeniture among the sons any peculiar rights or advantages."

Here we have an instance in which property in land, even without occupancy for tillage or for permanent dwellings, is protected by the natural sense of right and order. Should these tribes become civilized, instead of being exterminated, we shall witness the growing up in the midst of each tribe, or group of tribes, of some central organization and seat of power, in which will become vested those protective rights and duties over individual property, which are now left to private good faith and mutual justice.

We would therefore elect "the social contract," as the formula that most nearly embodies the facts connected with the formation of organized governments. Not that a contract in express form was ever made between the members of an infant state; but in every instance, there must have been an implied mutual understanding tantamount to a contract. And in every instance, men yielded to the central authority certain supposed rights, which it was no longer possible for them to exercise personally without the violent and prolonged disturbance of social order. These supposed rights corresponded to their degree of moral culture. Certain rights (that of *way*, for instance) over other men's estates had become necessary for the use and enjoyment of one's own estate; and these were necessarily yielded to the government, in which they will always remain vested, to prevent undue encroachment and unceasing litigation. The right of war was also yielded to the state, not as a matter of divine and necessary right; but because wild, rude men had at first conducted their own quarrels with the arms which nature gave, but could do so no longer, on account of the multitude of confederates that could be readily enlisted on either side. The right of capital punishment was in like manner yielded to the state, because men had from the first exercised the right of private retaliation, even to blood for blood; but such practices could no longer be continued, without doing perpetual violence to the growing sense of justice and order. In process of time, the right of imposing oaths became vested in the state

(where it belongs, if anywhere), because, from the legitimate or factitious sanctity attached to this ceremony, it was possible for private combinations of men, united by extra-legal oaths, to disturb or outrage the public tranquillity.

According to the view which we have now presented, a state is to be regarded as a body of individuals so combined under the essential principles of social order, and by an organization based upon those principles, as to constitute a political unit, and to act as such for the joint protection of individual rights, and for the maintenance of suitable relations with other political units. The state, then, can have no rights which the people cannot give; nor can it have a moral code exclusively its own. Political organization cannot make wrong right, or evil good. Men cannot do guiltlessly, in their corporate capacity, deeds which they are forbidden to do singly. The *existing rights* of a state will, indeed, be determined by the degree of moral culture to which the people have attained; but its *real* rights must needs be commensurate with the supreme rule of right.

Let us now look separately at the rights claimed for the state by our author. The first is a right to the national territory. It is alleged, that individuals derive their rights to special property in land from the state. We have shown, however, that individual property in land existed prior to any distinct political organization. The state, indeed, regulates the descent and alienation of national property; but it does this in such a way as to perfect, not to invade, individual rights. If men wish to sell or bequeath their lands, the state prescribes forms by which the will of the seller or testator can take effect without the suspicion of mistake or fraud; and with reference to the landed property of intestates, it simply carries out the prevalent idea of rightful descent. A state which should depart from this course, and enact laws which obstructed the right of transfer or bequest, or impeded the mode of natural descent most in accordance with the ideas of the nation, would be regarded as chargeable with the most arrant despotism, even though important public ends were the alleged plea; but such laws would be within the legitimate scope of a state which had a right to the national territory. The state, indeed, appropriates the land of individuals for public uses; but this is a power requisite for the perfecting of individual rights; for what would private

property be worth, without means of intercommunication adapted to the condition and the direction of business and markets? But in these cases, the sacredness of private property is recognized both by the imminent necessity, which is held to be the only justifying cause for a procedure seemingly arbitrary, and by the full remuneration tendered for the property taken. In no nation that has made any sensible advancement in civilization would a government dare to perform any acts that implied public ownership of the whole country; and we feel constrained to regard such ownership as an unauthorized figment.

The right of war comes next on the list. This right will undoubtedly be claimed and exercised, so long as Christian nations rest in their present imperfect degree of moral culture. But if, by the supreme law of duty, individuals are bound to love their enemies, and to overcome evil with good, we are unable to perceive how they can be authorized in their corporate capacity to hate their enemies, and to overcome evil by inflicting greater evil. In war, states command, compel, individuals to commit the very acts which are forbidden to individuals by the moral law. They constrain their subjects to become thieves and murderers. It is said, indeed, that there is no tribunal before which nations can plead their rights and prosecute their claims. There is indeed none; but can we not conceive of such a tribunal, created by the joint consent of nations recognizing the same moral standard, and its decisions enforced by a public opinion pervading those nations to such a degree as to render them inviolable? Or, without such a tribunal, may not the progress of moral sentiment render arbitration the established mode of settling national disputes, especially as in the same progress the conduct of nations will be marked by a uniform reference to justice and good faith, so as to render the differences between them few, slight, and easy of adjustment?

But what is to be done in case of a wanton invasion of the territory of a nation that has committed no aggressive act and sanctioned no aggressive measure? We might fairly doubt the possibility of such an event. But supposing it to take place, and supposing the invading army to be forcibly repelled, still the seeming necessity of such a measure does not settle the question of abstract right. The case is a case of necessity, corresponding to those cases in which an indi-

vidual is constrained to kill another to save his own life. The nation invaded may not have attained a sufficient degree of moral culture to submit to quiet martyrdom, — to suffer all wrong rather than do wrong ; and the violent acts by which the invasion is repelled would be regarded by the moralist with great leniency. Yet still they would produce the reflex consequences that were enumerated as flowing from the violation of ordinary moral rules in cases of individual necessity. The national morality would receive a violent shock. The moral progress of the nation would be arrested and inverted. The laws of private duty would be outraged in multitudes of instances, and for a series of years. Idleness and profligacy would make rapid inroads ; the sanctions of religion would be weakened ; and the nation, when restored to tranquillity, would demand an intense and prolonged concentration of its energies to repair the moral waste and desolation that had followed in the train of war. Such consequences have confessedly flowed from the most righteous wars. The demoralizing effects of the war of our Revolution lasted for more than one generation, and were most intensely felt and most deeply deplored by many of those whose sense of duty made them prominent in its counsels and transactions. But if war must, in the course of Providence, be uniformly attended with these calamitous results, though we may admit that it is sometimes necessary in the existing condition of moral sentiment, and though we yield to none in the honor which we would render to those who, believing in its necessity, engage in it from purely patriotic motives, we cannot defend it as in accordance with the supreme rule of right.

We would apply similar principles to the alleged right of capital punishment. The death of another may be the incidental, undesigned result of the lawful measures by which an individual prosecutes his own rights ; and in that case the manslayer is undoubtedly guiltless. In like manner, death may sometimes be the incidental, undesigned result of the lawful measures of a government in protecting the rights of its citizens. For government must needs be possessed of sufficient physical force to serve as a last resort in the execution of its laws, and in the restraint of malefactors ; and physical force must have for its basis the possibility of violent death to him who resists it ; — otherwise a desperate individual might keep a whole nation at bay. But if a person

thus loses his life, there is no need, in order to justify the state, to claim for it the right of disobeying the law, "Thou shalt not kill"; for in this case the state does not mean to kill, — nay, does not kill; the contumacious member rushes with suicidal madness against the public sword, and "his blood is upon his own head." A condition of things is also supposable, in which, from the difficulty of keeping the most dangerous subjects in perpetual restraint, or from the impossibility of preventing certain classes of crimes by a less fearful penalty, a state might deem itself constrained to annex capital punishment to these crimes. In this case, while we might not condemn capital punishment, we could not defend it on the ground of abstract right; but should regard it as a case of necessity. And we should expect to trace in every instance in which capital punishment was thus inflicted, in a larger or narrower circle, the consequences resulting from the suspension of moral rules in cases of necessity. In point of fact, such consequences are to be invariably traced in connection with the gallows. Whatever effect the execution of a criminal may have upon the community at large, it is always morally calamitous in its immediate vicinity, outraging the moral sensibility of many, letting loose the fiercest and vilest passions of many more, and often succeeded by anomalous and unaccountable instances of violence and suicide, that are to be referred to no other cause. For these reasons, and in the absence of any principle of natural morality or any divine command conveying such a right, we should be slow in giving the right of capital punishment a place among the absolute rights of the state.

We pass over the remaining right, of imposing oaths, and come to the subsequent chapters of the work, which present a summary view of the progress of government, and of the history of the Roman and the English constitution. The chief *desideratum* in a government is the union of the two elements of order and freedom in such proportions, that each member of the state shall have the largest liberty consistent with the rights of others. But, until this union is effected, order and freedom present themselves as opposite polarities, towards one of which the state gravitates, till it is repelled towards the other. These oscillations are violent and convulsive in the infancy of states; but gradually become less and less so, with the growth of intelligence and of moral sentiment,

by which those who hold the reins of government become indoctrinated with principles of liberty, while the subject classes learn to revere order as an essential condition of the highest social good. In England, as we infer from the terms of unqualified approbation in which the English constitution is described, the oscillations have ceased, and order and freedom have leaped from their opposite poles into inseparable union. But before we admit this statement in full, we should like to learn the opinions of the manufacturing operatives, the poorer tenantry, and the colliers of England, and to collect the suffrages of Ireland.

The state, considered as a moral personality, not only has rights and obligations, but is also capable of virtue, and subject to positive laws of duty. The duties of the state are accordingly laid down, in correspondence with each of the cardinal virtues. The chapters devoted to this summary contain little that demands animadversion, and constitute for the most part a faultless and most admirable compend of political morality. But the duty of providing for the moral education of the people naturally suggests the subject of ecclesiastical establishments. Here the author examines cursorily, and rejects, the polity of indifference to religion on the part of government, that of protection extended to various sects, and that of ecclesiastico-secular supremacy ; and of course makes the argument turn triumphantly in favor of an established national church. It would be idle for us to join issue with him on this point ; for we can have no American readers who need to be convinced of the expediency and duty of affording equal protection to all forms of Christian belief, and all classes of conscientious worshippers. And were we writing for a Transatlantic public, we would simply ask leave to place side by side the ecclesiastical statistics of Great Britain and of the older American States, and would then submit the case without argument.

The closing book of the work before us treats of international law. It is brief and hurried. It barely marks out the ground covered by this designation, enumerates the points that have become settled by usage, prescription, and authority, and indicates the more numerous points still *sub lite*. The author enters into no discussion, gives no opinion of his own, and makes no reference to any absolute standard of right. This portion of the work, therefore, affords no

scope for comment; and for a synopsis of it, we refer the reader to the table of contents, rather than extend our article by copying it.

In commencing the perusal of this work, our first emotion was that of disappointment. We felt that we were passing over ground as familiar to us as the alphabet, renewing discussions that had been settled long before our manhood, and at the same time gliding over, with hardly a reference to them, those deep questions which the logomachy of centuries still leaves unfathomed. But we have read the work through with growing gratitude to the author for the distinctness of his definitions, for the transparency of his statements, for his accuracy in the use of terms, and for the minuteness and thoroughness of his analysis of moral ideas and conceptions. He has given new clearness and definiteness to truths which we thought that we had fully apprehended before, has interpreted elements of self-consciousness which were vague and dim, and has embodied in appropriate and available forms of speech glimpses and glimmerings of thought which we could not have written down. He has furnished and strengthened us for the work that he has left undone; and no one, who would gird himself for the investigation of the more difficult and complex portions of moral science, could fail to derive the highest benefit from his labors. Yet the work has some decided faults and repulsive features. It is often needlessly minute and tediously prolix. It abounds in repetitions. The same topic is frequently treated with but little variation of detail, under different heads, when a reference to a former chapter would have been sufficient. Condensation to two thirds of its present bulk would make the work much more readable, without any sacrifice of perspicuity, or the suppression of a single essential thought or statement.

We have said that Dr. Whewell generally stops short at the English point of moral progress. He seems perfectly satisfied with the present English standard of morality, government, and law. The chief deficiency of the work is, that, while it exhibits the great principles on which all the future moral attainments of the race must be based, there is nothing prospective in its details, — no graduated view of the successive steps yet to be taken, — no specification of rules by which its fundamental principles are to be yet more fully embodied and more perfectly realized. In the distinc-

tively Anglican tone and character of his book, the author has given us an undesigned commentary on one of his own favorite topics, — the agency of a state, through its institutions and laws, in the moral education of its subjects. He has illustrated the tendency of the great body of intelligent and virtuous fellow-citizens to move onward *pari passu* towards a higher moral standard. He has shown us how difficult it is, even for a highly enlightened and devout mind, to rise above the average tone of sentiment and feeling of those with whom his social and national sympathies are all bound up. We have thus been led to discern more clearly and to feel more deeply the obligation resting upon those who think that they have attained higher views and a more perfect standard, not to veil the light that is in them, but to make themselves the heaven-appointed leaders of their fellows to a loftier stage of moral progress and attainment.

In reading this book, we have often been reminded of the world-wide difference between the Englishman supremely satisfied with every thing that is English, and the American constantly finding fault with every thing that is American; and our preference is most decidedly for the latter mood of mind. It results in part from the consciousness of power. The Englishman found his constitution ready made to his hands, and he could not hope to remodel it. Our constitution is still in the process of formation, its documentary provisions liable to change, its unwritten construction on many points still mooted; and every citizen may have his voice in determining what it shall be, and how it shall be interpreted. Then, too, this fault-finding with our institutions corresponds with the healthful exercise of repentance for individual misdoings and shortcomings. It indicates an active sense of the possibility of something truer and better, and a latent but constant reference to the supreme standard of right. It is the spirit of progress. It is born of our political freedom; and will give itself no rest, till it has attained the highest liberty under the most perfect supremacy of law.

ART. II. — 1. *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare.* With Notes. By CHARLES LAMB. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 16mo. pp. 448.

2. *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 16mo. pp. 216.

AMONG the English critics of the present century, none was entitled to speak with more authority of the Old English Dramatists than Charles Lamb. His letters and essays show that his choicest hours were spent in their company. Their scenes and characters did not merely pass before his mind for review, but seemed to run into his blood and imagination, and blend with his life. He was the representative of the Elizabethan age to the nineteenth century, and enforced the claims of his stalwart veterans to attention with a nicety of criticism which had the sureness of a fine instinct. The notes to his Specimens, quaint, keen, and short, are good examples of penetrating and interpretative criticism. The fine fusion in Lamb's mind of humor and imagination gives to these meagre notices a peculiar raciness and sweetness, unlike most retrospective criticism. Marlowe, Decker, Webster, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were not to him mere names of persons who once existed, but he had a genial sense of their presence, as he bent lovingly over their time-stained pages. Their hearts and imaginations spoke directly to his own; theirs were the old, familiar faces, known from his youth upwards. We conceive of him, at times, as being present at the wit contests at the Mermaid, and as feeling the "words of subtile flame" which flashed from the lips of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. From his realization of them as persons, he was less likely to exaggerate their merits as authors. He saw them as they were in their lives, and judged them as a kindly contemporary spirit. Consequently, his volume of Specimens is infused with the very soul of the time; and it may be set down as one of the most fascinating of compilations.

The Lectures of Hazlitt on the same period are a good counterpart to Lamb's book. They display more than his usual strength, acuteness, and eloquence, with less than the

usual acerbities of his temper. His stern, sharp analysis pierces and probes the subject down through the surface to the centre ; and it is exercised in a more kindly spirit than is common with him. His volume is enriched with delicious quotations. Hazlitt had a profound appreciation of the elder dramatists, though a less social feeling for them than Lamb ; and their characteristic excellences drew from him some of his heartiest bursts of eloquent panegyric. From his Lectures and Lamb's Specimens the general reader would be likely to gain a more vivid notion of the intellectual era they commemorate, than from any other sources, except the originals themselves.

The period of time in which those whom we call the Old English Dramatists flourished runs from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the Great Rebellion, — about sixty years. The most brilliant portion of this period was the reign of James the First. The drama commenced with Buckhurst, and died out in Shirley. In the intervening time, we have the names of Marlowe, Shakspeare, Webster, Decker, Tourneur, Heywood, Middleton, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Marston, Massinger, Ford, and Beaumont and Fletcher, — a constellation of genius, which, in power and variety, in imagination, passion, fancy, wit, sense, philosophy, character, nature, is unexampled in the intellectual annals of the world. Bacon, Hooker, Hobbes, Browne, Cudworth, Barrow, Taylor, Napier, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, and, we may add, Milton, may be classed in the same generation. These sixty years were most emphatically "rammed" with intellectual life. Great men, men of originating minds in different departments of literature and science, men eminent in action and speculation, men whose names ring now as sweet music in the ears of all who speak the English tongue, seemed to have been crowded and crammed into this era, "infinite riches in a little room." Yet the age was what we would call rude and coarse in its manners, the language had not been trained into a facile instrument of thought, few people were "educated," in our sense of the term, and civilization had but imperfectly done its work on the old barbarism ; and yet we doubt if external circumstances were ever more propitious to the development in a people of the greatest energies of intellect and passion.

The age to which we refer was one of vast intellectual

and moral activity. That great movement of the European mind at the revival of letters, whose splendid results were seen in the invention of gunpowder and printing, in the Reformation, the discovery of the American continent, the overthrow of feudalism, the new importance given to the middle class, the spread of the classics, the creation of national literatures, the assertion of individual rights, and the general tendency to transfer the sceptre of influence from the soldier to the thinker, was most deeply felt in England during this period, and, as regards literature, it achieved there its mightiest triumphs. When we contrast the age with that which immediately preceded it, we seem almost to realize the vision of Milton, of a "mighty and puissant nation, rousing itself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking his invincible locks." Every thing was in motion. Great events stimulated great passions. An old order of life, with its institutions, its manners, its superstitions, was shaken to its foundations. New ideas and images were rushing into the national life from a thousand sources. Greece, Rome, Italy, Spain, poured into the one great channel their blended streams. In the vast background of the national history, in the manners and passions of the feudal age, were exhaustless materials of heroic romance. What was passing away in actual life was transferred to the imagination, to reappear idealized in poetry. The old times were sufficiently recent to be ideally apprehended. They lingered in knightly feelings and accomplishments, and shaped the highest minds of the age in a mould of heroism. An artificial civilization had neither tamed nor refined the energies of the heart. There were great diversities of culture, character, manners, ranging from extreme coarseness to high delicacy, and a corresponding external costume, which afforded the poet a wide variety of subjects, from which to select striking individualities and picturesque images. The intellect of the country was prying, inquisitive, bold, disposed to innovation, and yet creative. The understanding and the imagination were both alive and active. There was a certain fulness, roundness, and harmony of mental development in the great men of the time, which gives a character of majestic ease to their sturdiest exertions of power. None of their faculties acquired a diseased activity at the expense of the rest. It was not a time to produce Humes or Schellings in philosophy, Crabbes

or Wordsworths in poetry. Taken altogether, it would be difficult to find a class of minds more comprehensive, profound, practical, and available. The philosophers were poets, and the poets philosophers. There was a strong development and happy equipoise of those powers which relate to actual life, and those which refer to the world of imagination. The literature of the period has body as well as soul. Things were grasped in the concrete, and so stated that their substance and vital spirit could not be separated. Great minds nursed Utopias in their capacious and far-darting imaginations, without being troubled with a diseased self-consciousness, and without whining about their circumstances. The noblest spirit of them all was an actor and manager of a theatre, who excelled all his contemporaries as much in prudence as in genius, and is one of the three professional authors of Great Britain who obtained a competence by literature. The age was not troubled with "gifted spirits," "earnest minds," or "poet-souls."

The intellectual and moral activity of which we have spoken, though it was felt in nearly all departments of philosophy, literature, and action, and produced in all magnificent results, left perhaps its most wonderful traces on the dramatic literature of the period. The originality and power of this as a mirror of life cannot be contested, however much may be said against the rudeness and inartistical shape of the majority of its products. Were a man to exhaust the literatures of all other times and nations, he could not be introduced to the English drama without being startled from the complacency of his settled tastes, and compelled to acknowledge the existence of a new province of imagination, not implied or foretold in any canons of criticism. The reading of the Old Dramatists to such a person would be like gazing at the earth's central fires through cracks in the ground made by an earthquake. He would see the nature of man revealed in its most terrible aspects of crime and suffering, — all the restraints both on depravity and virtue torn violently away, — and the heart in its naked reality laid open to view. All the conventional proprieties and even decencies of language he would find continually violated. The bad and the good, the great and the mean, wisdom and folly, mirth and grief, he would see jostling each other in seeming inextricable confusion. He would hear not only the natural language of passion,

even to the lowest tone that the heart half whispers to itself, but that language as modified by the thousand diversities of character. Oaths and vulgarities would ring through his brain, just as some exquisite strain of poetry had died away on his ear. He would stand amazed to find so much of genius and impassioned action associated with so much flutter and rant, and perhaps would seek, in the phrase "irregular genius," a convenient passage out of astonishment into contented ignorance.

The fine audacity that distinguishes these writers has, we believe, no parallel in literature. It led often to monstrous violations of taste and probability, but it still enabled them to reach heights and sound depths, which equal powers, wielded by a less daring will, could never have achieved. We shall see, also, that, though plain to coarseness in speech when they undertook to represent coarse characters, they rarely, with the exception perhaps of Fletcher, tampered with moral laws. A good, wholesome English integrity generally underlies their vulgarities. Their works would not be so likely to corrupt the mind as some of Byron's and Moore's, for, though they represent immorality, they do not inculcate it. Their robust strength of nature preserved them from sentimentality, if not from bombast and buffoonery. Their minds breathed the bracing air of their time, — a time which would tolerate what would now be considered breaches of decorum, but would not tolerate the smaller vices of intellect and sentiment. Of course, in these remarks, as far as they touch upon gross faults, we do not mean to include Shakspeare among his brother dramatists. He excelled them all as much in judgment as in genius.

The first playhouse built in England was erected in Blackfriars, in the year 1569 or 1570 (Hallam says 1576), about twenty years before Shakspeare commenced writing for the stage. Previously to this establishment of the "regular drama," there had been three different species of theatrical representations, — miracles or mysteries, written by priests on religious subjects, and performed by them on holydays, in which, as Campbell phrases it, "Adam and Eve appeared naked, the devil displayed his horns and tail, and Noah's wife boxed the patriarch's ears before entering the ark"; — moralities, which sprang from the mysteries, and approached nearer to regular plays, their characters being composed of allegorical personi-

fications of virtues and vices; — and free translations from the classics, performed at the inns of court, the public seminaries, and the universities.

In 1574, the queen licensed a company of actors, called the Earl of Leicester's Servants, to play throughout England, "for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them." Theatres rapidly increased. In 1606, there were seven in London; in 1629, we believe there were seventeen. They were opposed, in an early stage of their career, by the Puritans and the graver counsellors of the sovereign. In 1583, at the time that Sir Philip Sidney published his Defence of Poesy, he could find little in their performances to approve. Though forbidden, after the year 1574, to be open on the Sabbath, the prohibition does not appear to have been effective during the reign of Elizabeth. Secretary Walsingham laments over the whole matter in this wise: — "The daily abuse of stage plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hindrance to the gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof; for every day in the week, the players' bills are set up in sundry places in the city, — some in the name of her Majesty's men, some of the Earl of Leicester's, some the Earl of Oxford's, the Lord Admiral's, and divers others, so that, when the bell tolls to the lecture, the trumpet sounds to the stage. The playhouses are filled, when the churches are naked. It is a woful sight to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, when five hundred poor people starve in the streets."

As the taste for theatrical exhibitions increased, the task of providing the theatres with plays became a profession. Most of the precursors, contemporaries, and successors of Shakspeare were young men of education, who came down to the city from the universities, to provide themselves with a living by whatever cunning there was in their brain and ten fingers. Some became actors as well as writers. The remuneration of the dramatist was small. Poverty and dissoluteness seem to have characterized the pioneers of the drama. As the theatre was popular as well as fashionable, the "groundlings," who paid their sixpences for admission, had their tastes consulted. This accounts, in some degree, for the rant and vulgarity which strangely disfigure so many of the plays. The usual miseries and vices which char-

acterize men of letters in an unlettered age, when authors are numerous and readers are few, distinguish the lives of many of the elder dramatists. Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster, makes Tucca exclaim, with a side reference to the poets of his own day, that "they are a sort of poor, starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblem of beggary." We suppose this was too true a picture of many, whose minds deserved a better environment of flesh and raiment.

Of those who preceded Shakspeare, the best known names (leaving Buckhurst and Hill out of the list) are Lyly, Kyd, Nash, Greene, Lodge, and Marlowe. Much cannot be said in praise of these, if we except the latter. Lyly is full of daintiness and conceit, with sweet fancy and sentiment occasionally thrown in. He translates every thing into quaint expression. Thus, his Endymion professes that "his thoughts are *stitched* to the stars." Another of his characters looks forward to the time when "it shall please the fertility of his chin to be delivered of a beard." Peele has melody of versification, and a sort of Della-Cruscan fancy. His David and Bethsabe contains striking passages, as when Zephyr is addressed: —

> "Then deck thee with thy loose, delightsome robes,
> And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes";—

or the resolution of David: —

> "To joy her love I 'll build a kingly bower,
> *Seated in hearing of a hundred streams.*"

Kyd wrote The Spanish Tragedy, a play bad enough in itself, but singular from the additions made to it by "eminent hands." Its bombast was probably popular. Ben Jonson was one of those engaged to write additional scenes; but he has ridiculed the whole play in Every Man in his Humor, in the scene between Bobadil and Master Mathew, the town gull. Bobadil says, "I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!" Greene's death was more tragic than any thing he wrote or conceived. He is now principally remembered for having called Shakspeare "an upstart crow."

But a more potent spirit than any of these, and beyond all

question the first in rank among the precursors of Shakspeare, was Christopher Marlowe. His "mighty line" has been celebrated by Ben Jonson; Drayton finely ascribes to him "those brave sublunary things that the first poets had"; and according to old George Chapman, —

"He stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

Marlowe, indeed, towers up among his contemporaries, huge, lawless, untamable, the old Adam burning fiercely within him, his frame of mind

"Betokening valor and excess of strength,"

and in his strange compound of sublimity and rant, giving an impression half way between a thunder-scarred Titan and an Alsatian bully. From the impress of perverse and turbulent power that his dramas bear, and the evident heartiness with which he deifies self-will, we may well suppose that his life diverged considerably from the strait line of the commandments. The two prominent features of his biography are exceedingly characteristic. In his life, he labored under the imputation of infidelity, and was said to have blasphemed the Holy Trinity; and he died in a tavern brawl, in 1593 or 1594, about the time that Shakspeare was writing Richard the Second. Campbell suggests, that, had Marlowe lived, Shakspeare might have had something like a competitor. This we think is too high praise; for Marlowe, with all his fire and fancy, is limited in his range of character, and stamps the image of himself on all his striking delineations. He is intense, but narrow. The central principle of his mind was self-will, and this is the bond which binds together his strangely huddled faculties. Of all English poets, he most reminds us of Byron; ruder, it may be, but at the same time more colossal in his proportions. He is a glorious old heathen, "large in heart and brain," — a fiery and fickle Goth, on whose rough and savage energies a classical culture has been piled, tossed among the taverns, and theatres, and swelling spirits of London, to gratify the demands of his senses in some other way than by acts of brilliant pillage. In his lustiness, his absence of all weak emotions, his fierce delight in the mere feeling of self, in the heedlessness with which he heaps together rubbish and diamonds, and in the

frequent starts and strange far-flights of his imagination, he is the model of irregular genius. His mind, in its imperiousness, disregarded by instinct the natural relations of things, forced objects into the form of his individual passions, and lifted his vices into a kind of Satanic dignity, by exaggerating them into shapes colossal. His imagination, hot, swift, impatient of control, pervaded by the fiery essence of his blood, and giving wings to the most reckless desires, riots in the maddest visions of strength and pride. Of all writers, he seems to feel the heartiest joy in the mere exercise of power, regardless of all the restraints which make power beneficent. His most truculent characters, Tamburlaine, Eleazar, Barabbas, Faustus, all have blazoned on their brows, "Kit Marlowe, his mark." There is no mistaking his heaven-defying energy, nor his Ishmaelitish strut and swagger. His soul tears its way through his verse, "tameless, and swift, and proud," scorning all impediments, and ever ambitious to go

> "Right forward, like the lightning
> And the cannon-ball, opening, with murderous crash,
> Its way to blast and ruin."

From this headlong haste come his bombast and extravagance, "his lust of power, his hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, his glow of imagination, unhallowed save by its own energies." Whether his Muse cleave the upper air, or draggle in the dirt, it ever gives unity of impression. In "Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen," the rapid movement of the man's mind is very characteristic, — rattling recklessly on through scenes of murder, cruelty, and lust, — now striking off "burning atoms" of thought, and now merely infusing fire into fustian, — his faculties at times stretched on the rack, writhing in fearful contortions, and smiting the ear with the wild screams of a tortured brain, — but still marching furiously forward, daring every thing, and playing out the game of tragedy freely and fearlessly. In this play he somewhat reminds us of the actor who blacked himself all over when he performed Othello, and called that "going thoroughly into the part." Marlowe scatters lust and crime about in such careless profusion, that they cease to excite horror. His Muse must too often have appeared to him in some such form as the hideous phantom in Clarence's dream, —

"A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood."

But amidst all his spasmodic and braggart lines in the vein of King Cambyses, his mind continually gives evidence of possessing pathos, sweetness, and true power. Imaginations of the greatest beauty and majesty will sometimes rush up, like rockets, from the level extravagance of his most ranting plays, "streaking the darkness radiantly"; — as in that celebrated passage in Tamburlaine, which Shakspeare condescended to ridicule through the lips of Ancient Pistol:

"*Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them.*

"*Tamb.* Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honor you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate above the glades,
Are not so honor'd in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine."

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 18.

From the same play, which has passed into a synonyme of bombast and "midsummer madness," but which contains lines that Beaumont and Milton have not hesitated to appropriate, Leigh Hunt extracts the following exquisite passage.

"If all the pens that ever poet held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And ev'ry sweetness that inspired their hearts,
And minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness;
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the best,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

The description of Tamburlaine's person has a rude Titanic grandeur, which still tells on the ear and brain as in the lines, —

> "Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned;
> Like his desire, lift upwards and divine,
> So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
> Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
> Old Atlas' burthen."

In the whole description, his predominating desire to accumulate round his characters the images of strength and majesty, and dwarf all other men in comparison, is finely exemplified. Tamburlaine is

> "Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion";

his eyes are "piercing instruments of sight,"

> "Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
> A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres."

The breath of heaven "delights" to play with his curls of "amber hair"; his bent brows "figure death," their smoothness "amity and life"; his "kindled wrath can only be quenched in blood"; and he is "in every part proportioned like a man," who has the right divine to subdue the world. We are astonished that Carlyle has not yet puffed Tamburlaine as made after Marlowe's image. The Scythian shepherd deserves a proud place among his heroes.

Most of Marlowe's powerful scenes are well known. His best plays are The Rich Jew of Malta; Edward the Second, the "reluctant pangs of whose abdicating royalty," says Lamb, "furnished hints which Shakspeare scarce improved in Richard the Second"; and The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, which is his greatest and most characteristic performance, sadly disfigured, however, by bathos and buffoonery, and inspired in part by the very imp of mischief. Barabbas, the Jew, has been mentioned as suggesting Shylock. The character, however, has little resemblance to Shakspeare's Jew. It is Marlowe all over. In the celebrated scene where Barabbas gloats over his vast wealth, his imagination glows like his own "fiery opals." The death-scene in Edward the Second, according to Lamb, "moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern," with

which he is acquainted. We think this praise altogether too extravagant, but we place it before our readers for judgment.

" *Berkley Castle. The King is left alone with Lightborn, a murderer.*

" *Edw.* Who 's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
" *Light.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
" *Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
" *Light.* To murder you, my most gracious lord?
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
" *Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's* is,
Or as Matrevis',* hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
" *Light.* O villains!
" *Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind 's distemper'd, and my body 's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.
" *Light.* O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
" *Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour naught but death!
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
" *Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

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* His keepers.

" *Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
" *Light.* These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they be tainted with a king's.
" *Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king; O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?
" *Light.* You 're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.
" *Edw.* But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
" *Light.* If you mistrust me, I 'll be gone, my lord.
" *Edw.* No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
" *Light.* He sleeps.
" *Edw.* O let me not die! yet stay, O stay awhile!
" *Light.* How now, my lord?
" *Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
" *Light.* To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.
" *Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 25–27.

We take leave of Marlowe with an extract from the last scene in Faustus. The verse has the sinewy vigor and sonorous chime which generally distinguish his style. It is, however, intensified by the agony one might feel on viewing his own name traced in flaming characters on the black rolls of the damned.

" Faustus *alone.* — *The clock strikes eleven.*

" *Faust.* O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but.
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I will leap to heaven! Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me; O, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. O spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 't is gone!
And see, a threat'ning arm, and angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth. O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount, and ascend to heaven.
The watch strikes.
O half the hour is past! 't will all be past anon.
O if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain!
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O Pythagoras, Metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
The clock strikes twelve.
It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell:
O soul, be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.
Thunder, and enter the Devils.
O mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell, gape not: come not, Lucifer:
I 'll burn my books: O Mephistophilis!"

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 36 – 38.

It is supposed that Marlowe wrote the principal portion of the old plays which Shakspeare altered into the Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth. Malone, on comparing the latter with their originals, found that 1,771 lines had been taken without alteration, 2,373 altered, and only 1,899 had been added. Greene, in his Groat'sworth of Wit, published in 1592, addressing, it is conjectured, Marlowe, exclaims, — "Yes, trust them not [the players], for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with a tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as any of you, and, being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake*-scene in a country."

Next to Shakspeare, there is no dramatist of the period whose name is so familiar to English ears as that of Ben Jonson, though he is probably less read than either Massinger or Fletcher. The associations connected with his name have contributed to keeping it alive, for he is, in most points of his character, the very embodiment of England, a veritable, indubitable John Bull. The base of his character is sound, strong, weighty sense, with that infusion of insular prejudice which keeps every true Englishman from being a cosmopolite, either in literature, arts, government, or manners. He has also that ingrained coarseness, which, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, often coexists with the sturdiest morality, and, though it disconnects virtue from delicacy, prevents vice from allying itself with refinement. In reading Jonson we continually fall upon expressions which "no young lady ought to read"; still there is nothing which tends to corrupt the morals as well as to vulgarize the speech. Virtue and vice, honesty and baseness, indulge in no coquetry in his representations. We are acquainted with no dramatist whose characters, bad and good, are better adapted to excite

in us the same feelings that we should experience, if we met them in actual life.

With this basis of sound English sense, Jonson has fancy, humor, satire, learning, a large knowledge of men and motives, and a remarkable command of language, sportive, scornful, fanciful, and impassioned. One of the fixed facts in English literature, he is too strongly rooted ever to be upset. He stands out from all his contemporaries, original, peculiar, leaning on none for aid, and to be tried by his own merits alone. Had his imagination been as sensitive as that of many of his contemporaries, or his self-love less, he would probably have fallen into their conscious or unconscious imitation of Shakspeare; but as it was, he remained satisfied with himself to the last, delving in his own mine. His "mountain belly and his rocky face" are good symbols of his hard, sharp, decided, substantial, and arrogant mind. His life and writings both give evidence of great vitality and force of character. Composition must have been with him a manual labor, for he writes with all his might. The weaknesses of his character, his perversity, his bluff way of bragging of his own achievements, his vanity, his domineering egotism, his love of strong food, his deep potations, and the heartiness, good-will, and latent sense of justice which underlie all, are thoroughly English, and make him as familiar to the imagination as a present existence. We speak of Shakspeare's mind, but Jonson starts up always in bodily proportions. He seems some boon companion whom we have seen in a preëxistent state. Shakspeare's creations, from Hamlet to Falstaff, are more real to us than Shakspeare himself; but we have a more intense conception of Jonson than we have of any of his characters, not even excepting Bobadil and Sir Epicure Mammon. His life was commensurate with the whole generation of great poets to which he belonged. He survived Shakspeare twenty-one years. His biography is better known than that of any of his contemporaries.

Jonson's life was checkered by many vicissitudes. He was born in the city of Westminster, in the year 1574. His father went out of the world about a month after our poet came into it; and his worthy mother shortly after married a master-bricklayer. By the aid of some friend, whose name is unknown, he was sent to Westminster school and

transferred thence to Cambridge university. After staying there a short time, his resources failed him, and he returned home to work at the trade of his father-in-law. This occupation, however, he could not long endure, and he went as a volunteer in the army serving in Flanders. He distinguished himself by his valor, and prided himself no little on having conquered and killed an enemy, in the view of both armies, in single combat. The trade of arms, however, does not appear to have been attended in his case with any lucrative results, and he returned home at the end of one or two campaigns. Shortly after, at about the age of nineteen, he went upon the stage, as actor and journeyman writer ; but for four years seems to have done little more than make additions to old plays, or furnish scenes to other dramatists. In 1596, however, when he was only twenty-two years old, his Every Man in his Humor, the most generally popular of his plays, was produced. Previously to this he had killed a brother-player in a duel, and came near being hanged for it ; had turned Roman Catholic, and been suspected of a share in a Popish conspiracy ; and had got married ; three incidents in the life of a young man just at maturity, which show quite an extraordinary aptitude for affairs.

The scene of Every Man in his Humor, as originally written, was in Italy. It was popular from the first. In 1598, Jonson became acquainted with Shakspeare, and through his influence was enabled to bring out his play, as now remodelled with English names, at the Blackfriars theatre. Shakspeare is supposed to have acted the part of the elder Knowell in this comedy. In 1599, Jonson brought out Every Man out of his Humor, the first representation of which was attended by Queen Elizabeth. In the epilogue to the play, hyperbole is racked to find terms of adoring admiration for the queen. Jonson, in his conversations with Drummond, did not hesitate to give his real opinion about the haughty Tudor's susceptibility to flattery. In this play the author shows that contempt for public opinion which breaks out in so many of his prefaces. He calls the public "that many-mouthed, vulgar dog." Cynthia's Revels was acted in 1600, and excited much opposition. Decker and Marston were prominent among those it offended ; and in consequence, Jonson's next play, The Poetaster, was especially devoted to satirizing them and exalting himself. To

any one who desires to know his tremendous sway over the vocabulary of scorn, contempt, hatred, and invective, we would commend this comedy. Decker and Marston are introduced under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius, and remorselessly ridiculed. The opinions they are made to express of Jonson himself are exceedingly racy, and enable us to judge what were the feelings experienced towards him by some of his contemporaries. Thus, Demetrius (Marston) says, — "Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but humors and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again." Another calls him "a sharp, thorny-tooth'd, satirical rascal"; one that would "sooner lose his best friend than his least jest"; a thing "all dog and scorpion, that carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail." In the arraignment, Decker is called poetaster and plagiary; Marston, play-dresser and plagiary; and they are accused of taxing Jonson falsely of "self-love, arrogance, impudence, railing, filching by translation," &c., for a base and envious purpose. In their sentence we are favored with a view of the "local habitations" of the poets of the day; for they are forbidden to defame our poet "at booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms, tyring-houses, noblemen's buttresses, and puisné's chambers." The enemies of Jonson are summed up as "fools or jerking pedants," "buffoon, barking wits," tickling "base, vulgar ears," with "beggarly and barren trash." In the "Apologetical Dialogue," at the end of the play, all phrases of scorn and contempt are exhausted to cover his opponents with infamy. He speaks of his own works as

> "Things that were born when none but the still night
> And his *dumb* candle say his pinching throes";

and he closes with a lofty expression of his own studious habits and devotion to letters: —

> "I that spend *half my nights and all my days*
> Here in a cell, to *get a dark, pale face*
> To come forth with the ivy or the bays,
> And in this age can hope no other grace, —
> Leave me! There 's something come into my thought
> That must and shall be *sung high and aloof,*
> *Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.*"

There is in this play a good representation given of the different feelings with which different classes at that day regarded poetry. Thus, one of the characters calls Homer "a poor blind rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the *** hungry beggar"; but Jonson, speaking through the lips of another, exclaims,

> "Would men but learn to distinguish spirits,
> And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
> That run a broken pace for common hire,
> *And the high raptures of a happy muse,*
> *Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,*
> *That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,*
> *And beats at heaven's gates with her bright hoofs,*
> They would not then, with such distorted faces
> And desperate censures, stab at Poesy;
> They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
> Should ne'er *descend on so unworthy objects*
> *As gold, or titles.*"

The character of Virgil, in this play, has been conjectured to refer to Shakspeare, and Horace's (Jonson's) encomium on him is characteristic and true.

> "*Hor.* His learning savors not the school-like gloss,
> That most consists in echoing words and terms,
> And soonest wins a man an empty name:
> Nor any long, or far-fetch'd circumstance,
> Wrapt in the curious general'ties of arts;
> But a direct and analytic sum
> Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
> And for his poesy, 't is so rammed with life,
> That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
> And live hereafter more admired than now."
>
> *Lamb*, vol. II., p. 68.

The Poetaster made Jonson many enemies, as well it might. Decker replied in The Satiromastrix, or the Untrussing of a Humorous Poet. It contains some beautiful poetry, and some capital hits. One of the females in the play says, "That same Jonson has a most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 't is bruised. It 's better than a spoonful of cinnamon-water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose; — and O, to see his face make faces, when

he reads songs and sonnets." Again, — "Look at his par-boiled face, look, — his face puncht full of eyelet holes, like the cover of a warming-pan." This is characteristic, and gives probably as true a representation of the personal appearance of Jonson as the "dark, pale face" he has himself celebrated.

In 1603, Jonson produced his weighty tragedy of Sejanus, a noble piece of work, full of learning, ingenuity, and force of mind in wielding bulky materials. It was brought out at the Globe theatre, with the greatest poet the world ever saw acting in one of the inferior characters. It is difficult to conceive that a man who had at this time produced A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like it, Hamlet, and Henry Fourth, should play in one of Ben Jonson's tragedies. Jonson and Shakspeare seem at this period to have been at the height of their friendship. The "wit-contests" at the Mermaid Tavern date from the appearance of Sejanus. Fuller, speaking of these, compares Shakspeare to an English man-of-war, and Jonson to a Spanish great galleon. "Master Jonson was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Fuller speaks further of Ben, as a man whose parts "were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his own industry." Those must have been great meetings where Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Selden, Camden, and Donne were among the party. Beaumont, in a letter to Ben, gives his testimony to the brilliancy of the conversation, when he exclaims, —

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one, from whom they came,
> Had put his whole wit in a jest."

Jonson seems to have held anger but a short time, and was far from being malignant. On the accession of James, he chose his old opponent Decker to be his associate in designing an entertainment for the reception of the king, — a

metrical job given to him by the court and city; and was connected, also, shortly after, with Marston and Chapman, in writing Eastward Hoe, a comedy which came near subjecting all three to the grossest indignities, on account of some satire it contained against the Scotch. They were all imprisoned for a short time, and it was rumored that their ears and noses were to be slit. Jonson's mother, who seems to have been a strong-minded woman, told her son, after he had been liberated, that she intended to have mixed some "strong and lusty poison in his drink," sooner than have him thus disgraced. This little event in his life does not appear to have injured him with King James, who was his patron through life. Between the years 1605 and 1611, he wrote his three comedies, Volpone, Epicœne, and The Alchemist, and also his tragedy of Catiline, together with a number of masques represented at court. These last contain much of his most delicate and fanciful poetry, and many of his most bewitching lyrics. About the year 1616, he succeeded Daniel as poet laureate, and probably wrote his noble poetical tribute to Shakspeare soon afterwards. In the summer of 1618, he set out on his celebrated pedestrian journey to Scotland. After some hospitable delays, he arrived at the house of Drummond of Hawthornden, in April, 1619. He talked rather recklessly to his brother-poet, and probably swaggered considerably on his reputation. The record left by his host of this free and easy conversation is honorable to neither, and has irretrievably damned Drummond. His name, which might have been preserved as an agreeable bewailer of imaginary love miseries, has become associated with treachery and inhospitality.

In 1625, King James died. From this period, Jonson's life assumes its darker aspects. Poverty and sickness came upon him. He suffered from the palsy. In 1629, he had sufficiently recovered to produce his play of The New Inn. This was unsuccessful, though it contains some of his best scenes, and the character of Lovel has sweet and noble traits, not common to Jonson's heroes. Lovel's definition of true love in this play is Platonic in its fineness and purity. The following lines, in which he speaks of the power of the passion on himself, have a winning beauty of expression which is exquisite.

"*Lov.* There is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now I can out-wake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!"

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 78, 79.

In this comedy, also, the author's tough diction melts, at one moment, into this melodious imagination: —

"Then shower'd his bounties on me, *like the Hours*,
That open-handed set upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men."

The last eight years of Jonson's life vacillated between comfort and want. He seems to have had friends, who came to his assistance in his extreme need. His habits of expensive living must have kept him poor. To support a man of his "unbounded stomach" required more than the ordinary remunerations of literature. He seems, however, to have had intervals of prosperity in his later years. Howell, writing in 1636 to Sir Thomas Hawk, has a most vivid picture of him, as he appeared in all the glory of conviviality. "I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper, by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened which spoiled the relish of the rest,— that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapor extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muse. . . . . But, for my own part, I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that time has snowed upon his pericranium." In Sir John Suckling's Session of the Poets, we have another most characteristic portrait of Jonson, as he appeared in his old age.

"The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works where others' were but plays.

. . . . .

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bade him not go on;
'T was merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry 't; *at which Ben turn'd about,*
And in great choler offer'd to go out."

Jonson died on the 6th day of August, 1637, at the age of sixty-three. He survived both his wife and his children. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A common pavement stone, laid over his grave, bears the inscription, "O Rare Ben Johnson!" (not Jonson, as it is always printed), — a phrase which has passed into the current speech of England.

Jonson drenched his large and heavy brain freely with stimulants. It was said that every line of his poetry cost him a cup of sack. "He would," according to Aubrey, "many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, he would then to study." In the bacchanalian phraseology of that day, he was called a Canary bird. He is said to have weighed twenty stone. Barry Cornwall has the courageous gracelessness to commend Ben's festivities, saying that "the Muses should be fed generously, — that good meats and sound wines nourish and invigorate the brain, and enable the imagination to send forth spirited and sounding strains." In Jonson's case, we imagine wine was necessary to set the huge substance of his brain in motion. Charles the First probably understood the poet's wants, when he added the tierce of Canary wine to his yearly stipend of £100, as poet laureate. Habits of hard drinking were common in those days.

With the exception of this too potent conviviality, and bating some inherent faults of character, Jonson seems to have been one of the best men of his time. He was honest and honorable. He had a hearty hatred of meanness and baseness, and shot his sharp invective at the crimes and follies of his day with commendable courage. More than most of his contemporaries, he estimated the dignity of the poet's vocation. In the dedication of Volpone he feelingly alludes to the bad reputation into which his order had fallen; and in the midst of much pedantry and arrogance, we see a true love for his art. He anticipates Milton in asserting "the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man." With terrible force he lashes those of his craft who have betrayed the good cause

by ribaldry and profaneness, and also declaims against the depravity of the age which supports them in their sins. But that all the dramatic poets are "embarked on this bold adventure to hell," he calls a malicious slander; and to show his own innocence, pounces on those "miscelline interludes," where, he says, "nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water." He laments, that, through the insolence of these writers, the name of poet, once so honorable, has become "the lowest scorn of the age"; and in a sentence worthy of Milton, asserts, that, if the Muses be true to him, he will "raise the despised head of poetry again, and, stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world." These are brave and bright words, and show deep feeling. His works display, in a hundred places, a similar spirit. He rails at the age continually for its degeneracy and wickedness; and takes the strong ground, that the "principal end of poesie is to inform men in the best reason of living." Jonson really scorned the office of pander to depraved tastes. We do not think that he ever consciously surrendered principle to profit. The exaggerated notion he entertained of his own powers made him more disposed to lead than to follow; and the worst that can be said of him is, that, if he failed in an honest effort, he went growling back into his den, savage but unconquered. Fletcher's lighter brain and looser principles allowed him to slide more easily into the debasing habit of meeting a demand for brilliant profligacy with ample supplies.

The dramas of Jonson are formed of solid materials, bound and welded rather than fused together. Most of his comic characters are local, and representative of particular traits or humors, — dramatic satires on contemporary follies and faults. Of course, most of his plays are dull to a modern reader. They are, however, well worthy the attention of every student of English literature. His greatest delineation we conceive to be Sir Epicure Mammon, in The Alchemist, though Volpone and Bobadil might contest the palm. The

"riches fineless" of learning and imagery lavished upon this character perfectly astound the imagination. Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which it is sustained ; — the towering sensuality of the man, the visions of luxury and wealth in which his mind roams and revels, his intense realization of the amazing fictions he himself creates, the complete despotism established by his imagination over his senses, and the resolute credulity with which he accommodates the most obstinate facts to his desires, make up a character which in originality, force, and truth of delineation, seems to us only second to Falstaff, or at least, to have, out of Shakspeare, no peer among the comic creations of the English drama.

Volpone, Bobadil, Sejanus, and Catiline are strong delineations which we cannot pause to consider. As a specimen, however, of Jonson's ponderous style, we cannot refrain quoting a few lines in the tragedy of Catiline, from the scene in the first act, on the morning of the conspiracy. Lentulus says : —

> "*Lent.* It is methinks a morning full of fate.
> It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
> Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it.
> She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black.
> Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
> And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
> As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day.
> It does not look as it would have a hail
> Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns."
>
> *Lamb*, Vol. II., p. 75.

Catiline, in allusion to the massacres of Sylla, gives a stern and terrible image of death : —

> "*Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretched himself*
> *To seem more huge*" ;

and he exclaims afterwards : —

> "Cinna and Sylla
> Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes
> On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
> But view him with me here ! He looks already
> As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
> And the aw'd purple dropt their rods and axes.
> The statues melt again, and household gods

In groans confess the travails of the city:
The very walls sweat blood before the change;
And stones start out to ruin, ere it comes."
Lamb, Vol. II., p. 78.

It would be easy to extract largely from Jonson's plays to illustrate his powers of satire, fancy, observation, and wit; and to quote numberless biting sentences, that seem steeped "in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." His masques are replete with beautiful poetry, as delicate as it is rich. We have only space, however, to introduce from The Sad Shepherd one specimen of his sweetness, which seems to have been overlooked by others.

"Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."

Tennyson has a similar idea in The Talking Oak, but has added a subtle imagination, which our old bard's mind would not have been likely to grasp: —

"And light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flowers, she touched on, *dipt and rose*,
And turned to look on her."

The plays of Thomas Decker, honest old Decker, are the records of one of the finest and most lovable spirits in English literature. His name has suffered much from Jonson's sharp, cutting scorn, and, indeed, with many readers he still bears about the same relation to old Ben that Cibber does to Pope. But he has found strong and acute friends in Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt, and his rare merits as a poet have been felicitously presented. He is, in fact, one of the most fascinating dramatists of his generation, and, with much vulgarity and trash, has passages worthy of the greatest. He is light, airy, sportive, humane, forgetive, and possesses both animal and intellectual spirits to perfection. He seems flushed and

heated with the very wine of life ; throws off the sunniest morsels of wit and wisdom with a beautiful heedlessness and unstudied ease ; and in his intense enjoyment of life and motion appears continually to exclaim, with his own Matheo, "Do we not fly high ?" Though he experienced more than the common miseries and vexations of his class, still, like Old Fortunatus, he seems to be "all felicity up to the brims" ; to have "revelled with kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes, conversed with humorists, been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, Lydian, and Phrygian harmonies." Every thing in him is swift, keen, sparkling, full of quicksilver briskness and heartiness. His sentiment and his fancies run out of him in the overflowing exuberance of a happy disposition. There is something delightfully simple in his cheerfulness and humanity. His genial imagination plays with divinities. His quiver is full of those winged arrows which strike the mark in the white, though seemingly sent with a careless aim. His sympathies with nature and his kind are wide, deep, and instinctive. His mind speeds freely out among external things, with nothing to check its wide-wandering flights. His Muse leaps, laughs, and sings, of its own sweet will. Even when he condescends to what Hunt calls an "astounding coarseness," in representing the bloods and men of wit and pleasure about town, which inhabit most of the comedies of the time, there is still a sharpness and quickness of movement which carries the mind swiftly through the mud into a better region. Decker has, strictly speaking, no morality ; for nothing in his works seems to depend on will or principle, but to spring from instinctive sentiments, and when these are delicate or noble he is among the purest of writers. His sweetness and humanity are exquisitely fine. Thus, one passage in his celebrated lines on Patience has become almost world-renowned.

> "Patience, my lord, why, 't is the soul of peace ;
> Of all the virtues, 't is nearest kin to heaven ;
> It makes men look like gods. *The best of men*
> *That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,*
> *A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,*
> *The first true gentleman that ever breathed.*"

In the same spirit is his dialogue between the Christian lady and the angel, in the Virgin Martyr, a tragedy written in

connection with Massinger. The refinement of the feeling is almost unmatched by any dramatist under Shakspeare. Dorothea is attended by an angel, disguised as a page, — a "smooth-faced, glorious thing," a thousand blessings "dancing upon his eyes."

"ANGELO. DOROTHEA. *The time, midnight.*

"*Dor.* My book and taper.
"*Ang.* Here, most holy mistress.
"*Dor.* Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
"*Ang.* No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I 'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
"*Dor.* Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I 'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-fac'd, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
"*Ang.* Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
"*Dor.* I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do 't ten times more.

I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.
"*Ang.* I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
"*Dor.* A bless'd day!"

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 189–191.

Decker's brain was fertile in fine imaginations and choice bits of wisdom, expressed with great directness and point. We give a few specimens.

"See, from the windows
Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter; every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn."

"The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years
Death needs must marry you; those short minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travail."

"Beauty is a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation."

"Though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

"An oath! why 't is the traffic of the soul,
The law within a man; the seal of faith;
The bond of every conscience; unto whom
We set our thoughts like bands."

The Duchess of Malfy, and The White Devil, by John Webster, are among the greatest tragic productions of Shakspeare's contemporaries. They are full of "deep groans and terrible ghastly looks." "To move a horror

skilfully," says Lamb, "to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, *to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop*, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit, — this only a Webster can do." Few dramatists, indeed, equal him in the steadiness with which he gazes into the awful depths of passion, and the stern nerve with which he portrays the dusky and terrible shapes which flit vaguely in its dark abysses. Souls black with guilt, or burdened with misery, or ghastly with fear, he probes to their innermost recesses, and both dissects and represents. His mind had the sense of the supernatural in large measure, and it gives to many of his scenes a dim and fearful grandeur, which affects the soul like a shadow cast from another world. He forces the most conventional of his characters into situations which lay open the very constitution of their natures, and thus compels them to act from the primitive springs of feeling and passion. He begins with duke and duchess, he ends with man and woman. The idea of death asserts itself more strongly in his writings than in those of his contemporaries. In The White Devil, the poisoned Brachiano exclaims, —

> "On pain of death, let no man name death to me:
> *It is a word most infinitely terrible.*"

No person could have written the last line without having brooded deeply over the mystery of the grave. It belongs to that "wild, solemn, preternatural cast of grief which *bewilders* us" in Webster. He fully realized, in relation to tragic effect, that present fears are *less* than "horrible imaginings. With this sombre and unearthly hue tinging his mind, he is still not deficient in touches of simple nature, wrought out with exquisite art and knowledge, and producing effects the most pathetic or sublime. The death-scene of the Duchess of Malfy is a grand example. This proud, high-hearted woman is persecuted by her two brothers with a strange accumulation of horrors, designed, with a devilish ingenuity, gradually to break her heart and madden her brain. We give the whole scene, commencing at that point where she hears the noise of the madmen. Lamb very truly remarks, — "She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's iron crown,' the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes'

bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees!"

"DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

"*Duch.* What hideous noise was that?
"*Car.* 'T is the wild consort
Of madmen, Lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.
"*Duch.* Indeed, I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad; sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
"*Car.* O 't will increase your melancholy.
"*Duch.* Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
"*Car.* Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.
"*Duch.* Thou art a fool.
The Robin-red-breast and the Nightingale
Never live long in cages.
"*Car.* Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, Madam?
"*Duch.* Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
"*Car.* Like a madman, with your eyes open?
"*Duch.* Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
"*Car.* Yes, out of question.
"*Duch.* O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here. I 'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
"*Car.* Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:

Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

" *Duch.* Very proper:
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?

" *A Servant enters.*

" *Serv.* I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.

" *Duch.* Let them come in.

" *Here follows a Dance of Madmen, with Music answerable thereto: after which Bosola (like an old Man) enters.*

" *Duch.* Is he mad too?

" *Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.

" *Duch.* Ha: my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

" *Bos.* Yes, and the more dangerously since thy sickness is insensible.

" *Duch.* Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

" *Bos.* Yes.

" *Duch. Who am I?*

" *Bos.* Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What 's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in: more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o 'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

" *Duch. Am not I thy duchess?*

" *Bos.* Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

" *Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.*
" *Bos.* That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.
" *Duch.* Thou art very plain.
" *Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living. I am a tomb-maker.
" *Duch.* And thou comest to make my tomb?
" *Bos.* Yes.
" *Duch.* Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
" *Bos.* Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?
" *Duch.* Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?
" *Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the tooth-ache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the same way they seem to turn their faces.
" *Duch.* Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.
" *Bos.* Now I shall. [*A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell, produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
" *Duch.* Let me see it,
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
" *Bos.* This is your last presence chamber.
" *Car.* O my sweet lady.
" *Duch.* Peace, it affrights not me.
" *Bos.* I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
" *Duch.* Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
" *Bos.* 'Twas to bring you
Bydegr ees to mortification: Listen.
" *Dirge.*
Hark, now every thing is still;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.

Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.
" *Car.* Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
" *Duch.* To whom; to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep. — Now what you please;
What death?
" *Bos.* Strangling. Here are your executioners.
" *Duch.* I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
" *Bos.* Doth not death fright you?
" *Duch.* Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?
" *Bos.* Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.
" *Duch.* Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know, death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 't is found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way: (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive death (now I 'm well awake)
Best gift is they can give or I can take.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I 'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces ; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*They strangle her kneeling.*

"FERDINAND *enters.*

"*Ferd.* Is she dead ?
"*Bos.* She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.
"*Ferd.* Constantly.
"*Bos.* Do you not weep ?
Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
"*Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.*
"*Bos.* I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
"*Ferd.* She and I were twins ;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 198–203.

Vittoria Corombona, the White Devil, is a great bad character, "fair as the leprosy, dazzling as the lightning." Her conduct at her arraignment is the perfection of guilt in all its defying impudence. We have no space for extracts. Webster seems to have imitated the spirit of Shakspeare more directly than any of his brother dramatists. In the prreface to this play he has a curious reference to his master, alluding to the "right happy and copious industry of Master Shakspeare, Master Decker, and Master Heywood."

Marston, Heywood, Chapman, and Middleton are stirring names of this era. John Marston is a bitter satirist of crime and folly, and often probes the heart to its core in his dark thrusts at evil. He shows a large acquaintance with the baseness and depravity of men, and exposes them mercilessly. His mind was strong, keen, and daring, with hot and

impatient impulses, controlled by a stern will, and condensed into scorn. He often "plays the weapon" of his satire "like a tongue of flame." He seems to have borne somewhat the same relation to his contemporaries, that Hazlitt did to the authors of our time. He quarrelled and fought with many of them, in metrical battles. In one of the satires of the time he is termed a "ruffian in his style," one who

> "Cuts, thrusts, and foins at whomsoe'er he meets";

one who in his satire is not content with "modest, close-couch'd terms," but uses

> "Plain, naked words, stript from their shirts,
> That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine."

We have already referred to his quarrels with Ben Jonson. He was doubtless unpopular, as most satirists must be. Jonson accuses him of envy and other bad passions. His comedy, though often brilliant, has no hearty mirth in it. He seems to have been deficient in humor; but his stern, sharp, scornful mind repeatedly touched the sources of pathos and terror, though, in his tragedy, he was too apt to shed blood as fluently as ink. We extract some short passages from his plays, clipped from their connection with character and incident, to show the strength of his powers, and their poetical side. The first has great sweetness and beauty.

> "As having clasp'd a rose
> Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
> My hand retains a little breath of sweet;
> *So may man's trunk, his spirit slipp'd away,*
> *Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet guest.*"

The eloquent ravings of Andrugio, in Antonio and Mellida, are replete with imagination, as when he asks,—

> "Is not yon gleam the *shudd'ring* Morn that flakes
> With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?"

And again:—

> "Would'st have me go unarm'd among my foes?
> Being besieg'd by Passion, entering lists
> To combat with Despair and mighty Grief:

My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp Impatience. Ha, Lucio; go unarm'd?
Come, soul, resume the valor of thy birth;
Myself, myself will dare all opposites:
I 'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power:
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth:
This hollow-wombed mass shall inly groan
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly Amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamor with a sound of death."

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 69.

The following is very powerful and impressive, — misery dressed out in the very robes of despair, and darkening earth and heaven with its baleful gloom.

"The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shudd'ring branch, and pills* the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.

. . . . .

But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart,
Pierc'd through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heat is choak'd
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 70 – 71.

The following passages tell their own story, in strong and sometimes terrible language:

"*Day breaking.*

"See, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky."

* Peels.

" *One who died, slandered.*

" Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
From out so fair an Inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy."

" *Wherein fools are happy.*

" Even in that, note a fool's beatitude;
He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturn'd sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full cram'd fat of happiness:
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wisard's cheeks, who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men."

" *Description of the Witch Erictho.*

" Here in this desart the great Soul of charms
Dreadful Erictho lives; whose dismal brow
Contemns all roofs, or civil coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs (the ghosts forc'd out)
She joys to inhabit.
A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks,
Unknown to a clear heaven. But if dark winds
Or black thick clouds drive back the *blinded* stars,
When her deep magic makes forc'd heaven quake
And thunder, spite of Jove: Erictho then
From naked graves stalks out, heaves proud her head
With long unkemb'd hair loaden, and strives to snatch
The night's quick sulphur."

" *Scholar and his Dog.*

" I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learn to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,

Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words : and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins : and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate : still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I ; first, *an sit anima ;*
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold ; at that
They 're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together ; still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 't were corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pryed,
Stufft noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawned ; and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 73 – 79.

Lamb calls Thomas Heywood, very finely, "a sort of *prose* Shakspeare," and adds, "his scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c., are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old : but we awake, and sigh for the difference." Heywood was a rapid writer, claiming, in one of his prefaces, the authorship of some two hundred and twenty plays, in which he had "either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Of these, but twenty-five have been preserved. He appears to have been a modest, amiable man, not especially stirred by the fiercer passions, and writing with singular facility a sweet and harmonious, though not poetical, style. Hazlitt calls it "beautiful prose, put into heroic metre." It is not dotted over with those sharp and fiery points of passion and fancy, nor brightened by those quick flashes of imagination which characterize the general style of the period. A Woman Kill'd with Kindness is his most affecting play. The character of

Mrs. Frankford in this drama has been advantageously compared with that of Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger. The Englishman of the seventeenth century is a better moralist than the German of the nineteenth. Lamb's extracts from four of Heywood's plays will give the reader a good idea of his manner and his powers. The most celebrated passage in his works is the shipwreck by drink, related in The English Traveller, in his peculiar frank, light-footed style.

" *Shipwreck by Drink.*

" This gentleman and I
Passt but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth : his father now at sea.
——— There this night
Was a great feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea : when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners ;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel : this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main top, and discover. He
Climbs up the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards ;
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading over-board. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles ;
They take him for the boatswain : one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life :
A third takes the base-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labors, and rows ;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played :
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. —— The rude multitude,

Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The Constable is call'd to atone the broil;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent ship-wreck, enters th' house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his Staff,
And think it Neptune's Trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 111, 112.

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, was the author of several tragedies and comedies. Lamb places him next to Shakspeare in didactic and descriptive passages, but "he could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences." His genius was reflective rather than dramatic. His plays are full of striking imaginations, and stern, deep comments on life, with here and there starts of tragic passion. Hazlitt says that he "aims at the highest things in poetry, but tries in vain, wanting imagination and passion, to fill up the epic moulds of tragedy with sense and reason alone, so that he often runs into bombast and turgidity, — is extravagant and pedantic at one and the same time." This does not do justice to what Webster called "the full and heightened style of Master Chapman." Though not a man of harmoniously developed genius, there are few writers of the period, whose personal character, as stamped on their serious poetry, makes a graver and deeper impression than that of Chapman. He is the impersonation of a lofty, daring, self-centred soul, feeling within itself a right to achieve the mightiest objects of human pursuit, and reposing with a proud confidence on the sense of its own power and dignity. His feeling is Titanic, but his capacity is not up to his feeling. He resolutely plants himself on the soul, and subordinates all things to it, like some of our modern Transcendentalists; but he holds a braver, fiercer, and more defying attitude towards external things than they. In some respects he reminds us of Marlowe, but slower, more weighty, more intensely reflective and self-sustained. Perhaps he may be called the Fuseli of our old dramatists. We can imagine him, as he sat patiently and painfully fashioning, in "the quick forge and working-house

of thought," his colossal and irregular shapes of power, making some such remark as Fuseli made to the pleasant gentleman who asked him if he believed in the existence of the soul : — " I don't know, Sir, as you have any soul ; but by ——, I *know* I have." There is about Chapman a rough grandeur, firmly based, and as sufficient for itself as an old knotty and gnarled tree, rooted in rocks, and lifting itself up in defiance of tempests, — not without fine foliage, but principally attractive from its hard vitality, its capacity of resistance, and the sullen content with which it exposes to the eye its tough, ragged, and impenetrable nodosities. He has no need of bluster or bombast to confirm his good opinion of himself, as is often the case with Marlowe and Byron ; but his mind is calm, fixed, and invincible in its self-esteem. The citadel of self cannot be conquered, can hardly be attacked, though the universe marshals all its pomp and circumstance to shame him from his complacency.

" I am a nobler substance than the stars :
And shall the baser overrule the better ?
Or are they better since they are the bigger ?
I have a will, and faculties of choice,
To do or not to do ; and reason why
I do or not do this : the stars have none.
They know not why they shine, more than this taper,
Nor how they work, nor what. I 'll change my course :
I 'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts :
And where are all your Caput Algols then ?
Your planets all being underneath the earth
At my nativity : what can they do ?"

Lamb, Vol. i., p. 89.

And again, hear the brave old heathen discourse of the invulnerability of a true master spirit, who has trust in himself : —

" *The Master Spirit.*

" Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is : there 's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful

That he should stoop to any other law:
He goes before them and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational."

Lamb, Vol. I., p. 90.

The lines in Italics furnished Shelley a fit motto for his Revolt of Islam.

Chapman is supposed by Dr. Drake to be the author of those lines On Worthy Master Shakspeare and his Poems, signed J. M. S., and commencing, —

"A mind reflecting ages past," —

the noblest and justest of the poetical tributes to Shakspeare's supreme genius. We think the conjecture a shrewd one, and borne out by the internal testimony which the lines themselves offer. They are in Chapman's labored and "enormous" manner, — the images huge and intellectual, and shown through the dusky light of his peculiar imagination. Here is a specimen: —

"To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality."

The reputation of Thomas Middleton, with modern readers, is chiefly based on his Witch, several often quoted scenes of which have been supposed to have suggested to Shakspeare the supernatural machinery of Macbeth. If this be true, it only proves Coleridge's remark, that a great genius pays usurious interest on what he borrows. The play itself is tedious, and not particularly poetical, and the witches are introduced to effect an object very far from sublime. Lamb, after extracting copiously from the play, adds the following eloquent and discriminative remarks: —

"Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in Macbeth, and the incantations in this play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His witches are distinguished from the witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the

moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches can hurt the body: those have power over the soul. — Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul Anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. — Except Hecate, they have no names; which heightens their mysteriousness. Their names, and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The weird sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot coexist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power, too, is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*" — *Lamb*, Vol. I., p. 163.

The plays of Middleton are not, in general, up to the level of the time. He rambles loosely through his work, and taxes the patience of his readers without adequately rewarding it. Numerous passages in his dramas, however, show that he had that sway over the passions, and that fertility of fancy, which seemed native to all the dramatists of the period. Hazlitt concedes to his Women beware Women "a rich, marrowy vein of internal sentiment, with fine, occasional insight into human nature, and cool, cutting irony of expression." In this play occurs the noted rhapsody on marriage, spoken by one who was returning, as he supposed, to a faithful wife, but who finds her a vixen and adulteress. It reminds us of an early chapter in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed 's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring 's chaste flowers take delight,
To cast their modest odors.

. . . . .

Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man:

A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip,
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long."

Cyril Tourneur is a prominent name among the dramatists of the period. His two plays, The Atheist's Tragedy and The Revenger's Tragedy, are copiously quoted by Lamb. He has touches of the finest and highest genius. There runs through him a vein of the deepest philosophy. His tragedies evince a mind that has brooded long over its own thoughts, and sent searching glances into the unsounded depths of the soul. In his delineation of the stronger passions, he often startles and thrills the mind by terrible and unexpected flashes of truth. His diction is free, fearless, familiar, and direct, but pervaded by fancy and imagination, and rarely bald and prosaic. There is one passage in The Revenger's Tragedy which is almost unequalled for tragic grandeur. Castiza is urged by her mother and her disguised brother to accept the dishonorable proposals of a duke. Vindici, the brother, whose object is simply to test the virtue of his sister, eloquently sets forth the advantages she will gain by sacrificing her honor. The mother adds : — " Troth, he says true " ; and then Castiza vehemently exclaims : —

" False. I defy you both.
I have endured you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there!
" *Moth.* Where?
" *Cast.* Do you not see her? she's too inward, then."

At the close of this scene, there is one of those beautiful touches of nature, conveyed by allusion, in which the old dramatists excel. Vindici says : —

" Forgive me, Heaven, to call my mother wicked!
O, lessen not my days upon the earth!
I cannot honor her."

Lamb says, that the scene in which the brothers threaten their mother with death for consenting to the dishonor of their sister, surpasses, in reality and life, any scenical illusion he ever felt. " I never read it," he says, " but my ears tingle, and I feel a hot blush spread my cheeks, as if I were presently about to ' proclaim ' some such ' malefactions ' of myself, as the brothers here rebuke in their unnatural parent, in words

more keen and dagger-like, than those which Hamlet speaks to his mother."

We extract one passage from this tragedy. Vindici addresses the skull of his dead lady.

"Here 's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man — to serve God;
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em.
Here 's a cheek keeps her color, let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All 's one with us: and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labors
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing? keep his horse and men,
To beat their valors for her?
Surely we 're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not.
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her Maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
For her superfluous outside, for all this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweet meats? all are hush'd.
Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure, 't would fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself. — See, ladies, with false forms,
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms."

Lamb, Vol. I., pp. 171, 172.

Those renowned twins of poetry, Beaumont and Fletcher, long held a rank among English dramatic writers second

only to Shakspeare; as, in a more profligate period, they were deemed his superiors. Though as poets, lyrical and descriptive, they are entitled to a high place for fancy and sentiment, yet they appear to us thin men, when compared with Marlowe, Jonson, Webster, Chapman, and some others. In the delineation of character, and in the exhibition of great passions, they lack solidity, depth, condensation of style, rapidity of action; and we cannot mention two prominent English writers more destitute of moral principle. Fletcher, it must be allowed, is the more volatile and fertile sinner of the two. During their lives, they enjoyed a vast reputation, for they were preëminently the panders of their generation. The commendatory verses on their works would fill a small volume. Shirley, in a preface to the folio edition of their plays, published in 1647, signs himself their "humble admirer," and pours out his admiration for their genius in the highest strain of panegyric. To mention them, he says, "is but to throw a cloud upon all other names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages." It would be easy to quote other eulogies almost as insanely extravagant.

Both these dramatists were men of family and education. Beaumont was born in 1586, ten years after Fletcher, and died in 1615, ten years before him. His faculties ripened early. At the age of ten, he became a gentleman commoner at college. When only sixteen, he published a translation of one of Ovid's fables; and was a close friend of Ben Jonson, and one of the lights of the Mermaid, at the age of nineteen. His "judgment" seems to have been as universally admitted as Fletcher's "fancy." Jonson, it is said, consulted him often about the plots of his plays. His partnership with Fletcher seems to have commenced when he was about twenty-two, and to have run to his death.

Fletcher was born in 1576, and was less precocious than Beaumont. There is no evidence that he wrote for the stage before 1606, when he was thirty years old. He seems to have had expensive habits, and some property; the latter probably left him in advance of the former. The fact, that during the last four years of his life he wrote eleven plays,

seems to indicate a dependence on his pen for support. He died in 1625, of the plague. Of the fifty-two plays published under his and Beaumont's name, it has been contended that the latter had part in only seventeen. Among these, however, are The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and King and No King, three of the most celebrated in the collection. There is also some reason to believe that Beaumont had a share, more or less, in Valentian, and Thierry and Theodoret ; but none in The Faithful Shepherdess or the Two Noble Kinsmen Many critics have thought they traced indubitable marks of Shakspeare's mind and manner in some scenes of the latter. Lamb countenances this conjecture from the internal evidence afforded by some of the striking Shakspearian scenes. He says that the manner of the two dramatists is essentially different. Fletcher's " ideas move slow ; his versification, though sweet, is tedious ; it stops every moment ; he lays line upon line, making up one after the other, adding image to image so deliberately, that we see where they join. Shakspeare mingles every thing ; he runs line into line, embarrasses sentences and metaphors; before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched, and clamorous for disclosure." Fletcher wrote twenty-seven plays after Beaumont's death, and, it is supposed, four before ; and there are eight written in connection with other authors, which swells the whole list from fifty-two to sixty.

This speaks volumes for Fletcher's fruitfulness of fancy ; and if the dramas evinced a range and depth of character corresponding to their number, it might well excite wonder. But this is not the case. The frame-work of Fletcher's *dramatis personæ* is generally light and thin, and he continually repeats a few types of character. What he lacks in depth and intensity of mind, he seeks to make up in point, bustle, incident, intrigue, and comic or tragic situation. If we subtract from his plays all that is not wit, fancy, imagination, and passion, if we strike out what is mere buffoonery, ribaldry, or exaggerated commonplace, we shall have left much that is brilliant and beautiful, it is true, but also a larger and more detestable mass of ignoble depravity and slang than could be scooped out of the works of any other man of genius. When he began to write, the morality of the fashionable and educated classes had become relaxed. The court of James the First was dissolute and intrinsically vulgar. The ears of

high-born ladies did not tingle at the coarsest jests, nor their cheeks burn in viewing the most licentious situations. A change had come over the "public" taste, since the time of Sidney and Spenser. Debauchery and the maxims of libertinism, were more in vogue. The line separating the gentleman from the rake had imperceptibly narrowed, not to be altogether obliterated until the reign of Charles the Second. Falsehood, folly, sin, and decay seemed natural attendants on the Stuarts. Fletcher must be set down as a poet who wilfully or heedlessly prostituted his genius to varnish this "genteel rottenness." His mind freely obeyed external direction. Like his own Mistress Bacha, in Cupid's Revenge, he seems to say to the age: —

> "I do feel a weakness in myself
> That can deny you nothing; if you tempt me,
> I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
> And run to meet it."

His quick animal spirits, and his absence of depth, preserve his immorality from that malignity and brutality which shock us in some of his successors at the Restoration; and as the sweetness of the poet never absolutely leaves him, he rarely sinks into their diabolical hardness of heart. But where he is better than they, it seems more the result of instinctive sentiment than any moral principle. His volatility makes his libertinism shallow, brisk, and careless, rather than hard and determined. It is Belial, with the friskiness of Puck. He was as bad as his nature would admit, — as bad as a mind so buoyant, apprehensive, and susceptible of romantic ideas and feelings would allow him to be. Shakspeare did not yield to these corrupting tendencies of his day.

It is generally conceded that Beaumont and Fletcher are more effeminate and dissolute than the band of dramatic authors to which they must be still considered to belong. Their minds had not the grasp, tension, insight, and collected energy, which characterized others who possessed less fertility. Their tragic Muse carouses in crime, and reels out upon us with bloodshot eyes and dishevelled tresses. From this relaxation of intellect and looseness of principle comes, in a great degree, their habit of disturbing the natural relations of things in their representations of the sterner passions. The atmosphere of their tragedy is too often hot, thick, and filled with

pestilential vapors. They pushed every thing to excess. Their weakness is most evident, when they strain the fiercest after power. Their strength is flushed, bloated, spasmodic, and furious. They pitch every thing in a high key, approaching to a scream. In what has been considered the most imaginative passage in their whole works, — the speech of Suetonius to his soldiers before battle, in Bonduca, — the lines seem torn from the throat of the speaker : —

"The gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under world, all nations,
The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells ;
Wakens the ruined monuments, and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues."

Even their heroism has, generally, the lightness of romance ; something framed from fancy, not from nature. Their heads grow giddy among the true horrors of tragedy, and their action becomes hurry and bustle instead of progress. The style of their dramas, where the text is not butchered by misprinting, is sweet, colloquial, voluble, and voluptuous, but rarely condensed and powerful. It has been finely said, in respect to their agency in weakening the diction of the drama, that "Shakspeare had bred up the English courser of the air to the highest wild condition, till his blood became fire, and his sinews Nemean ; Ben Jonson put a curb into his mouth, subjected him to strict *manége*, and fed him on astringent food, that hardened his nerves to rigidity ; but our two authors took the reins off, and let him run loose over a rank soil, relaxing all his fibres again." The flush and hectic heat of this unbitted racing is ever observable ; but the bright hoofs of the courser strike off few lightning sparks, and he is a long time arriving at his goal.

The Maid's Tragedy, which Hallam gravely says is no tragedy for maids, and one which, with all its beauties, no respectable woman can read, contains much exquisite poetry among its portentous obscenities. The character of Aspatia is the model of a love-lorn, patient maiden,

"Whose weak brain is overladen
With the sorrow of her love";

such as we meet, in a degraded state, among the Arabella Dieaways of old novels. Shirley probably refers to the vein of sentiment touched in this drama, when he says, "Thou shalt meet, almost in every leaf, a soft, purling passion, or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins." Lysippus thus describes Aspatia: —

"This lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders: *she will sing*
The mournfull'st things that ever ear have heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
With laughter, she will with so sad a look
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She 'll send them weeping one by one away."

Lamb, Vol. II., p. 103.

Amintor, in this play, forsakes Aspatia, and marries Evadne, at the command of the king. The scene in which his wife avows herself the mistress of the monarch, and tells Amintor that her marriage with him is merely one of convenience, is wrought out in Fletcher's most characteristic manner. That, also, in which the brother of Evadne compels her to promise to murder the king, is spirited and powerful. The following scene between Aspatia and her maidens has much softness and richness of diction and sentiment.

"Aspatia. Antiphila. Olympias.

"*Asp.* Come, let 's be sad, my girls.
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow; mark, Antiphila,

Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, *she tied fast her eyes*
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, Antiphila.
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble: 't is enough, my wench;
Show me the piece of needle-work you wrought.
" *Ant.* Of Ariadne, Madam?
" *Asp.* Yes, that piece.
This should be Theseus, h' as a cozening face;
You meant him for a man?
" *Ant.* He was so, Madam,
" *Asp.* Why then 't is well enough. Never look back,
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus.
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
" *Ant.* Not as I remember.
" *Asp.* It should ha' been so: could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storm?
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest;
Just such another caught me; you shall not go so, Antiphila;
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life, wench.
" *Ant.* 'T will wrong the story.
" *Asp.* 'T will make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believ'd; but where 's the lady?
" *Ant.* There, Madam.
" *Asp.* Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
You are much mistaken, wench;
These colors are not dull and pale enough,
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken; do my face

(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila ; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leaveless; *let the rocks*
Groan with continual surges, and behind me,
Make all a desolation; look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.
Olym. Dear Madam!
Asp. I have done ; sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls."

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 105, 106.

Philaster has much romantic sweetness, and deservedly takes a high rank among the joint creations of our authors. Bellario is especially beautiful. Beaumont and Fletcher's fair and fine women have been considered models of womanhood by many critics, and by some placed above those of Shakspeare, — as if their best delineations of passion or constancy approached Juliet or Cordelia! Shakspeare's women are ideal; theirs, romantic. The following passage, in which Bellario, discovered to be a woman, tells the story of her love for Philaster, is exceedingly sweet and touching.

"My father would oft speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd ; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing; to be lost
As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puft it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I ; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love,
Yet far from lust, for could I but have liv'd

In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
Abide with you: then sate I by the fount
Where first you took me up."

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 117, 118.

A King and No King is another play in which Beaumont and Fletcher's characteristic faults and beauties are displayed. Arbaces is well delineated, and so is Bessus, — both braggarts in different stations. Hallam and Hazlitt concur in admiring this drama. Thierry and Theodoret contains two female characters, Brunhalt and Ordella, representing the two phases under which Fletcher commonly delineated women. The latter Lamb pronounces, we think incorrectly, to be "the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to Calantha, in the Broken Heart of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction." The former is a monstrosity, compounded of fiend and beast. Valentinian is one of the best tragedies in the collection, though the plot is absurdly managed. There are three songs in it of peculiar merit, one relating to love, another to wine, and a third, full of solemn beauty, addressed to sleep, which we extract. Valentinian is brought in sick, in a chair, and the song is introduced as an expression of the deep and silent love of Eudoxia, the empress, who leans over him.

"Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,—
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; — easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses: — sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!"

The scene which succeeds this reminds us of the last in King John. The ravings of the poisoned emperor, however, though clothed in a drapery of similar imagery, have not the intense grandeur of the death-scene of Shakspeare's monarch.

Fletcher's comedies are light, airy, fluttering, vivacious, full of diverting situations, and often sparkling with fancy and wit; but still superficial and farcical, compared with Shakspeare's and Jonson's. They have none of that intensity of humor, little of that substantial life, which we demand in English comedy. The gentleman, as understood by Fletcher, is of a different type from that indicated by old Decker. Beaumont and Fletcher, according to Dryden, understood and imitated much better than Shakspeare "the conversation of *gentlemen*, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done." We trust that they never will be equalled in this department of character. Their "studiously protracted" indecency, and their command of all the gibberish and slang of lust and vulgarity, make their comedies curious libels on the taste and morals of their audiences. Fletcher could not escape from the foul imp that had taken possession of his imagination, even in The Faithful Shepherdess, which, with all its poetic beauty and pastoral sweetness, is still so defiled in parts as to merit Schlegel's ironical comment, of its being an immodest defence of modesty. The tone and pitch of Fletcher's mind, as compared with Milton's, may be seen in the contrast between The Faithful Shepherdess and Comus. Milton is indebted to Fletcher for the suggestion of his subject, but this debt is paid a thousand fold in the treatment of it.

Of Massinger and Ford we have space to say but little. Hazlitt remarks, that "Massinger is harsh and crabbed, Ford, finical and fastidious"; and that he cannot find much in their works, but "a display of great strength or subtlety of understanding, inveteracy of purpose, and perversity of will." Hunt accuses them of beginning that corruption of the dramatic style into prose, which "came to its head in Shirley." Hallam, on the contrary, ranks Massinger as a tragic writer second only to Shakspeare; but Hallam is often strangely infelicitous in his judgments on the old poets. The truth seems to be, that Massinger's spirit was unimpassioned, com-

pared with his great contemporaries ; his imagination was not pervaded by that fiery essence which gives to their style its figurative condensation, its abrupt turns, and its quick, startling flights. His mind was more gentle, equable, and reflective. There is a majestic sadness in Massinger, — an indication of great energies preyed upon and weakened by inward sorrow, — a stifled anguish of spirit, — which seem to point to unfortunate circumstances in his life. There is every reason to believe that he was a disappointed man, though little of his biography is known. He was born in 1584. His father was a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Pembroke. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Oxford, and, after residing there four years, left without taking a degree, and went to London, where he gained a precarious subsistence as a dramatic writer. Anthony Wood says, that while at Oxford he "gave his mind more to poetry and romance, for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, being patronized to that end." This shows that he offended a patron. Massinger's spirit was independent, though not fiery, and probably would not brook any exercise of power which controlled his disposition. There runs through his plays an almost republican hatred of arbitrary rule. As a man, Massinger seems to have been much esteemed for his virtues. The panegyrists of his plays address to him terms almost of endearment ; he is their "beloved," "dear," "deserving," "long known," and "long loved friend." As a dramatist, however, though his plays appear to have been successful, and written at the rate of two or three a year, he never raised himself above the poor gentleman. Reynolds and Morton, at the close of the last century, generally obtained five hundred pounds for their five-act farces and sentimental dramas ; Massinger, in his day, could not hope to average more than fifteen for his comedies and tragedies. He is known to have written, in all, thirty-seven plays, of which sixteen and the fragment of another are extant. Eleven of them, in manuscript, were in the possession of a Mr. Warburton, whose cook found them very serviceable, as waste paper, in the prosecution of culinary operations.

Massinger died on the 17th of March, 1640, at the age of fifty-six. According to Langbaine, he went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning. He was buried

in the church-yard of St. Saviour's. No stone marks the place of his interment; and "the only memorial of his mortality," says Gifford, "is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: 'March 20, 1639–40, buried Philip Massinger, *a stranger*.'"

Massinger did not write so closely to the heart of things as some of his contemporaries. His sweet and serious mind was better fitted for description and contemplation than for representation. Possessing neither wit nor humor in any eminent degree, he had not that quick, joyous sympathy with external things, which sent the souls of many of his brethren running genially out to animate other forms of being. His characters are framed rather in the region of the understanding and the moral sentiments, than conceived by the imagination; and though often morally beautiful, have not the free, flowing, substantial life which we require in dramatic representation. The resistance of virtue to all temptations is his favorite theme; but the temptations are often contrived out of the natural course of things, and exist rather as possibilities to the intellect than realities to the imagination. Had he possessed a little more of spontaneous creative energy, he would have been a great dramatist. His reflective habit of mind tended at once to restrain his passionateness within the bounds of a preconceived order, and to dim that keen vision by which the poet penetrates into the inmost recesses of the soul, and lays open the finest veins of thought and sentiment. Still, Massinger is one of the most original of the old dramatists, and his plays, though they do not reach the heights nor strike the depths of some others, are sustained throughout with more skill and level power. His style has been long celebrated for its sweetness and majesty of march, and its freedom from "violent metaphors and harsh constructions." "He is read," says Lamb, "with composure and placid delight." His plays exhibit a more pervading religious feeling than those of his contemporaries; and, strange to add, a coarseness of expression, in some parts, more vulgar and disgusting than the same quality in others, because utterly wanting in wit and fancy. His indecencies seem coldly and atrociously contrived in the understanding, without the concurrence of his other powers, and only introduced in obedience to "the spirit of the age." They are

most essentially of the mud, muddy. They affect us like lewdness muttered from the lips of age ; and his jests must be considered, on the whole, more tragical than his pathos. We never gaze on his fine serious face, as it looks out so mournfully from the canvass, without feeling how sad and degrading, how replete with that self-contempt "bitterer to drink than blood" must have been to him the task of coining vile indecencies, and bespattering his creations with the phraseology of the fish-market. It is due to Massinger to say, that his coarseness is introduced, rather than woven, into his dramas, and that the string which binds the seraph to the corpse can be easily severed.

Massinger's most powerful male characters are Sforza, in The Duke of Milan, Sir Giles Overreach, in the New Way to pay Old Debts, and Luke, in The City Madam. The second of these still keeps the stage, and the third sometimes appears in a modern version, called Riches. Luke is a fine villain, forcibly conceived and strongly sustained. As we have but little space for extracts from Massinger, we can hardly do better than give Luke's soliloquy on taking a survey of his new wealth.

"*Luke.* 'T was no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth, no dream. I did not slumber;
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon 't ! it did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handled oft did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, [*To the Key.*
That without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy to possess
What wise men wish and toil for ! Hermes' Moly,
Sybilla's golden bough, the great elixir
Imagin'd only by the alchemist,
Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou the substance
And guardian of felicity. No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold,

That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light, the splendor
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd.
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,
And robes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on gold with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment;
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day; which is not in
The unthrift's power. There being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my moneys are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more."

Lamb, Vol. II., pp. 172, 173.

John Ford, a scholar and gentleman, occupies a prominent place in English dramatic literature, as a poet of pathos and sentiment. His most splendid successes are in the handling of subjects which are, in themselves, unwritten tragedies, — the deepest distresses of the heart and the terrible aberrations of the passions. His works make a sad, deep, and abiding impression on the mind, though hardly one that is pleasing or healthy. He had little of that stalwart strength of mind, and heedless daring, which characterize the earlier dramatists. Like Massinger, he is deficient in wit and humor, and like Massinger resorts to dull indecencies as substitutes. His sentiment is soft, rich, and sensuous, informed by a mild, melancholy heroism, often inexpressibly touching, and expressed in a fine, fluent diction, which melts into the mind like music. We give below the celebrated contention of a bird and a musician, described in The Lover's Melancholy, as a specimen of his grace and sweetness of mind. In Lamb's opinion, it almost equals the strife it celebrates.

"Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd

To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and, living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early,
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranc'd my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
A Nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge; and, for every several strain
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she
The nightingale did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds: which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried,
'Alas, poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end'; and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in." — *Lamb*, Vol. II., pp. 1, 2.

Lamb, in a note to the last scene of The Broken Heart, ranks Ford in the first order of poets. "He sought for sublimity," he says, "not by parcels, in metaphors and visible images, but directly, where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds." We do not think this is the impression that his works make as a whole; it is true only of the high-wrought grandeur of detached scenes. Ford, in manners and character, seems to have been, like Jaques, melancholy and gentleman-like. Little is known regarding his life. He is supposed to have been a lawyer, and seems to have had a dislike to the reputation of a dramatist, in so far as it confounded him with those who were authors by profession; for, as Dr. Farmer says in reference to Shakspeare, with exquisite meanness of expression, "play-writing, in this poet's time, was hardly considered a creditable employ." Ford probably had something of the vanity which Congreve manifested to Voltaire, in desiring to be considered rather as a gentleman than as a dramatist. There was much of the "nice man" in his disposition. He evidently belonged not to the school of "irregular" genius, so far as regarded worldly reputation; and we can imagine what disdain would have shot from the burning eyes of Marlowe, had that sublime vagabond lived to see a dramatist studious of conventional decorum, and fastidious in small things. A contemporary satire, The Lines, quoted by Gifford, has a thrust at Ford, which illustrates as well as caricatures his peculiarity: —

"Deep in a dump, John Ford by himself gat,
With folded arms and melancholy hat."

He wrote sixteen plays, four of which, in manuscript, shared, with eleven of Massinger's, the distinguished honor of being consumed by Mr. Warburton's remorseless cook, for

waste-paper. He seems to have retired to the country or the grave, it is uncertain which, shortly before the breaking out of the civil wars. The date of his last published play, The Lady's Trial, is 1639. We refer the reader to Lamb's Specimens for the celebrated scenes in the fifth act of The Broken Heart.

In this hurried survey of some of the Old English Dramatists, we have not been able to do more than faintly indicate their genius and individual peculiarities. It would be impossible in our limited space to do full justice to the merits of each. Indeed, though separated by individual differences, and influenced by the changes which came over the spirit of their age, they have all a general resemblance. Fletcher and Ford, perhaps, best indicate the gradual relaxation of the old sturdy strength, — that passage of comedy from humorous character into diverting incident, of tragedy from the sterner into the softer passions, — that gradual weakening of the poetic diction by too strong an infusion of sweetness, — which distinguish an age slowly sinking from the region of heroic ideas into those merely romantic. But still, all these writers have, more or less, that depth, daring, vitality, comprehension, objectiveness, — that quick observation of external life and nature, and that ready interpretation of both by inward light, — that varied power and melody of versification, at times so soft and lingering, bending beneath its rich freight of delicious fancies, at others so fierce and headlong, glowing in every part with the fire of passion, — that wide sway over the heart's deepest and most delicate emotions, — and that thoroughly English cast of nature, — which associate them all in the mind as belonging to one era of literature, and partaking of the general character stamped upon it. It would be impossible to point out a class of authors, who have appeared in any of the Augustan ages of letters, more essentially brave and strong, — any who have spoken the language of thought and passion more directly from the heart and brain, — any who more despised obtaining fame and producing effects by elaborate refinements and petty brilliancies, — any who have stouter muscle and bone. Whenever English literature has been timid and creeping, whenever the natural expression of emotion has been debased by a feeble or feverish "poetic diction," it has been to the old dramatists that men have recurred for examples of a more courageous spirit and a nobler style.

ART. III. — *An Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects ; comprising an Account of Noxious and Useful Insects, of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems, Habitations, Societies, Motions, Noises, Hybernation, Instinct, &c.* With Plates. By WILLIAM KIRBY and WILLIAM SPENCE. From the sixth London Edition, which was corrected and considerably enlarged. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1846. 8vo. pp. 600.

THE question, whether the human mind differs from that of the brute in kind, or only in degree, is one that has exercised the wits both of ancient and modern philosophers, though but to little purpose. It is not likely that the doubt will ever be entirely resolved, as we are altogether ignorant of the inward nature, the essential constitution, of both subjects of inquiry. We can compare only the outward acts, and thence dimly infer radical differences of internal organization. The *acts*, we say, not the *qualities ;* for as any two material substances are distinguishable from each other only by their attributes or qualities, in other words, by the different impressions which they make on our senses, it would seem at first sight as if we might separate the mental constitution of man from that of the lower animals as easily as the mineralogist divides quartz from feldspar. But it is not so ; intellect differs from instinct, not as chalk differs from flour, but rather as gravitation differs from chemical affinity, or the unknown principle of heat from the equally subtile and obscure essence of light. With respect either to the human or the brute mind, we can ask *what it does ;* it would be wholly futile to inquire *what it is.* Now, there is no action whatever, considered merely as a visible fact, as an exercise of nerves and muscles, which many brutes cannot perform nearly or quite as well as men. They walk, leap, run, and climb ; they eat, drink, and propagate their species ; they weep, cry, and even articulate.*

* *Laughter* may be considered as an exception to our remark, since the laughing hyena will hardly be admitted as a case in point. We reply, that the word *laughter* indicates not merely a visible act, but also the feeling of which this act is the exponent. Animals are susceptible of the emotion, and can perform the act, but they combine them differently ; they express this particular emotion in a different manner, and this particular act with them

From their outward acts alone, then, it seems impossible to deduce the characteristic feature of their mental nature. Luckily, a third question remains to us, the answer to which directly involves the subject of our present inquiry, while it appears to be within the reach of human investigation. In regard either to instinct or intelligence, though we cannot tell what it is, we may ascertain *what it is not*. As we affirm without hesitation that mind is not material, so we may find sure reason to believe that it is radically different from instinct. And this is our present object.

The unsatisfactory character of most speculations upon the mind of brutes seems to have proceeded from overlooking the distinction here pointed out, and attempting to discover the *cause*, instead of merely pointing out the *characteristics*, of the phenomena in question. It would be well to show what thought, reason, and reflection are, inquiries in which we have the direct testimony of consciousness to aid us, before we grapple with the far more difficult problem respecting the origin and nature of instinct. The pretended solutions of this problem are wholly hypothetical and unsatisfactory. Descartes considers all animals inferior to man as mere machines ; a supposition so extravagant, that some have supposed that his language, though apparently very explicit, has been misunderstood, and that he meant to say only that brutes did not act from their own free will, but were constantly under the guidance of a superior power. This supposition agrees in the main with the doctrine of Newton and Addison, who maintain that animals act only as they are immediately moved by their Creator. The hypothesis is certainly intelligible, though it appears as yet devoid of proof, and it is open to the obvious objection, that many of the arbitrary and purposeless actions of animals appear quite inconsistent with the infinite wisdom which framed their bodies with such marvellous skill, that not a joint, muscle, or fibre exists without an obvious use. To avoid this difficulty, Mr. French supposes that animals act only as they are moved, not indeed by the Deity, but by a class of superior agencies or beings who fill the void between man and the Creator. As this is a mere hypothesis, and a very unsatisfactory one too,

indicates a different emotion. The grin of a beast shows its ferocity, while that of a man indicates merriment. But two dogs gambolling together show mirth as clearly as two men laughing at each other.

since it refers mysterious effects to causes still more mysterious, and wholly beyond the range of human knowledge, it hardly deserves serious refutation.

Mr. Kirby proposes, but with much apparent hesitation, another theory, which really coincides, though the author seems not to be aware of the fact, with the doctrine of Descartes. He supposes, that all the phenomena of instinct are produced by physical action upon the varied organization of animals ; that light, heat, electricity, and perhaps other agencies still more subtile, exert as much influence upon the actions of animals as upon the growth of plants. He compares "the sunflower and the hive-bee, the compound flowers of the one, and the aggregate of combs of the other, — the receptacle with its seeds, and the combs with the grubs." The analogy here is so far-fetched that it is hardly any analogy at all, for the author compares the *body* of the sunflower not with the *body*, but with the *works*, of the bee. The phenomena of growth have no similarity with those of action ; we might as well compare fermentation with falsehood. The sunflower properly resembles, not the bee, but the hive.

But argument is not needed to expose the futility of such speculations. An attempt to explain the ultimate *cause* of any phenomena, whether of matter or mind, is a hopeless undertaking ; and it argues only a confusion of ideas, and an ignorance of the proper objects of human inquiry, to make the trial. We investigate the qualities of an object, or determine the character of a phenomenon, with a view only to its proper classification, — to determine its relations to other objects and phenomena, and thereby to assign to it a proper place in the scale of things. We now seek to ascertain the true character of instinct, or rather of the brute mind, of which, perhaps, instinct is only one of the manifestations. We narrow the inquiry still further by asking what the mind of animals is, not in itself considered, but in relation to a single class of other phenomena, the manifestations of the human mind. Is instinct only a lower degree of intelligence, or a modification of it, or is it wholly peculiar and distinct, so as not properly to be classed with human reason any more than with electricity ?

It is first necessary to determine the meaning of the word, or to ascertain the phenomena to which the term instinct is usually applied. Some writers speak of "physical instincts,"

among which they class the beating of the heart, the peristaltic motion of the bowels, the secretions in the animal economy, and the like. But as these motions are regular and involuntary, they are more properly considered as automatic or mechanical, and are classed with the phenomena of life rather than with those of instinct. Operations corresponding to them, or exactly similar, are carried on in vegetables ; and some of them, even in animals after death, may be renewed through the application of a galvanic battery. At any rate, as they are wholly independent of the action of mind, they may be put aside in the present investigation.

As the appetites and passions seek their own gratification without the aid of reason, and frequently in spite of it, they also are often called instinctive in their operation. But these are common to man and the brute, and they differ, at least in one important respect, from those instincts of the lower animals which are usually contrasted with human reason. The objects towards which they are directed are prized for their own sake ; they are sought as *ends*, while instinct teaches brutes to do many things which are needed only as *means* for the attainment of some ulterior purpose. Thus, instinct enables a spider to entrap his prey, while appetite only leads him to devour it when in his possession. Nay, the two impulses often act in opposition to each other, as when the bird restrains its own hunger for the sake of feeding its young. Appetite is blind, and affords a motive, but no guidance, for effort ; instinct, on the other hand, both supplies an object for action, and points out a course for its attainment. It is true that appetite sometimes appears to direct the choice, yet so far only as the want of it leads the animal to reject unsuitable food, and to devour that which is adapted for its physical organization. That a dog will not eat hay, nor a horse swallow raw meat, is no more a proof of instinct, than the corresponding fact in man, that sweet things are pleasant to the taste, while bitters are disagreeable, is an indication of reason.

Yet the two are often confounded both by physiologists and metaphysicians. Thus, the celebrated experiment of Galen is quoted by Dugald Stewart, as it was devised by its author, in order to show that instinct is antecedent to experience, when it only proves that the appetites of animals distinguish between different classes of food, or that they mani-

fest preference and aversion. "On dissecting," says Galen, "a goat great with young, I found a brisk *embryon*, and having detached it from the *matrix*, and snatched it away before it saw its dam, I brought it into a room where there were many vessels, some filled with wine, others with oil, some with honey, others with milk, or some other liquor, and in others there were grains and fruits. We first observed the young animal get upon its feet and walk; then it shook itself, and afterwards scratched its side with one of its feet; then we saw it smelling to every one of those things that were set in the room, and when it had smelt to them all, it drank up the milk." Thereupon Galen and his friends cried out with admiration, "seeing clearly," as he says, "that the natures [actions] of animals come not from instruction," but from instinct. He might also have said, that human actions of this class are equally untaught, for the infant readily accepts its proper food, while it loathes the nauseous medicine.

It is evident that the appetites are called instinctive only because they are not acquired by experience or instruction; they are innate. But this is far from being the only characteristic of what are usually termed the instincts of the lower animals, which often lead to complex and prolonged tasks, involving a constant sacrifice of their natural desires and inclinations. We place the more stress upon this point, because, as will be shown hereafter, if the name of instinct be denied to these original and simple preferences and aversions, there will appear good reason to doubt whether man is ever governed by instinct properly so called, whether all his actions are not reducible to passion, appetite, and reason. Instinct *may* exist in the brute conjointly with a low degree of intelligence; but the intellect of man is pure and unmixed. It may be obscured by appetite, or stormed by passion; habit may render its operations so swift and easy, that we cannot note their succession; but when free from these disturbing forces, it acts always with a full perception of the end in view, and by a deliberate choice of means aims at its accomplishment. Instinct is marvellous and inscrutable in its operations, as much so as reason itself. But that the appetites have their appropriate objects, and reject all others, is no special cause for wonder, any more than the fact that glass transmits light, while it is impervious to air. Such is its original constitution.

How may we describe instinct, then, as distinguished from

appetite on the one hand, and from reason on the other, as all three are motives or guides to action? It is an impulse conceived without instruction, and prior to all experience, to perform certain acts which are not needed for the immediate gratification of the agent, but are useful only as means for the attainment of some ulterior object; and this object is usually one of preëminent utility or necessity, either for the preservation of the animal's own life, or for the continuance of its species. The former quality separates it from intelligence properly so called, which proceeds only by experience or instruction; and the latter is its peculiar trait as distinguished from appetite, which in strictness uses no means at all, but looks only to ends.

Instances without number may be adduced to establish the existence of both these characteristic features of instinct. Chickens hatched by steam, which have never seen any older birds of the same species, perform all the duties of incubation and feeding their young as perfectly as if they had been the constant objects of Dame Partlet's care in their own callow infancy. Insects born only after the death of their parents still run the little cycle of their appointed tasks, and make provision for their own future progeny, which they are never to see, with as much labor and foresight as were exercised in preparing and storing their own cradles. In such cases, there is no opportunity for experience, and no source of instruction. Again, certain insects, governing for the moment their own appetites, which would lead them to devour their food as soon as found, store up in subterranean cells a provision for the coming winter, though as yet they have experienced only the warmth and abundance of summer and autumn. The moth with great care collects food of a kind which it never uses for itself, as a provision for its young when in the transition state. Other instances may be found to any extent in works on the several branches of zoölogy; but these are sufficient for our present purpose.

It is important to look rather at the great number of these unquestioned instances of true instinct, than at a few doubtful cases, in which it may seem difficult to determine whether the action is attributable to instinct or to reason. We may not be able to draw with mathematical precision the line where intelligence begins; but there is no doubt that a multitude of cases lie far beyond that line, where we cannot hesitate for a

moment in assigning them to their proper class. Some naturalists have shown great ingenuity to little purpose in the attempt to resolve into reason one or two instances of what had commonly been considered as instinct, without reflecting that by so doing they required a greater amount, or higher degree, of wisdom than could safely be attributed to a Solomon. One such instance as that of a duck, which had been hatched from an egg laid under a hen, taking to the water immediately after it was released from its shell, to the great consternation of its foster parent, is enough to upset Darwin's whole theory.

Another peculiarity of instinct, and one of the broadest grounds of distinction between it and reason, is that it is not susceptible of improvement or education. It is complete from the beginning ; it makes no progress either in the individual or the race. The bee, as soon after its disclosure from the pupa as its body is dried and its wings expanded, takes its part in the labors of the little commonwealth with as much apparent activity and efficiency as its elders. It collects honey and builds a cell as adroitly in the first as in the last hour of its existence. And so it is with the species ; the internal economy of a hive was just as marvellous in the days of Aristotle and Virgil as in those of Huber. It is sometimes asserted, indeed, that the descendants of animals trained for domestic purposes show greater docility, and may more easily be taught to perform their required tasks, than individuals of the same species whose parents had remained in a wild or undisciplined state. The alleged fact is a very questionable one, and may very probably have arisen from the circumstance, that the training of the former class began at an earlier age than that of the latter. As the imitative principle exists to a greater or less degree in all quadrupeds and birds, the habits of their young must be affected to some extent, from the earliest period of their existence, by observation of the movements of the elder animals around them. If a wild colt could be taken from the prairies *immediately* after it was foaled, and placed at once in the stable or the pasture by the side of the domesticated animal, it would probably show as much docility as the proper offspring of that animal, while a very short experience of entire freedom with the wild herd might render it less tractable. But even if we were to give full credit to the story, it would prove nothing as to the

nature of instinct, properly so called, which constitutes only a part of the mental constitution of animals. Some faculties they unquestionably possess in common with man, the imitative principle just alluded to being one of them.

It is important to observe, that the power of instinct in many cases quite transcends that of reason. If it differs from human intelligence not in kind, but in degree only, it is undoubtedly the superior. Man may go to school to the dog, the swallow, and the bee ; but however long a time he may remain there, he will never equal his teacher. Let him attempt, for instance, *without the aid of any tools or machinery*, and with the utmost possible economy of space and material, to construct a symmetrical hexagonal cell, closed at one end by a trihedral pyramid, each side of which is a rhombus, with its obtuse angles measuring precisely 109° 28′, and its acute angles 70° 32′. Without instruments or a pattern, he probably could not cut such a rhombus with perfect accuracy out of a piece of paper after a thousand trials. But the bee does this before it is a day old. And in this statement of the task we have left out the greatest difficulty of all ; we have solved the most abstruse problem in it, so as to make its performance more easy. In order to make the cell with as little wax and space as possible, it is necessary that the angles of the rhombus should have precisely these dimensions and no other. It was only after the invention of the calculus that man was able to determine the angles required for this purpose, or, in other words, to discover how far the wisdom of the bee transcended his own. In Virgil's time, the bee was wiser than the greatest *human* mathematician of its day.

Those who are familiar with the habits of animals can produce a multitude of other instances to show the vast superiority of instinct, in its proper and limited sphere, to the best efforts of the human reason ; especially when we make the proper qualification, that the animal usually works without instruments of any kind, except those furnished in its own body, which affords nothing to be compared, in point of convenience, with the human hand. But we give one other case, which needs not this qualification ; it is found in the explanation of the proverbial phrase, "a bee-line." Remove a man blindfold several miles from his home, by a route with which he is entirely unacquainted, and require

him to return to his own door by a mathematically straight line. The bee will do so, but a man's path under such circumstances would probably be rather crooked. And the difference between them cannot be explained on the supposition of the insect's greater sharpness of vision; let the hive be in the midst of a vast forest, so that the intervening trees hide it when one is a rod off in any direction, and the bee still flies straight to its home.

The consideration of this manifest preëminence of instinct *in its limited sphere* over reason was necessary in order to put in a proper light the next peculiarity of it which we have to notice, and which certainly divides it by a very broad line from any thing in the mental constitution of man. Instinct is limited to a very few ends, mostly to those which are essential for the preservation of the animal itself or of its species. It works in a prescribed and narrow path, to accomplish these purposes and no others; its methods are invariable, or nearly so, its power of adapting itself to circumstances being confined within a very narrow range. Beyond these limits, it is powerless. Take the animal out of its sphere, and its mental endowments cease to be even comparable with those of man; it falls infinitely far below him. The bee, which in its own sphere is wiser than a Euclid or an Arkwright, is, when compelled to labor for any other purpose than that for which nature has specifically adapted it, more stupid than an idiot. If one accidentally flies into a room through the lower half of an open window, and, seeking to return, happens to strike against the glass above, it will continue buzzing about and knocking its head against the same pane oftentimes for an hour, though it would find free egress a few inches below. The hen shows great apparent sagacity, during the period of incubation, in preserving the egg from cold or harm of any kind, and, when due time arrives, in assisting the chick to break out of its prison; but she mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she heeds not any change in the number of her eggs; and if one of another species be placed in the nest, she cherishes the little stranger, when hatched, with as much care as she shows for her own offspring. In fact, the natural affection of birds, and even of many quadrupeds, for their young is quite blind. A cheat may easily be put upon them, and they may even be deceived into nourishing those that are

naturally their deadliest enemies. Cats have been found suckling young rats, a fact which shows the stupidity both of the foster mother and the nursling.

Nothing can be more unlike the action of human reason than such incongruities. The pliability of the mind, its astonishing power of adapting itself to circumstances, is one of its most marvellous attributes. Sagacity shown in one direction is a good test of general ability for all occasions. Increased facility in performing particular tasks may, indeed, be acquired by habit; but the mind is master also of its own habits, forming or destroying them at pleasure. A great deal of nonsense is uttered about men being born for particular employments; and this is said with reference not merely to what is an undoubted fact, the unequal measure of general talent possessed by different individuals, but to a supposed innate bias of that talent towards a particular task. That popular humbug, phrenology, has had a great share in perpetuating this erroneous doctrine, if not in giving birth to it, as well as to many others of the same class. We hold, with Dr. Johnson, that the true genius is a mind of large natural powers accidentally determined in a particular direction. The greatest general of ancient times showed himself also one of the greatest historians; and in our own day, England's most illustrious captain is also her wisest statesman. Posterity will probably rank the civic abilities of Napoleon even higher than his military genius. At this time, the prime minister of France is her most philosophical historian, and his competitors in politics are a distinguished poet and an eminent journalist.

Not so in the orderly little communities of the ant and the bee. The soldiers and the workers have their appointed tasks from the first moment of their existence, and never change their professions. The drones are *born* sluggards. The queen emerges from the pupa with the crown already on her head; she was fed with royal food while still only a worm. After her birth, like a true sovereign, she does nothing but lay eggs and fight, while her subjects support her. And this law of the invariability of instinct holds throughout the animal kingdom. In all that goes beyond the mere sensations of the present moment, in every thing that relates to the future, and therefore requires the use of means, which in a human being would imply sagacity and foresight, the several classes

of brutes do one thing in only one way. Following that narrow path, they appear like prodigies of wisdom; remove them ever so little from it, and they again become — brutes. In this respect, the parallel between the human and the brute mind fails entirely; instinct is no longer to be compared with reason, but with a machine. The analogy here is perfect; a jenny or a mule can spin yarn much better than man could with the aid only of his fingers; but it cannot card, weave, or dress; it can do nothing but spin. A machine performs a single task, usually with wonderful speed, neatness, and precision; but its utility is limited to this one purpose. So a bee constructs its combs with admirable art; but it cannot build a hive, or a house for these combs. If man does not come to its aid with a properly fashioned hive, it will use the hollow of a decayed tree, or some other less convenient receptable. The wasp, on the other hand, builds not only its combs, but a house to cover them with, and it manufactured *paper* for these purposes many centuries before man learned how to make it. Neither the wasp nor the bee can dig subterranean chambers for its home, as the ant does; but the latter cannot manufacture paper, nor construct combs. Each of these animals, indeed, can perform several tasks of its own; just like a complex machine, which cuts the wire, sharpens it, and affixes a head to the pin, — doing all, as it were, by a single volition. The operation is complex, but invariable.

We do not say that instinct *is* the action of a machine, but only that it *resembles* one more nearly than it does the curious, flexible, and far-reaching operation of reason. In one respect it is like a cunningly devised engine which admits of several adjustments, so that, though it still performs but one kind of work, it allows of a few variations in its pattern and fabric. These variations are limited in extent, and never amount to a change of the main object in view; but if accident or man's device interferes with the animal's ordinary mode of attaining that object, it will often slightly modify the operation so as to get rid of the difficulty. Though walking in a narrow path, it can still turn aside a little to the right or the left, so as to avoid an obstruction in the way. We quote from the fascinating work of Kirby and Spence a few instances of this limited flexibility of instinct.

"It is the ordinary instinct of bees to lay the foundation of their combs at the top of the hive, building them perpendicularly *downwards;* and they pursue this plan so constantly, that you might examine a thousand (probably ten thousand) hives, without finding any material deviation from it. Yet Huber in the course of his experiments forced them to build their combs perpendicularly upward; and what seems even more remarkable, in an horizontal direction.

"The combs of bees are always at an uniform distance from each other, namely, about one third of an inch, which is just wide enough to allow them to pass easily and have access to the young brood. On the approach of winter, when their honey-cells are not sufficient in number to contain all the stock, they *elongate* them considerably, and thus increase their capacity. By this extension the intervals between the combs are unavoidably contracted; but in winter well-stored magazines are essential, while from their state of comparative inactivity spacious communications are less necessary. On the return of spring, however, when the cells are wanted for the reception of eggs, the bees contract the elongated cells to their former dimensions, and thus reëstablish the just distances between the combs which the care of their brood requires. But this is not all. Not only do they elongate the cells of the old combs when there is an extraordinary harvest of honey, but they actually give to the new cells which they construct on this emergency a much greater *diameter* as well as a greater depth.

"The queen-bee in ordinary circumstances places each egg in the centre of the pyramidal bottom of the cell, where it remains fixed by its natural gluten; but in an experiment of Huber, one whose fecundation had been retarded had the first segments of her abdomen so swelled that she was unable to reach the bottom of the cells. She therefore attached her eggs (which were those of males) to their lower side, two lines from the mouth. As the larvæ always pass that state in the place where they are deposited, those hatched from the eggs in question remained in the situation assigned them. But the working-bees, as if aware that in these circumstances the cells would be too short to contain the larvæ when fully grown, *added to their length*, even before the eggs were hatched.

"Bees close up the cells of the grubs, previously to their transformation, with a cover or lid of wax; and in hanging its abode with a silken tapestry before it assumes the pupa state, the grub requires that the cell should not be too short for its movements. Bonnet having placed a swarm in a very flat glass hive, the bees constructed one of the combs parallel to one of the principal sides,

where it was so straight that they could not give to the cells their ordinary depth. The queen, however, laid eggs in them, and the workers daily nourished the grubs, and closed the cells at the period of transformation. A few days afterwards he was surprised to perceive in the lids holes more or less large, out of which the grubs partly projected, the cells having been too short to admit of their usual movements. He was curious to know how the bees would proceed. He expected that they would pull all the grubs out of the cells, as they commonly do when great disorders in the combs take place. But he did not sufficiently give credit to the resources of their instinct. They did not displace a single grub — they left them in their cells; but as they saw that these cells were not deep enough, they closed them afresh with lids much more convex than ordinary, so as to give to them a sufficient depth; and from that time no more holes were made in the lids.

"The working-bees, in closing up the cells containing larvæ, invariably give a convex lid to the large cells of drones, and one nearly flat to the smaller cells of workers; but in an experiment instituted by Huber to ascertain the influence of the size of the cells on that of the included larvæ, he transferred the larvæ of workers to the cells of drones. What was the result? Did the bees still continue blindly to exercise their ordinary instinct? On the contrary, they now placed a nearly *flat* lid upon these large cells, as if well aware of their being occupied by a different race of inhabitants.

"On some occasions, bees, in consequence of Huber's arrangements in the interior of their habitations, have begun to build a comb nearer to the adjoining one than the usual interval; but they soon appeared to perceive their error, and corrected it by giving to the comb a gradual curvature, so as to resume the ordinary distance.

"In another instance, in which various irregularities had taken place in the form of the combs, the bees, in prolonging one of them, had, contrary to their usual custom, begun two separate and distant continuations, which in approaching instead of joining would have interfered with each other, had not the bees, apparently foreseeing the difficulty, gradually bent their edges so as to make them join with such exactness that they could afterwards continue them conjointly." — pp. 576, 577.

We observe in all these instances, that neither the ruling purpose, which is the preservation and nourishment of their young, nor the general form and character of the cradle-cell, is ever changed. The bees can modify their work just enough to avoid what may be termed the ordinary casualties

of the hive. When extraordinary disorders in the combs take place, such as cannot be met by slight repairs or trifling changes, Huber tells us that they pull the grubs out of the cells to perish, demolish the structure, and begin anew. We quote a portion of the authors' very just remarks on these slight variations of instinct.

"Bees cemented their combs, when becoming heavy, to the top of the hive with mitys, in the time of Aristotle and Pliny, as they do now; and there is every reason to believe that then, as now, they occasionally varied their procedures, by securing them with wax or with propolis only, either added to the upper range of cells, or disposed in braces and ties to the adjoining combs. But if in thus proceeding they were guided by reason, why not under certain circumstances adopt *other* modes of strengthening their combs? Why not, when wax and propolis are scarce, employ *mud*, which they might see the martin avail herself of so successfully? Or why should it not come into the head of some hoary denizen of the hive, that a little of the *mortar* with which his careful master plasters the crevices between his habitation and its stand might answer the end of mitys? 'Si seulement ils élevoient une fois des câbanes quarrées' (says Bonnet, when speaking as to what faculty the works of the beaver are to be referred), 'mais ce sont éternellement des câbanes rondes ou ovales': and so we might say of the phenomena in question — Show us but *one* instance of bees having substituted mud or mortar for mitys, pissoceros, or propolis, or wooden props for waxen ties, and there could be no doubt of their being here guided by reason. But since no such instance is on record; since they are still confined to the same limits — however surprising the range of these limits — as they were two thousand years ago; and since the bees emerged from their pupæ but a few hours before will set themselves as adroitly to work, and pursue their operations as scientifically as their brethren, who can boast the experience of a long life of twelve months' duration; — we must still regard these actions as variations of instinct." — p. 583.

Instincts have sometimes been called *innate habits*, and it must be confessed that the parallel thus indicated is a very just and striking one. Cuvier long since remarked, that animals guided by instinct appear, like a man in a dream, to be haunted by one idea, or, like a somnambulist, to perform a very difficult task without being conscious of it. In the human mind, frequent repetition appears to unite the parts of

a long and complex mental process into one whole, so that the several volitions that are required follow each other with as much order and facility as if they were links of the same chain. There is no need of delay in order to dwell upon any part of the operation, and consider what is to be done next. The needful step is suggested precisely at the right moment, and instantly performed, so that we have no recollection that any effort of the will was necessary, and we say that the whole was performed unconsciously. Thus, an absent-minded man may undertake a long walk by a route with which he is perfectly familiar, his mind being occupied all the while with some knotty subject of thought which has nothing to do with the cause of his excursion ; and he arrives safely at the desired point, without being aware of the bodily exertion he has made, or of having paid a moment's attention to a single object on the road or to a single incident of his journey. There may be several diverging routes, yet he constantly selects the right path, without being aware that he has ever exercised a choice. At each step, a distinct volition is required to lift his foot from the ground ; but he is no more aware of it than a rapid writer is that a separate determination of the will is necessary for the smallest stroke or curve in every letter in his manuscript. Speaking fancifully, we may say that there is a latent idea in his mind, never rising into the sphere of consciousness, which still governs every motion of his will, and brings out the desired result at last, though the man himself is as ignorant of the process whereby it was obtained as if he was a mere machine. The very phrase " absent-minded " implies that his mind had nothing consciously to do with any part of the operation.

The bee, in constructing the comb, works like a somnambulist, or like this person laboring under absence of mind. It reflects not upon the object of its labors ; for, having had the experience but of one season, or perhaps of one day, it knows not what that object is. Foresight it has not, unless it be the foresight of a god rather than a man ; for human foresight is nothing but the reflection of past scenes upon the mirror of the future. It is not conscious of design or contrivance ; for this implies preconceived ideas of ends not yet realized, and such ideas we have seen it cannot possess. The bee toils on just as unconsciously as the man moves his limbs in that dreamy walk ; there is a purpose, a useful end,

to be obtained by the exertion, but neither of them is aware of it at the moment. In the man, indeed, the purpose was preconceived, and it will come back to his mind at the end of the walk. The bee knows nothing of a purpose, but toils on as an humble instrument in the hands of another. Its vocation is that only of the common laborer, to bring bricks and mortar for the construction of those wonderful cells which are built by a divine architect, the same who fashioned the curious mechanism of the bee's own body, and who appears in this instance at least, if not in every other, constantly superintending and acting in his own works.

A writer in the Zoological Journal for 1824, Mr. J. O. French, who has speculated very boldly on the metaphysical part of our subject, supposes the fundamental distinction between the human and the brute mind to consist in the want of ability, on the part of the latter, to become objective to itself, or to reflect upon its own moral and intellectual qualities as such, or as proper objects in themselves considered of desire or aversion. When stated in this form, the theory appears objectionable, because it must ever remain destitute of proof; supposing that animals did possess this faculty, they could never manifest it to man, for, the process being purely intellectual, it can be made known to others only by language; brutes have no power of communicating pure thought. The fact, that the animal mind does not improve, or that it has no power of educating itself, is held to indicate this defect; but there are many other supposable imperfections in the mental constitution which are equally inconsistent with the power of self-improvement. Consciousness of defect may or may not suggest the means of progress or melioration. Mr. French's theory, in truth, amounts to no more than this, that animals never act from reflection, but always from impulse. They will certainly make no progress, if they act in this manner. To recur to the illustration just given, the operation that is continued from the mere force of habit will never be improved. If our pedestrian suddenly quickens or slackens his pace, it is a sure sign that he has begun to think about the object of his journey. So a practised musician may play a familiar tune without appearing to bestow any attention upon it; though the required movements of the fingers are very swift, and it is certain that a distinct volition is required for every touch, he will continue to converse upon some indifferent

topic with as much apparent readiness as if his hands were at rest. Yet most certainly he will never become a better musician than he is at present, if he continues to play only in this manner. In order to improve, he must pause and dwell upon the process, note the defects in his execution, and by distinct and conscious effort try to remove them.

Here we see an obvious reason why the instincts of animals do not become more acute and remarkable, as they advance in age. Acting under them as a man acts when guided only by habit, ignorant of the object of their toil, and therefore never reflecting upon the best means for attaining that object, their last labor is precisely like their first. Their physical powers improve ; the dog and the horse, by practice, become more swift, and the senses of the elder animals often appear more acute than those of their young. But their instincts are unchangeable, and consequently, when not trained by man, their *modes* of operation are never altered.

But how do we account for the great changes and improvements of which they are undoubtedly susceptible, under regular training, when man seeks to increase their powers, in order that they may become more convenient instruments of his will ? It will probably be found that all the marvellous changes effected in this way are attributable to the imitative faculty, and to the continued association of reward or pleasure with one class of actions, while punishment is invariably connected with others. That animals are often governed by sympathy, and show a strong propensity to mimic the actions of their fellows as well as of other animals, is a familiar fact. The monkey has become proverbial for his inclination to mimicry ; most singing birds may be taught portions, at least, of regular tunes ; and wild animals generally are most easily tamed, when in the company of their domesticated brethren. The wonderful feats which they may be brought, through much labor and attention, to accomplish in this way, are no proofs whatever of the existence of the reflecting faculty, or of any of the higher endowments of mind. Sympathy and imitation often appear as blind propensities even in man. A yawn will often pass round quickly, through a whole circle of companions, without one of them being conscious of it. " The mob," to quote an instance from Adam Smith, " when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack rope, naturally writhe and twist and balance their own bodies, as they see him do, and

as they feel that they themselves must do, if in his situation." In such cases, to use a common phrase, the spectators do not know what they are about ; for such contortions being wholly useless, both to themselves and to the dancer, if conscious of the movement, they would repress it. This faculty of unconscious imitation is a most useful endowment of our nature ; for, by its aid, the infant makes some of its earliest and most important steps in knowledge. As some of the most remarkable exhibitions of it in man are blind and purposeless, we may reasonably conclude that it is always so in the brute.

Feats which animals have been trained to accomplish, therefore, afford no proof that they possess one spark of intelligence. How little weight, then, is due to the ingenious speculations of the author of The Vestiges of Creation, who argues that the human and the brute mind must be of the same species, because a mountebank had taught his two dogs how to play dominoes ! It appears strange that he did not also adduce the instance of the Learned Pig, in order to prove that swine may be taught to spell. An animal blindly repeats some movement, which a man performs only from a perception of its true meaning and purpose ; we must not, therefore, attribute such a perception to the brute. Parrots may be taught to articulate, but they do not thereby learn to talk. A monkey in a painter's studio will seize his brush and cover the walls of the room with unmeaning scrawls ; it imitates the physical act, but without any glimpse of its intention and real character. The comparative teachableness of the different tribes seems to depend on the strength of the imitative propensity, and on the want of fierceness or fickleness of disposition. The monkey can very readily be taught, but its excessive fickleness soon dissipates all the effects of instruction. The mocking bird can be made to repeat snatches of many tunes, but it will hardly ever sing one entirely through, though this is done by the bulfinch and the Canary bird. The gravity and steadiness, so to speak, of the elephant's disposition, and the keenness of its senses, united with its perfect gentleness and imitative talent, render it very susceptible of instruction ; and the docility of its pachydermatous brother, the hog, Dr. Darwin thinks has been much underestimated. By observing such qualities as these, we shall find much reason to doubt the alleged natural sagacity of certain species. That they learn more readily is no proof of higher natural

endowments, when the lesson is repeated blindly and mechanically, and enforced by no perception of its useful results, but by a dread of hunger or the whip.

The acquired habits of domesticated animals mostly override and conceal their natural inclinations, so that it appears questionable whether they possess as many or as striking instincts as some wild brutes which are certainly inferior to them in the scale of being. Many of these instincts, also, are of a social character, and therefore can be manifested only when the individual is in the wild herd with its fellows. Thus, the domestic horse, though very gentle, seems much inferior in intelligence to the dog, the cat, or the elephant ; its life of service is a very constrained and artificial one, being passed almost constantly in harness or in the stall, while the other favorite attendants of man still enjoy considerable range and license of movement. It is even supposed that instinct becomes more varied and exquisite, the lower an animal is in the scale of being. This is true, if we look only at the great divisions of the scale ; the instincts of birds are more remarkable than those of the mammalia, while the insect in the same way exceeds the bird. But within these classes, instinct seems quite capriciously distributed, if we look only at the anatomical development of the animal, and not at the wants of its peculiar situation and mode of life. The common theory, that instinct exists only as the supplement, or in the inverse ratio, of the intelligence, certainly admits of numerous exceptions. At the bottom of the scale, among the radiata, we find hardly any signs either of intellect or instinct ; and among beasts of prey, those which are less strong and swift are led by instinct to use more curious stratagems in order to obtain their ends. We attribute these stratagems to instinct rather than to intelligence, because many species can use but one or two modes of ensnaring their prey, and show little or no power of adapting these to circumstances.

In one degree or another, instinct is displayed by all the animals inferior to man. We find the plainest marks of it precisely where one would expect to see them, among the means provided for the continuation of the species. We see it in the young of all the mammalia, who find and suck the dugs of the mother immediately after birth. What directs the young colt or the calf, at once, to the only source of its proper nourish-

ment for the time ; or why does it not attempt to crop the herbage for food, like its dam? Why does maternal affection cease, just at the time when the offspring becomes capable of taking care of itself, and then cease so entirely that the animal seems incapable ever afterwards even of recognizing its own young ? How many other instincts are naturally conjoined with these it is impossible to tell, because we cannot study minutely the habits of the animal in its wild state, where alone these wonderful powers are freely manifested. Man's officious care teaches them artificial habits so soon, or removes so diligently the occasion for the development of their instincts, that we can learn little from them in this respect while they are under his tutelage.

In one respect, however, they are admirably fitted by nature's cunning hand for all the exigencies of their situation immediately after birth, while the human infant is left to perfect itself by the slow inductions of experience, under the fostering care of its elders. The first and most important step in the acquisition of knowledge by man is to acquire the use of his own eyes, or to learn how to *see*. It is a fact now firmly established, both by *a priori* reasoning and observation, that the eye directly sees nothing but colors, and cannot perceive immediately either distance, figure, dimension, or situation. Colors are the only visible things, just as sounds alone are audible ; experience teaches us from slight variations or peculiarities of these to *infer* the distance, magnitude, shape, or other tangible qualities of the objects which possess or emit them. This fact, first discovered by Berkeley, has been demonstrated by experiments on persons born blind and subsequently restored to sight, and may be confirmed at any time by watching the movements of an infant soon after its birth. Place some bright or gaily-colored toy before its eyes, and its looks and movements instantly betray its desire to grasp it, and if the object be actually placed in its hands, it will hold it firmly, and seem unwilling to relinquish it ; but hold it at a little way off, and the hands grope for it, seemingly at random, or in a manner which shows the infant's entire ignorance of its distance and true position. The child betrays the same uncertainty, when it attempts to convey anything to its mouth ; place the object in contact with its lips, and it will eagerly seize it. If its bungling attempts be attributed, in part, to its ignorance of the right mode of using

its arms and hands, — to its incapacity, in fine, to make any proper *use* of them, — this only places in a stronger light its inferiority, for the time, to the young brute. In the beautiful experiment already quoted from Galen, the kid just snatched from the *matrix* of its dead mother used its limbs at once, with perfect facility and success, and with the characteristic movements of its species. Like the newly born colt or calf, also, it walked with freedom, inspected objects near at hand, and avoided those which were in its way, — not, as in the case of man, with an acquired judgment, but with an instinctive knowledge of their true position.

The ability of the inferior animals to see distances as soon as their eyes are opened is so evident, that Mr. Bailey has recently alleged this fact in an attempt to controvert Berkeley's whole theory of vision, as applied to man. He might as well adduce the innate constructive power of the bird and the bee, as a proof that men know how to build houses by intuition, or without the aid of experience. The ancient anatomists committed many errors in attempting to learn the internal structure of the human body by dissecting the carcasses of brutes. Yet no anatomical differences are so striking as the entire want of similitude between instinct and reason ; the one being blind, unconscious, invariable, and infallible, — while the other is self-taught, cognizant of its own actions, constantly liable to error, but capable of indefinite progress. Berkeley's theory is susceptible of demonstration, from the laws of light and the physical structure of the eye, independently of any experiments. The eye certainly can determine the distance of an object only by a line directed endwise to itself, and such a line, be it longer or shorter, projects but one point upon the retina. By what means, then, can a man ascertain the length of that line ? Instinct cannot inform *him* of its true measurement ; for he is constantly deceived, when guessing at the distance of an object of the size of which he is ignorant, especially when it is separated from him by a vertical, instead of a horizontal line. Every one who has seen a well executed diorama knows, that, by a skilful distribution of light and shade, not only in the painting itself, but also in the apartment in which it is viewed, a flat surface, perpendicular to the horizon, is immediately transformed, to the eye, into an extensive landscape, and hardly the most vigorous exertion of the judgment can correct the illusion. Here is a

direct proof that the eye does not immediately see *distance*, and every one knows that the visible *magnitude* of an object depends on its remoteness. Yet chickens, as soon as they are out of the shell, run about, evidently with an immediate perception of the relative size and proximity of all the objects around them.

We have now shown, not merely that all the inferior animals are copiously endowed with instincts, but that there is good reason to suspect man to be absolutely devoid of them, or to be guided by reason alone. If, in so important a respect as the use of his eyes, on which he is dependent for safety, as well as progress, at almost every moment of his existence, while by their aid alone can his other faculties attain their full development and the extreme limit of their usefulness,— if on this cardinal point he is left entirely to the slow deductions of experience, we may well believe that in no other particular, in his case, is instinct allowed to supersede the use of reason. The utter helplessness of the human infant, compared with the independence of the young of most other animals, appears in nothing so strongly as in its inability to see, even when its eyes are opened and the physical structure of the organ is perfect.

In fact, after we have deprived the passions and appetites, for reasons already given, of all claim to the character of instinct, there is no instance commonly adduced by physiologists to prove that man is ever governed by it, except the action by which he first acquires nourishment. And even here it is admitted, though the act of sucking be instinctive at first, yet if the propensity be not very soon developed and confirmed by experience, that it ceases altogether. At the utmost, then, this is a transient instinct, given to provide for man's safety in the first helpless hours of his existence. But it is very doubtful whether even this action is properly to be called instinctive. Recurring to the definition already given, is it certain that this is an instance of action not pleasurable in itself alone, but useful only as a means for some ulterior object? That mere muscular exertion is pleasant in itself is evident enough to one who observes the uneasiness of infants and the strange gymnastic experiments of children of a little larger growth. If a small object be placed in the hand of an infant, its little fingers readily close around it, apparently from the mere pleasure of calling the muscles into activity.

The sphincter muscle of the mouth may do the same, when any object comes within its grasp ; and then the child needs but a single inspiration, which automatically recurs at every instant, with perhaps a little aid from the parent, in order to have its first pleasant experience of the gratification of appetite. When this pleasure has been a few times repeated, the habit, aided by the uneasiness of hunger, becomes so strong, though at the same time so blind, that the infant eagerly sucks every object presented to its mouth. It is this eagerness, manifested at so early a period, which has led most observers to consider the action as instinctive.

When the means are very closely connected with the end, it is often difficult, as in the case of sucking, to say whether the action is properly instinctive, or the result of mere appetite. In respect to the instincts of animals this doubt seldom arises ; for in most of them the means are separated, so to speak, by a wide interval from the end, the utility of the action being wholly prospective. Thus, the bee builds an unusually large cell for the accommodation of a future queen, though the royal egg be not laid yet. It is very certain that there are no instincts of this sort in man. In the case of animals, too, the means are often complex and intricate, as well as far-reaching ; while in the commonly alleged instance in the human subject, the means are of the simplest character, the result, most probably, of a single volition. We have, then, only to suppose this simple action to be agreeable in itself, and it ceases to be a means, and the act loses every characteristic of instinct. If agreeable food be placed in the mouth, the gratification of the palate, or the inconvenient position of the food, especially if it be liquid, when it comes near the œsophagus, may lead to the attempt to swallow it. Deglutition certainly is not a very complex process ; and the infant's first few experiments in this way, as its posture usually brings the power of gravitation to aid it, may reasonably be thought sufficient to render it soon very expert in the process. Dr. Darwin maintains that the fœtus learns to swallow by its experience *in utero*. Whatever may be thought of this opinion, it is certainly more plausible than that of Dugald Stewart, who ascribes the operations not only of suction and swallowing, but even of respiration, to instinct. He mentions the fact, that thirty pair of muscles must be employed in every draught, and seems to believe that a distinct volition is required for the movement

of each pair; though the well known facts respecting the catenation of the muscular actions might have convinced him of the absurdity of such a theory. It is quite remarkable that a philosopher, usually so well informed and so judicious, could make the following statement: —

"An infant, the moment it is brought into the world, performs *with the most perfect success* the function of respiration; a function which requires the alternate contraction and relaxation of certain muscles in a regular order and succession. The infant has certainly no idea that breathing is necessary to life, nor any knowledge of the means by which that end is accomplished." — *Philosophy of the Mind*, Vol. III., p. 242, Am. ed.

Having already pointed out the error of confounding the phenomena of life with those of instinct, we may pass over this strange passage without further comment. Some remote and beneficial purpose is always answered by the gratification, within due limits, of all the appetites; yet the act is performed not from a regard to that purpose, but under the immediate impulse of blind desire. Thus, taking food preserves life; yet men do not usually eat because they are afraid of death, but because they are hungry. Great uneasiness or pain is the consequence of an attempt to hold the breath for a single minute; so far as the act is at all under the control of the will, we breathe to avoid this pain. But the act of respiration, in great part, is unquestionably mechanical, — as much so as the beating of the heart, or the secretion made by the liver.

Whether we have rightly limited the meaning of the *word* instinct, so as to exclude from it all operations of this class, all the appetites and passions, and the indirect consequences of gratifying them, is a question which relates merely to the propriety of language, and does not at all concern the truth of our present theory. It has now been conclusively shown, if we mistake not, that a class of phenomena are manifested by the lower animals, which may be as sharply distinguished from the effects of human reason, on the one hand, as from those of appetite and natural desire on the other; and these phenomena alone are attributed to a power which we have chosen, for the purposes of convenience, to call instinct. Give it any other appellation, and it will answer the purpose just as well. All the lower animals manifest it, — man never

does ; — these are the only propositions with which we are now concerned.

The Scotch school of metaphysicians, which Mr. Stewart adorned with his learning and the graces of his character and style, more than with the novelty of his views or the profundity of his reasoning, is noted for its inclination to multiply the number of ultimate and unaccountable facts in human nature. In so doing, they have often, in popular phrase, "found a mare's nest," or made a great mystery out of a very simple thing. Stewart's *naïve* astonishment, that an infant, as soon as it comes into the world, should know how to breathe "with the most perfect success," is certainly an amusing instance of this weakness. The instinct of brutes is, doubtless, a mysterious faculty ; and the Scotch philosophers have therefore sought with great eagerness for proofs that this marvellous power belongs also to man. But they have not met with great success in the undertaking. Both Reid and Stewart consider the propensity to unconscious imitation, on which we have already remarked, as an instinct ; we have classed it rather with the appetites and passions, which are the concomitants of instinct in animals, and of reason in man. And the reason for this classification is obvious. The *desire* or propensity to imitate is natural or connate ; the *power* of imitating successfully does not appear at all in the outset, is slowly acquired by observation and experience, and may be perfected by study and practice.

We have now considered all the instances that we can find adduced, either by physiologists or metaphysicians, to show that man is ever directed by instincts like those of the brute. These instances are all referable to the phenomena of life, the teachings of experience, or the class of appetites. Human nature shows no trace whatever of that marvellous power which governs the bee in the construction of its cell, and guides the migrating bird in its long flight to its winter home. But man is the only being who is not under its influence ; every other animal, from the noblest quadruped to the humblest insect, gives frequent indications of its presence and control. So numerous and striking, indeed, are the manifestations of it by every species, that there appears good reason to doubt whether it is ever mingled, even in them, with what can properly be called intellect ; whether all the marvellous cases of reputed sagacity and intelligence in the higher animals may not be re-

solved, after all, into a mere blind propensity to imitate actions, the purpose and meaning of which they cannot understand, or into an instinct more flexible and varied, indeed, than that of the lower species, but which still shows distinctly that it is radically different from reason. But it is hard to prove a negative ; and in this case, it would be necessary to analyze an indefinite number of supposed manifestations of intelligence by brutes, and to show that they may all be explained by the action of those blind and unconscious powers which certainly govern far the greater part of their actions. Without entering upon this laborious and difficult task, we leave this point to rest upon the single consideration of the striking improbability of the lower animals being endowed with reason, which they need to exercise only on infrequent and extraordinary emergencies, while all the ordinary occasions of their being, their wants, dangers, and the preservation of their species, are provided for by the lower attributes with which they are specially endowed. These certainly suffice for the most wonderful works that are performed by them ; the whole insect tribe unquestionably knows no other guide than instinct ; and if this power be enough to account for the actions of the ant and the bee, we hardly need seek any other key to the supposed sagacity of the dog and the elephant, as they also possess it, and nearly all their conduct must be referred to its control.

But the negative on the other side is more easily supported, and by direct evidence. However it may be with the brute, reason is not mixed with instinct (properly so called) in man. We have the immediate testimony of consciousness, that we never select means until experience has informed us of their efficacy, and never use them but with a full knowledge of their relation to the end. If instinct, then, be radically unlike intelligence, the question respecting the nature of the difference between the human and the brute mind is answered, at least, so far that we may safely declare the difference to be in kind, and not merely in degree. The relation between the works of man and those of the brute, considered as indicating the powers which produce them, is a relation of analogy, but not of affinity. The architecture of the bee is equal, is even superior, to that of man, and perfectly similar purposes are answered by the two structures ; but they are erected by totally different means.

Each of the qualities of instinct on which we have remarked is a peculiarity of it in respect to reason, and serves to distinguish it from that faculty by a line more or less broad; while the aggregate of these peculiarities shows conclusively that the difference between the two is fundamental. This will appear more clearly from a summary of the several points which we have considered. It has been shown, then, that instinct exists before experience, and is wholly independent of instruction; that it is not susceptible of education or improvement of any kind, either in the individual or the race; that it works successfully towards important and remote ends by the use of complex and laborious means, yet without any apparent consciousness of the difference between means and ends; that it acts, in truth, by impulse, and not through reflection, — at least, as much so as the man who has gained by habit the power of performing a long operation without reflecting on any part of it; that it is limited to a few objects, and out of the narrow sphere of work required for these objects it is wholly powerless; and that, consequently, it appears in the same animal, and at the same time, both as the most brutish stupidity and as the highest wisdom, in so far as its creations shame the utmost ingenuity of man. As we are confessedly ignorant of the internal constitution of both faculties, reason and instinct, and are reduced to judge of them exclusively by their outward manifestations, it is difficult to conceive of two powers which should appear more radically unlike.

It is easy to give the reins to conjecture respecting the inward essence or ultimate cause of a faculty which appears to human reason so anomalous. Though theories formed in this manner, so far as they profess to be complete, must be equally unsusceptible of proof or disproof, and are therefore idle exercises of ingenuity, yet one or two points, perhaps, may be satisfactorily made out respecting the mental constitution of brutes, which will afford us a glimpse of the final end of their being. Whether instinct be the mere action of a curious machine, or the effect of the constant agency and promptings of the Deity, or the working of some still more secret principle, which is nowhere manifested but in animal life, it is not a free and conscious power of the animal itself in which it appears and works. It is, if we may so speak, a foreign agency, which enters not into the individuality of the brute. The

animal appears subject to it, controlled and guided by it, but not to possess and apply it by its own will for its own chosen purposes. We cannot conceive of wisdom apart from reflection and consciousness ; there is an absurdity in the very terms of such a statement. The skill and ingenuity, then, which appear in the works of the lower animals are not referable to the animals themselves, but must proceed from some higher power working above the sphere of their consciousness. This assistance is meted out to them for specific and limited ends, and has no effect on the rest of their conduct, which is governed by their own individuality. In its highest functions, the brute appears only as the blind and passive instrument of a will which is not its own. The power is granted to it for a time, but is not susceptible of improvement by practice while in its keeping, is invariably applied in the same way and with perfect success, and is withdrawn as soon as the purposes for which it was given are answered. No moral character is attributable to a faculty which is unconsciously exerted, and no moral aim can exist where progress or change is impossible. When deprived of this extraneous power, or viewed apart from it, the brute appears in its true light, as the creature of a day, born not for purposes connected with its own being, but as an humble instrument, or a fragmentary part, in the great circle of animated nature, which, as a whole, is subservient to higher ends.

ART. IV. *The Life of Louis, Prince of Condé, surnamed the Great.* By LORD MAHON. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

SOME have been skeptical as to the existence of cannibals, not being able to comprehend how man, with the sharpest appetite, can get up a relish for the sort of food attributed to them ; and yet, in the nature of things, it must be more excusable to destroy human life for the sake of a dinner, when one is in desperate want of it, than to sacrifice it to mere ambition. And the time will probably come, when readers will find it hard to conceive that creatures ever should have existed, who made it their sole business and pleasure to vio-

late the sixth commandment and to murder men by thousands, with no other imaginable inducement than the pleasant excitement of the work, and the satisfaction and honor which an employment so beneficent was sure to bring. But the greatest difficulty of all will be, to understand how men, who are generally selfish and sagacious enough where their own interests are concerned, should have agreed with one consent to lick the foot that trod them down, encouraging the work of mischief by singing anthems to those who beat the breath out of their bodies, and glorifying them in exact proportion to the measure in which they plagued and desolated the world. To be sure, there is something brilliant in such labors; though not strictly benevolent nor beneficial, it is inspiring to see the exertion of mighty powers. So a conflagration which lights up the skies is fearfully beautiful; but men are tolerably alert in their efforts to extinguish it, particularly when their own property is endangered. Still, in this matter of ambition, fire and frying-pan, any and every instrument of torture which the aspirants can employ, seem to be gratefully welcomed, and nothing is thought more natural than that the many should suffer and die, not even for the benefit, but only for the gratification and glory, of the few.

It does seem, however, as if there were occasional lucid intervals in the public mind in relation to this subject; owing, perhaps, to the influence of the New Testament, a book which, as an eccentric orator once said, contains more common sense than all other books put together, and which occasionally sends a bright ray of light into the minds and hearts of men; so that, now, they begin to have serious misgivings, — doubting whether it is wise to continue that bounty on scalps, which heretofore they have thought it a privilege to pay, — and considering whether it would not be more for their interest to cheer on those who are desirous to serve them, rather than those who trample down and destroy. The matter, when once brought before the mind, is exceedingly clear; when men reflect on it, they wonder at their own insane delusion. They can hardly believe that they have brought upon themselves such multiplied wrongs and sorrows, if it were not evident that the prevailing sentiment is in favor of the same suicide still. There are many, and not fools either, who rejoice at such manifestations of homicidal energy, or rather at such perversion of great power,

even when they are themselves the victims. They follow such destroyers with enthusiasm while they are in the blaze of their fame, and weep with thoughtful tenderness over them when they are fallen. After their death, they cling to the icy pyramid of their fame as if it were a rock of ages. But it will not always be so. Though there does not seem to be much moral feeling in exercise to condemn such proceedings, it is certain that intellectual fame is fast eclipsing military glory. Men may fight battles at the present day, without the world running wild with admiration of them; it is even doubted whether slaughtering the Chinese like sheep, or hunting out the Indians from their ancient home, is an employment quite creditable to the enlightened and humane. There is a violent suspicion that men of talent and energy might be better engaged; and since our religion has long ago written, where all the civilized world can read it, that the amount of useful service rendered to our race is the only measure of such greatness as shall endure, those monuments of skulls and cross-bones, which have been so much desired, will give place to an architecture less perishable, in better taste, and not so inauspicious to the improvement and welfare of the sons of men.

But while the subject of this memoir was a hero, as his distinctive name "the Great" implies, since men have not yet thought proper to allow that there is any greatness the foundations of which are not laid in blood, it must be admitted that he was not so great a pest to the world as most of that class have been. He did not get up wars for his own personal gratification; it was only when Christians, after their usual fashion, took each other by the ears, that his natural energy prompted him to take part in the struggle, and bore him triumphantly through. Cardinal de Retz has frequent occasion to speak of the prince in his Memoirs, that brilliant and attractive work which is familiar to so many readers; and though Condé was almost always his enemy, having no taste for faction, and not wishing to add to the perplexities of the court nor to the influence of popular leaders, that sharp-sighted man describes him as high and manly in his nature, open and frank in his dealings with others, incapable of any thing dishonorable, and full of disdain for the unworthy. This is no small praise from such a quarter; and there are few who could have deserved it,

in that day of all ungodliness, when high and low, royal and plebeian, soldiers and churchmen, undistinguished from each other save by their dresses and titles, seemed striving to ascertain, with vicious ambition, which should plunge deepest into all depraving corruption. It must be allowed, that Condé was afflicted with an ossification of the heart; but this is the epidemical disease of all the class to which he belongs. He is not to be too severely weighed; since, if he had any heart at all, he is creditably distinguished from some of the number, and it is easier to mention many who were worse than he, than to name even a few who were better.

Apart from the interest which such a biography naturally awakens, on account of the wild and stirring adventure in which it abounds, the period of history is one which attracts the attention of thoughtful observers, since it shows how much the influence of the people had grown and extended even in France, and how powerless courts and princes were, when the populace thought fit to oppose them. Because Louis the Fourteenth overshadowed the nation with the pompous pageant of his power, establishing the delusion firmly enough to last even through the reign of his insignificant successor, many have the impression that the French were wholly unacquainted with freedom and popular influence before the Revolution, as it is called; whereas, the work of De Retz makes it manifest that the *Fronde*, or *Sling*, the cabal of which he was chief, which was always opposed to Mazarin, and generally to Condé, relied on the people as the element of their strength, and carried on their warfare, not with pebbles from the brook, but with all manner of involved and selfish factions, created and sustained in the masses of the city by the usual arts and intrigues of ambition. We see that the parliaments, local assemblies though they were, had the confidence of the people, which gave them a dignified consciousness of strength. No reader of the memoirs of that day can forget the first president, always collected and stern in the presence of the greatest dangers, and forcing all, high and low, by his grand and majestic bearing, to respect the office which he bore. The French historical writings are generally personal narratives, which of course describe events within limited circles. Men of action are seldom aware of the great movements of their times; the under-currents of opinion work beneath the surface, and do not

appear above, though they are gathering strength to sweep all things in their own direction, and preparing for mighty manifestations and results of tremendous interest to mankind. Great houses of the nobility were perpetually tending to their decline; the illustrious line of Condé ends in the ditch of the castle of Vincennes, where D'Enghien was sacrificed to the pitiful policy of a modern hero, who, with all his littleness, is great in the estimation of the world; while the people, catching glimpses of their own rights and powers, are continually growing stronger to assert them, and after various failures and successes, are able to establish the point of great concern, that the elevation of the one shall be reconciled with the feeling and welfare of the many, instead of the many being sacrificed, as in former days, to the ambition, luxury, and selfishness of the one.

But this view, though it perpetually suggests itself in the work before us, is not directly to our present purpose; which is to make some remarks on this life of Condé, written by Lord Mahon, — a judicious and accurate writer, whose faithfulness and good sense may be depended on, though he has not the animation and spirit of style which a work of this kind requires. Still, if this book were more deficient in those respects than it is, we should be inclined to overlook all objections in our respect for the writer's good feeling. He finds his chief attraction, not in the hero, for he evidently has no great enthusiasm for that sort of people, and thinks, as Dogberry gave charge to his watchmen concerning thieves, "that the less one has to do with them the better"; but he delights rather in the hero's wife, who assumed that station at the age of thirteen, and afterwards unfolded traits of character, in consequence perhaps of her husband's neglect and desertion, which give her a clearer title to the name of great than many who have been permitted to bear it.

She was a niece of Cardinal Richelieu; and in the day when that overbearing priest saw the aristocracy of France at his feet, the father of the Prince of Condé, a selfish old worldling, solicited for his son the hand of Claire Clémence, daughter of the Maréchal Duc de Brezé, a widower of a sister of the cardinal. It was one of the most illustrious families in Anjou, and honorably distinguished in the crusades, but not equal to the pretensions of the royal blood.

The prince, who had reached the mature age of nearly twenty, was strongly opposed to the connection ; but as his father insisted upon it, they were married. At the time, Claire's character could not have been very decidedly formed ; since we read, that, two years after taking on herself the duties and responsibilities of a wife, she rejoiced in the company of dolls; and the wonder is, that, thus treated like a doll herself, she should ever have risen to any thing better. She never would, perhaps, had it not been for the cold neglect of her husband, whom she loved with an affection which was something unusual in France at that day, and which he was very far from deserving. Perhaps her appearance was not sufficiently attractive, though we are told that her small person was graceful and pleasing, and her conversation very engaging ; or it may have been that he was forced into the connection entirely against his will, which was as true, however, of her as of him. Certain it is, that he showed neither pride nor pleasure in her company, and she suffered accordingly the evils of neglect and desertion. But meantime, those virtues, which are more apt to grow in the shade than the sunshine, were forming within her, preparing her to act a great and generous part, such as would cover her name with more glory than that of her husband, if the world knew how to be just, which it does not yet, and some doubt if it ever will.

The young Duke d'Enghien, for such was his title during his father's life, had seen some service before his marriage ; and immediately after it he was very desirous to try his skill and success in arms. It is never difficult for a person of his rank to force his way to responsible stations ; and Mazarin, who was then endeavouring to establish himself in the place of Richelieu, was easily induced to intrust the army and the defence of the state to a warrior hardly of age, who was equal to the trust certainly, but whose eminent fitness he had had no opportunity to know. His force consisted of about twelve thousand, opposed to more than twice that number of Spaniards, who were employed in laying siege to Rocroy. The Maréchal de l'Hôpital was intrusted with authority which limited and restrained his own ; and this leader was constantly preaching caution. But Condé, while he pretended to pay regard to his veteran adviser, was all the while determined to risk a battle with the Spaniards ; and a rein-

forcement of eight or ten thousand, which he received on his march, brought the two armies nearer to equality of numbers, and gave some reasonable hope of success. The enemy was as desirous as himself to come to action, and the armies placed themselves at night in positions for battle on the morrow. Condé had silenced all remonstrance against the bold step he was taking, by declaring that all the consequences should be upon his own head. He slept so soundly at night, that they were obliged to wake him in the morning. Instead of a helmet, such as was then generally worn with defensive armor, he put on a hat with long white plumes, after the fashion of "the helmet of Navarre." When the battle began, he threw himself on the right wing of the Spaniards, and compelled them to give way. But the Maréchal de l'Hôpital was less successful; the left of the French army was routed, and fell back on the reserve. As soon as D'Enghien heard of this disaster, he immediately recalled his troops from the pursuit, turned them upon the rear of the victorious army of the enemy, and thus inclosing them between his own troops and his reserve, destroyed their triumph at the moment when it seemed to be sure. But the Spanish infantry in the centre remained unbroken, and when the French attacked, they were thrown into disorder by a tremendous fire. A second and a third time, the young general led them in person to the charge, and each time was driven back. At last the Spaniards were surrounded and overpowered, and of eighteen thousand who went into action not more than two thousand remained alive.

This firm resistance shows that the young general had strong enemies to encounter; and the whole arrangements of the battle show that it was gained, not by accident, if there is any such a thing, but by presence of mind, determination, and skill. It gave occasion to De Retz, who had no love for him, to say that "he was born a captain; which only happened to him, to Cæsar, and Spinola; he equalled the first, he surpassed the second." D'Enghien threw himself on his knees at the head of his army to render thanks to the God of battles for this signal success. "It was weel meant,—weel meant"; and yet it sounds at the present day somewhat like misplaced devotion. Jeremy Taylor strongly objects to offering an incense of assafœtida, in which, it is to be presumed, he had a figurative meaning; and if a sacrifice so

unsavory is ever presented, one would think it must be such asrises from a field covered with horrible carnage, and in presence of the dying and the dead.

This battle raised the reputation of the young chief at once to the highest point. It was made the subject of private theatricals at Paris, a celebration sufficiently French in its taste. Madame de Sévigné speaks of her granddaughter Pauline as acting the part of the officer "who distinguished himself so agreeably" on the morning of the engagement, by killing the trumpeter who waked the prince too early; an incident which, if true, shows what an accurate moral discernment one might obtain in the service, of the guilt and due penalties of sin. It is curious to see how the intrigues and squabbles of women, high in rank, but low enough in life and conversation, engaged the young warrior on his return, and required more statesmanship on the part of Mazarin than the management of all the foreign relations. D'Enghien's sister was a beautiful vixen, and to satisfy her the cardinal banished two other ladies of a rival faction, not to speak of sundry noblemen, and sent to the dungeon of Vincennes for years the Duke of Beaufort, whose crime it was to be a lover of the lady who had offended the culminating star. But the army having been intrusted to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the same who figures so brilliantly in De Retz, putting that able and crafty person at his wits' end to manage him, so thoroughly unfit was he for any sort of judgment or action, his generalship brought matters to such a pass, that D'Enghien, and Turenne, a more experienced warrior, were both required to repair the mischief which he had done. These two great generals met at Fribourg, where the Bavarian army was strongly encamped, and commanded by the Count de Mercy, the most formidable name of the day. Turenne, who was cold and calm, was in favor of caution and delay; but D'Enghien, who was higher in authority, determined on an immediate assault. He ordered his troops to the charge; but with all their efforts they found it impossible to force the intrenchments, till he sprang from his horse, threw his marshal's baton over the wall, and, by giving this impulse and example to his men, sent them on with a fury which there was no resisting.

The truth seems to be, that one great secret of these wonderful martial successes is a wild prodigality of blood. So

it was with Napoleon ; so it is with most of those whom the world delights to honor. It is because they make no hesitation of sacrificing their thousands that they can sweep all resistance away. Turenne, after the bloody battle of Fribourg, was touched with compassion for the misery which it occasioned; but D'Enghien pleasantly remarked, that "one night of Paris would repair their loss of men." Let no one suppose, however, that he was deficient in feeling. On the contrary, in the following year, when he was obliged to leave Madame de Vigear for the army, the shock of separation was so dreadful to him that he fainted away. It has been suggested as an excuse for this kind of attachment, that he was forced into a marriage with his wife ; but it happened to be equally true that she was forced into a marriage with him ; and while he was living in this base self-indulgence, she was spending her days in solitude, loving him all the while with a faithfulness which he was far enough from deserving. In the battle of Nordlingen, another of those days in which his genius shone forth with such wonderful brightness, he was overcome by his efforts, and fell dangerously ill. On his return to Paris, he had lost all affection for the lady to whom he was so much devoted before. This the French sagaciously ascribed to his dangerous illness and the great quantity of blood which he had lost. It never appeared to occur to them, that attachments of that kind have not the surest foundation ; a guilty passion is rather flourishing and sentimental than deep and enduring. The lady, whose conduct had been without reproach, except in permitting his attentions, took the vows of a Carmelite nun and renounced the world for ever.

It may easily be supposed that such a person as D'Enghien must have had enthusiastic followers in Paris. Those who looked to him as the glass in which to dress themselves imitated his haughty bearing, and were called, in contempt and dislike, *petits maîtres*, a name which has fallen somewhat from its ancient meaning without acquiring a better. He certainly had something haughty in his demeanour ; and Mazarin began to feel the necessity of clipping his wings, which were in danger of soaring too high. The minister could not be persuaded to give him the post of high-admiral, which he demanded in return for his services, and which, in England and France, at the time, was often assigned to those

who had never seen the sea. Still, his private discontents were forgotten in his passion for glory ; and in 1648, he was at the head of an army, opposed to the Austrian Archduke Leopold, whom he encountered at the battle of Lens, which was considered the most glorious action of the day. The Spaniards were completely defeated, and their general, Beck, who was the soul of the service, was mortally wounded. It is recorded of him, that he was so much enraged at his misfortune, that he rejected all the civilities and attentions of D'Enghien, and did nothing but swear for the remainder of his life. This was not a very edifying departure ; though while living he was about as pious as some great men, of whom it is recorded, that they manifested the spirit of sincere and excellent Christians.

But we turn from the accounts of battles, which are very much like each other, to a passage of history in which this chief, who had become Prince of Condé by the death of his father, appears in a different light ; not flourishing at the head of armies, where he was so much at home, but attempting to sustain a capricious and violent queen, Anne of Austria, and her cunning favorite, Mazarin, against the patriotic firmness of the parliament, which had reason, right, and substantial power on its side. The prince had no taste nor capacity for intrigue, was entirely unambitious of eminence as a statesman, and, as one of the royal race, was naturally indisposed to lessen the influence by lowering the pretensions of his order. Still he was too important to stand neutral ; and though, when he returned to Paris, at the summons of the queen, he was desirous to heal the disorders of the state, he had neither patience nor wisdom in dealing with the various parties ; and thus made himself more offensive to all of them than essential to any one.

It was Mazarin's policy to employ these contending factions to tear each other for his own proper advantage ; when he made friends with any of them, it was that they might be made odious by sharing his own unpopularity. The result was, that, after wading through a civil war, not particularly creditable to either party, in which Condé found himself opposed in the field to his own companion in arms, Turenne, towards whom he bore himself generously, he became so formidable that Mazarin patched up an alliance with the Frondeurs, in order to put him down. With the aid and support of

those factious gentlemen, who did not perceive that they were sawing off the limb of the tree on which they were seated, the prince and his brothers were arrested ; a fearful sound in that day, because there was no appeal to justice, and imprisonment was likely to last as long as hatred and revenge might determine. But when he was hurried away to Vincennes, a name of dreary associations, he threw himself on some straw in the castle, where no preparation had been made to receive him, and slept twelve hours without waking. This was a true indication of the iron firmness of his heart. It is not often that history records a more sudden reverse, from the highest popularity and power into a prisoner's cell. But either he was unmoved in spirit, or he was determined not to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing him cast down ; and without any affectation of indifference, he kept as high a bearing in his humiliation as ever he had maintained in the day of battle and on the field of blood.

When Mazarin thus imprisoned the Prince of Condé, he had serious thoughts of extending the same kindness to the princess also ; but she was the near relation of his patron Richelieu, and though he was himself embarrassed by no scruples of delicacy, he apprehended the impression which such a proceeding might make on others. Besides, he knew how coldly the princess had been treated by her husband ; and judging by himself, he supposed that she might not be altogether displeased with a reverse which should appear like a retribution. But neither he nor any one else was acquainted with the sleeping energies of her character ; nothing as yet had called them into action ; she remained quietly within the shadow of private life, till her heart was moved by the suffering of her husband ; and then she came forward with a strength of purpose and resolute energy of action, together with a lofty tenderness and generous forgetfulness of her own wrongs, which inspired the highest admiration in others, and made her the most formidable enemy whom Mazarin had to encounter. She was without friends, without money, without the aid and support of a party ; but she knew that her husband was innocent of crime, for the court did not charge him with any act or purpose of treason. She was aware that many patriotic men, like the first president of the parliament, lamented his arrest as a most arbitrary stretch of power, and, unlike most others of her time and country, she appears to

have had a confidence in that superintending Providence which "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

It is really curious to see the strange reverses of fortune which, long before the day of revolutions, often came to the high-born and the proud. Here was the most brilliant and successful general of the day, fallen from his high estate into a dungeon. His sister, the Duchess de Longueville, fled into Normandy, but being coldly received where she had most reason to expect a refuge, she left the castle of Dieppe at night, in a raging storm, and walked two miles in the darkness to the coast, where was a vessel prepared to remove her, if possible, from her own country. She found only two small fishing-boats in the harbour, and the owners refused to venture out to the ship in the face of the tempest, till by prayers and promises she prevailed upon them. On embarking, she fell into the ocean, and with great difficulty was dragged senseless to the shore. As soon as she came to herself, she insisted on proceeding; but nothing could induce the seamen to run the risk again. She was obliged to place herself on a pillion behind a horseman, and to fly to the house of a gentleman who consented to receive her. After resting a few hours, she was on the point of trying again to reach the ship, when she received information that the master was hired to betray her as soon as she came on board. She was then obliged to wander up and down, for fifteen days, from one retreat to another, till the captain of an English ship was induced to take her to Rotterdam, from which place she reached the fortress of Stenay, then in the hands of Turenne, who, together with the Duke de Bouillon, had escaped beyond the cardinal's reach.

The Duchess de Bouillon had a similar taste of the caprice of fortune. She was not able to follow her husband when he made his escape, on account of her condition; and the queen, who might possibly have heard that there was such a thing as generosity, but never had the least personal acquaintance with it, had her arrested and guarded in her house. After her confinement, she received visits in her chamber from her little daughter, seven years old, who was introduced and lighted out by the soldier in the antechamber. On one occasion, when the daughter was conducted out, the sentinel going before her, the duchess contrived to follow unperceived, and, from her acquaintance with the house, was able to escape

observation till she could take refuge in the dwelling of a friend. She was on the point of leaving Paris to join her husband, when her daughter was taken ill with the small-pox; upon which she immediately returned to her house and watched with the little sufferer, from whose bed-side she was taken, and, with the humanity which then abounded, was thrown into the Bastille. The Princess of Condé, having heard of the dangerous illness of her father, earnestly besought permission of the queen to go and visit him before he died; but the request was harshly refused by that narrow-minded creature, who seemed to have no tender affection except for the cardinal, no energy except that of passion, and who had it not in her nature to spare or to forgive.

Nothing could be more hopeless than the prospects of the young Princess of Condé, who was thus forced into public service and suffering at the age of twenty-two. While her husband, who does not appear to have been gifted by nature with the most lively sensibilities, found an agreeable relief in singing and swearing, hearing mass, and playing battledoor, in his prison, she exerted herself to gain friends who should rise in his behalf; and for this purpose established herself at Montrond, a fortress beyond the Loire, built by the Seigneurs of Albret, and restored by the great Duke of Sully. But here she had neither artillery, ammunition, nor money, and a gloom was cast over all by the loss of the Maréchal Duc de Brezé, her father. Meantime, the princess dowager was exerting and humbling herself at Paris for the sake of her son, being willing to do every thing for him and sacrifice any thing but money, which she had been scraping together all her life, under the pleasing delusion so common in parents, that she was saving only for the sake of her children. Being thus thrown on her own resources, the young princess began to speak with decision and act with an energy which surprised all around her. It awakened respect and interest. The farmers began to bring in voluntary offerings, and gentlemen came to offer their services. She made every effort to put Montrond in a state of defence, and when this was accomplished, proceeded to the chateau of Turenne to meet the Duke of Bouillon, not hesitating to put herself at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and encounter the hardships and dangers of a civil war. In those restless times, the signal of rebellion very easily spread fast and far.

Her adherents girded on the scarf of Isabella, a color which Condé had chosen for his own, from its association with the Archduchess Isabella, who, when the troops were besieging Ostend, in 1601, in order to encourage them, made a vow not to change an essential part of her dress before she entered the town. The resistance was so firm that the siege lasted three years longer, by which time the drapery aforesaid was somewhat in the yellow leaf. But to manifest their sympathy, her ladies dyed theirs of a similar hue, to which they gave the name of Isabella, which was thus consecrated by a variety of associations, some of them elevated and romantic, others not quite so high.

After the battle of Monclar, where her force was commanded by the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld, she proceeded to Bordeaux, where she was received with enthusiasm by the people. She hoped to engage the parliament of Bordeaux to act on her side. But the orders of the young king had been received, forbidding them to give her either aid or shelter, and they were not prepared to encounter the crime or penalties of treason in her cause, however just. But the populace, greatly excited, helped on their slow deliberations by the promise of tearing them to pieces if they did not grant what she desired ; and they were led on, in spite of themselves, to do so much more than they intended, that their city was soon invested by the royal army, and the danger from without was increased by discord within. Nothing could exceed the spirit and humanity with which the princess bore herself on all occasions ; in several instances, she saved by her own act emissaries of the court whom the people were furious to destroy, and whom the generals would have left in their hands. In one instance, she plunged into the midst of the fire, when two of the factions of the city had charged upon each other, and while the soldiers were slain at her side, exerted herself with perfect presence of mind, and so much influence as to put an end to the engagement after it had fiercely begun. By attempting to terrify the citizens of Bordeaux, Mazarin excited their passion, and unintentionally aided her cause. An act of murderous cruelty on his part wrought them up to the highest exasperation ; and when an assault was made upon the intrenchments by the royal army, it was resisted with a fury which no discipline or numbers could withstand. But the

failure of a gallant enterprise on the part of Turenne, by which he intended to deliver the princes, and which was defeated by their removal from Vincennes, destroyed all hope of final success, and the princess consented to the terms of a treaty, negotiated by the mediation of the parliament of Paris, in which, though she did not succeed in delivering her husband, she escaped from a condition which was growing desperate, and placed herself in a position more favorable for future exertions.

It is very edifying to see the private movements of these various persons and parties after this arrangement had been made. The princess, who was everywhere admired, had not succeeded in gaining the liberty of her husband, who laughed at the odd idea of his little wife's fighting battles while he was watering pinks in his garden. She therefore paid her respects to the queen, hoping in that way to do something to advance the object which she had most at heart. When she appeared in the presence, all were struck with the noble simplicity of her bearing, save one person, a princess in rank, but somewhat of a milliner in spirit, who, from some private resentment, records that she could not help laughing at the manner in which the princess's scarf was put on ; while another eyewitness, better provided with sense and feeling, declared that she appeared melancholy, but full of gentleness and grace, without a shadow either of meanness or of pride. Of the cardinal, who was the author of her husband's imprisonment, she did not take the least notice, a sort of contempt which that worthy received as cheerfully as if it had been the greatest compliment in the world. To Lenet, who had been her confidential agent, he paid the most flattering attention, which made that adroit person suspect his intentions, and keep carefully on his guard ; it being unfortunately true of this holy man, that no one could believe a syllable he said, and it was always understood that his meaning was different from his words. He always appeared to be unacquainted with the fact, that politicians are not wise to be notorious liars, since, if nobody credits their figments, they destroy their souls for another life, without much benefit to their interests in this.

But the tide now began to turn in favor of the house of Condé. The efforts and sufferings of the princess, and her generous devotion to her husband, began to awaken sympathy ; the chiefs of the Fronde, who had lost ground by their

alliance with the court, began to think of making their peace with Condé; and the parliament determined to remonstrate on the subject of his imprisonment to the queen. Rochefoucauld told the cardinal plainly, that, if he would not grant the prince's liberty to his friends, they would ally themselves with somebody who would. But his Eminence could not believe that they were really interested in a point which did not promise any personal gain to themselves. He therefore delayed action from week to week, and they, after giving him full warning, made friends with De Retz and the other popular leaders, who, as they had never pretended to any sort of consistency, found no difficulty in themselves, and gave no surprise to others, by coming out strongly on the prince's side. Upon this, the tables were turned at once. The queen was little better than a prisoner; the order to release the princes was sent to Havre, where they were then confined; and Mazarin, who found that Paris was likely to be a warmer climate than suited his constitution, immediately posted to that city, hoping to make a virtue of necessity, and to release the princes by his own authority before the order could arrive. In this he was disappointed; but he went first into the castle, and announced to Condé that he was free, humbling himself in the lowliest manner, and throwing all the blame of the imprisonment on the Frondeurs and the queen. The prince treated him with a cold and haughty civility. When he was leaving the apartment, he threw himself at the feet of the prince and embraced his boot. But Condé left him with a formal salutation, saying, "Farewell, Monsieur le Cardinal," and took the road to Paris, where his deliverance was hailed with the same demonstrations of joy which had been made in honor of his imprisonment, thirteen months before. It is difficult to find in any history such rapid changes and striking contrasts as abound in the annals of France. Just after the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld had been in arms against the court, they were riding with the cardinal in his carriage, when he made some remark on the strangeness of their association. Rochefoucauld quietly said, "All things happen in Paris," intimating that no change of circumstances or of parties in that region of the earth could occasion the least surprise.

At that moment, the house of Condé seemed at its highest culmination. The cardinal had left the kingdom, and the

nobility and the parliament, together with the people and their leaders, united to do honor to his name. But this elevation brought with it perplexities and trials ; Condé was so great, that he must either become greater, or submit to be less. By depriving the queen of authority, and making himself regent, he might have secured himself for a time. But he hated faction, having a natural sympathy with power, and, besides his unwillingness to interfere with the royal prerogative, he had neither taste nor talent for the business of a statesman in any of its forms. But while the wheel was in dizzy motion, no one whose feet were upon it could be safe in standing still. By accepting the queen's favors, and consenting to the return of Mazarin, he lost favor with his friends, without securing the confidence of the court party. Many of his adherents thought that he did not show sufficient consideration for their services, and, what in Paris was worst of all, several active and intriguing ladies brought their arts to bear against him. It was but a little time before he found his liberty, and even his life, in danger, from the councils of Mazarin, who, though in another country, continued to direct all things in France. The prince became once more embroiled with De Retz, who confronted him in the parliament in the most irritating manner, and who himself declares that Condé, though he was urged to resent it, refused out of magnanimity and high spirit alone ; for, had a conflict taken place, he would certainly have had the advantage.

Driven by the force of circumstances, which he had not adroitness enough to direct in his own way, he engaged in civil war, depending, as usual, on the aid of Spain, a complication of treason too familiar to excite any astonishment at that day. But he did not find much enthusiasm in his cause. The people of Bordeaux had nothing of that regard for him which they had paid to the admirable spirit of the princess, who, after all she had done and suffered for him, was again treated, not contemptuously, as before, because he had sense enough to see her superiority to himself in all the elements of character, but with a coldness which was a sad and shameful return, and could have been found only in a hard and selfish heart.

By means of the disgust occasioned by Mazarin's return to power, the prince succeeded in strengthening himself by an alliance with the Duke of Orleans, whose rank gave him

importance, and who, with the courage and moral energy of a hen, was exceedingly ambitious of conducting great affairs. He had been amused with the idea that he was exerting this commanding influence by De Retz, who, when alienated from his party, was able to counteract as easily as he had before managed and used him. Condé formed a design to get rid of this crafty ecclesiastic, by carrying him off a prisoner to the frontiers of Lorraine. The Duke of Rochefoucauld endeavoured to effect the same kind purpose, by pressing him between the folding-doors of the Parliament house, intending to put him to death; but the artfulness and good fortune of De Retz prevented. It is a pleasing illustration of the state of morals and religion, that, about this time, Condé and Rochefoucauld met the procession of Notre Dame one day in the street, attended by De Retz and several others of the clergy. The prince and the duke stepped from their carriage, and on their knees received the blessing of the holy man, coadjutor of Paris as he was then, cardinal as he was soon to be. The circumstance, that they were at the time taking measures to deprive him of life or liberty, did not embarrass their devotions in the least; and his factious and licentious life did not lessen the value of his blessing in their eyes.

The Duke of Orleans had a force mostly composed of Spaniards, though he solemnly denied that there was one of that nation in his army. It was commanded by the Dukes of Nemours and Beaufort, who were opposed by the troops of the queen under Hocquicourt and Turenne. One day, Turenne, going to dine with Hocquicourt, who kept his command apart, remarked to him that his soldiers were too much exposed. The caution was not very graciously received, and that very night the assault was made upon them. Their quarters were taken and set on fire, and when Turenne, by the fire-light, observed the skilful arrangement made for the attack, he said at once, "The Prince of Condé must be there!" It was indeed so; the prince had passed from Gascony, through the very heart of France, disguising his person, and beset with a thousand dangers. As soon as he reached the army, he struck a sudden and successful blow, and had it not been for the martial genius and calm determination of Turenne, the queen and the cardinal would have fallen into his hands. The war was then carried on in the immediate neigh-

bourhood of Paris, where Condé had two armies opposed to him ; one, that of Turenne, the other of new levies, commanded by the Maréchal de la Ferté. They soon came into conflict under the city-walls. Condé, like Turenne, in this action, not only directed the movements of his troops, but fought in person at every point where he could be most exposed. Three gentlemen, who had agreed to single him out to destroy him, fell in succession, by his own hand. He was so drenched with perspiration, and exhausted by his labor, that, while the battle was raging, he was obliged to have himself disarmed and unbooted, and to roll like a tired horse upon the ground ; after which he returned to the conflict again. But he would have been overborne by numbers, had it not been for the unexpected aid of his cousin, Mademoiselle, Duchess of Montpensier, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans. She relates in her Memoirs the manner in which she proceeded. She went to her father, who was frightened out of what small measure of wit he ever had, and required him to sign an order to the governor of the Bastille ; then to the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris, threatening to kill him with her own hand if he did not admit the troops of Condé ; she then went to her cousin, whom she found covered with dust "two inches thick," his shirt crimsoned with blood, his armor hacked, and with his naked sword, having thrown the scabbard away. She urged his immediate retreat ; but he declared that he would never fly before the Mazarins in the face of day ; and it was not till night that he drew off his exhausted men, under cover of a cannonade which Mademoiselle herself directed upon the royal army, from the ramparts of the Bastille. Thus ended the battle of St. Antoine, in which Condé, though he lost the victory, was generally admitted to have covered himself with glory.

When the prince was in Paris, he was, as usual, vexed and harassed by the free discussion which prevailed there ; and in order to drive the magistrates to his support, Lord Mahon says that he had recourse to a crime which has left an eternal stain upon his memory. He employed soldiers disguised as artisans, who joined with the populace, and excited them to fury against the magistrates in the Hotel de Ville, till, at the word of Condé, they made an assault upon and set fire to the building, and several hundred lives were lost in the conflict which ensued. Lord Mahon refers for

his authority to the memoirs of Conrart and Montpensier. But besides that such movements were not in keeping with the character of Condé, there is reason to doubt whether he intended or expected any such tragical results, from the manner in which De Retz gives the story, in which, as he allows, he turned every thing, as much as possible, to the prince's disadvantage. He tells us that Condé's machinations were aimed against himself; the prince having determined to stir up the people, and in the confusion to seize the Coadjutor, conduct him in a carriage to the gate of the city, and dismiss him with a friendly caution against entering it again; a step which De Retz, who was to have received these civil attentions, remarks would have been one of the wisest and finest actions of the age. He speaks of the confusion and slaughter which took place at the Town House as entirely accidental, or rather as not intended, since Condé's arrangements were made for an entirely different purpose; a version of the story which seems to us more probable than the other. It is obvious why the enemies of Condé should have endeavoured to throw the odium of the massacre on him; and since he could not deny that emissaries had been sent among the people, he should have been held responsible for the consequences which followed. But when a clear-headed witness, not friendly to the prince, speaks of it as a popular outbreak, and says that Condé's officers were not able to stop the fury of the mob, we can see no good reason why we should discredit the impartial testimony which he gives. He says, distinctly, that the greatest difficulty in the way of the prince was his hatred of civil war. The Duchess de Nemours, in her Memoirs, says that it is not known to whom the massacre should be ascribed; some charged it to the secret agency of the court; but the most common impression was, that it was owing to the disguised soldiers of the Prince of Condé, who mistook or exceeded their orders.

The reproach which was cast upon him in consequence of this massacre had an effect as unpropitious as if it were fully deserved. The power of the court, too, was increasing, since it was the chief art of Mazarin to take advantage of the errors and quarrels of his opposers. The Fronde came to an end by the arrest of De Retz, when the people, with whom he was once so great a favorite, did nothing for his rescue. The Duke of Orleans made his peace with the queen, which

was easy for one so inefficient and powerless to injure ; while Condé, who could not so readily humble himself to Mazarin, determined to continue the civil war by means of the armies of Spain. But the slow and pompous movements of their generals, their utter ignorance of the art of war, and their jealousy of his great name, prevented his undertaking spirited enterprises, and destroyed all hope of ultimate success. It was interesting to see how well he was understood by his great rival, Turenne. At the siege of Arras, that general told his officers, that he should that day, at noon, make an assault, at a certain point, upon the Spanish lines. They pointed out to him that another point was weaker ; but he replied to them that the Prince of Condé, who never slept, was there ; while at the point where he intended to strike, the Spaniards would first take it for a feint, then, finding their mistake, they would wake their general from his afternoon slumber ; he, when fairly roused, which would be a work of time, would go to wake the archduke for his orders, and before these operations could be finished the work of the French would be done. All took place as he had predicted ; the loss of the Spaniards was great, and they were saved only by a masterly retreat, conducted under Condé's orders.

The prince paid a similar compliment to Turenne, by avoiding the force which he commanded, and falling, at Valenciennes, upon the army of the Maréchal de la Ferté, which was separated by the Scheldt from the other, and with such success that he took the Maréchal, with nearly all his officers and more than four thousand men. When Dunkirk was invested by Turenne, and Condé endeavoured in vain to prevail on the Spanish general to avoid a battle, he said to him, — "You do not know M. de Turenne ; faults are not committed with impunity before so great a man." Without contesting the point farther, the prince turned to the young Duke of Gloucester, and asked him if he had ever "seen a battle." He replied that he had not. "Well," said Condé, "in half an hour from this time, you will see a battle lost." The battle, indeed, was lost, and Dunkirk surrendered ; Spain was no longer able to continue the war. Accordingly, terms were made, in which the interests of the prince were consulted, and he was able to return to France with the most exalted reputation for martial talent, and not in discredit on account of his disloyalty in an age when treason was too common to be thought a sin.

It is melancholy to see that military greatness and an apparent elevation of feeling in some respects are consistent with great hardness of heart. After the efforts which the princess had made during his imprisonment, in which she manifested the great resources of her character and the depth of her affection, his better feeling seemed awakened ; he treated her with respect and tenderness, and she rejoiced in the change, believing it would be permanent, and trusting that the cloud which had darkened over her existence had passed away. But the want of heart in his composition could not be concealed by any grateful attentions ; he soon relapsed into his former indifference and neglect, and she fell into disease and depression. At one time, he said to a friend that the next news he expected to hear was that of his wife's death ; a sort of hardness which Mademoiselle, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, says in her Memoirs made her blush for him ; and surely, nothing trifling could have produced an effect so unusual and extraordinary in a lady who states that she was herself desirous of filling the vacancy, in case it should occur, and who found Charles the Second, who had been selected as a husband for her, too bashful and retiring to be welcome in the character of a lover. The princess was unfortunate enough to recover, and nothing which her husband could do had power to alienate her affection.

When Condé was compelled to leave his country and join the Spaniards, Cardinal Mazarin, not out of kindness, but from a lively recollection of her former spirit, made her large offers if she would separate her interests from his ; but she would not listen to any suggestion of the kind. She determined to follow her husband at all hazards, though the physicians assured her she would not survive the voyage, and she took the sacrament like a dying person. She embarked with her son for Flanders, and, sick and sorrowful as she was, her self-devotion was rewarded by an order from that illustrious petrifaction, requiring her to stop at Valenciennes, instead of joining him at Rocroy. He did not once go near her through the whole winter, and in addition to his other injuries deprived her of the society of her son. Now, it is well known that glory is a sort of moonshine, which can gild many things hateful and disgusting, and make them look beautiful in the darkness of the world ; but it is utterly incomprehensible how such treatment as Condé gave his wife, and Napoleon in later times

measured out to Josephine, can be excused or forgotten by any human being who has the smallest remnant of a heart. Probably, however, this part of the physical and moral system is likely to be so little used, that it is often omitted in the original formation of heroes, and also those whose joy it is to adore them.

The Prince of Condé, after the treaty with Spain was concluded, in which it was stipulated that he should be restored to his estates and honors, came back to his own country more like a conqueror than a returning exile. But the same reasons which gave him favor with the people did not make him acceptable at court, and he found himself without influence, while he was the acknowledged great man of the day. He returned with his son, the princess following them two days after. The court were then in Provence. When Mazarin heard of his approach, he came out to meet him with every demonstration of pleasure, embracing and welcoming home the man whom he devoutly feared and hated. The king, who was less accustomed to dissimulation, received him coldly ; Condé took the opportunity to present his son, the young Duke d'Enghien, of whom Mademoiselle records, that there was nothing promising about him. But she may have been influenced by his unfortunately falling asleep while she was conversing with his father ; a circumstance which was not flattering to her social power, but which we can easily conceive may have happened to older persons, if the charms of her conversation resembled those of her writings.

It was well for Condé that he had no ambition except in war ; for Mazarin was now so firmly established, that he treated the king like a boy, and paid not even the common forms of respect to the queen. He did not permit either of them to exert the least act of authority ; and they submitted to his dictation, probably from the idea that no one was so well fitted to govern France as he. But he was not long to enjoy his unrivalled elevation. The excesses of his youth had undermined his constitution, and the work of ruin was finished by the cares and anxieties of later years. Finding that his mortal term was nearly over, he made an exact arrangement of all public affairs, disposing of every thing as if the state was his own. Three days before his death, he held a confidential discourse with Condé, who afterwards discovered that there was not a word of truth in what the dying

man had told him ; and having made this characteristic preparation, he left the world, leaving a memory that could not be envied. In the ambition of Richelieu there was something bold and overpowering ; but meanness and selfishness overshaded the ability of Mazarin, and the world admired nothing about him but his success, which was owing all the while more to the queen's attachment for him, than to any adroitness or management of his own.

Lord Mahon touches on the subject of the Iron Mask, the mystery of which was first thrown out to the world by Voltaire, and which, like the authorship of Junius, has been a standing subject for ingenious theories, none of which have been established to the full satisfaction of the reading world. Each one who undertakes to say what person the Iron Mask concealed can prove only that it *may have been* the one whom he supposes. A possibility may be clearly made out; but up to a probability the evidence cannot be made to go. The theory which Lord Mahon adopts has been suggested before. It is, that the unfortunate prisoner was a son of Mazarin and the queen, born after the death of Louis the Thirteenth, and secretly brought up till after the cardinal's death. Louis the Fourteenth became acquainted with his existence, and he resorted to these cruel measures to keep the secret from the world. The difficulty with this solution of the mystery is, that no adequate motive for the concealment appears. As for the queen's reputation, it was well established, such as it was, and the French public were not strict to censure any such iniquities. It is not easy to understand, either, how such a person could be dangerous in any respect which should make it necessary to keep him so sternly bound. Moreover, the severity of his punishment implies that it was inflicted in a spirit of revenge ; and we can hardly conceive of any thing which such a person could have done to call down that feeling. Before troubling ourselves with these difficult historical problems, it is best to ascertain the precise authority on which the story of the prisoner and his imprisonment rests ; and when we have sifted out the fanciful from the true, we may find much less difficulty in solving what is left of the mystery than we imagine now.

As Louis the Fourteenth took matters of state entirely into his own hands, and, though he had great respect for the

talent, had no particular confidence in the friendship and faithfulness of Condé, the prince lived in retirement, devoting himself to his son, who does not seem to have rewarded his father's interest with any remarkable promise, and was most eminently deficient in heart. Condé was very desirous to marry him to Mademoiselle, who was immensely rich; and that free-spoken lady, in her Memoirs, treats of the matter without reserve, saying that she felt no disposition to receive the young man's assiduous attentions, because a base mind can never please; but she excused herself to the father on account of the disparity of years. Other writers mention something with respect to the young man's appearance, which may have had some weight with the lady; that he was very little and thin, with a mean countenance, which was redeemed only by the fire and spirit of his eyes. Finding these advances rejected, the prince turned his attention to a daughter of that princess palatine who bore so important a part in the intrigues of the Fronde. Here he was more successful, and the bride had a fortune of more than a million crowns. But she had reason to repent her haste, for, according to St. Simon, she was plain, virtuous, and foolish, either of which qualities, but especially the second, was sufficient to make such a husband despise her; and accordingly, in this respect, he followed the vile example of his father. It does not appear why it should have been so, but the diabolical aversion of the prince to his wife increased after this alliance of his son; perhaps it was to show his youthful hope how so near a connection should be treated. But the young man transcended his teacher; for, not contented with insults, he often abused her with kicks and blows, while his illustrious father aimed all his wounds at his wife's broken and bleeding heart.

It was not long, however, that he could devote himself to this kind of recreation; for Louis the Fourteenth, who was determined, in defiance of nature, to be a great king, or at least to witch the world with the delusion that he was one, undertook to strike a blow at Spain by way of gaining renown. He chose Turenne to conduct the proposed campaign; but Condé having drawn up a plan for the reduction of Franche Comté, Louvois, who was jealous of Turenne, prevailed on Louis to submit the execution of the plan to Condé. It was soon accomplished with success, and Louis made him governor of the province which he had subdued.

But in another point, he was subjected to disappointment and mortification. After the abdication of Casimir, king of Poland, he was one of the most prominent candidates for that elective crown. Louis, when he heard of it, desired Condé to give up his plan of ambition as inconsistent with the interests of France ; and as a request from him was the same with a command, the prince saw the glittering prize escaping for ever from his hands. In addition to this humiliation, he was harassed with debts, which, in years of neglect, had risen to the amount of nine million livres. Such was the confusion of his affairs, that the ordinary expenses of his family had not been paid for six years. His antechamber was filled with creditors, through whom, when he went abroad, he travelled as fast as the gout would let him, saying, as he passed, that he would give orders that they should be paid. But Gourville, a faithful friend, to whom he intrusted the management of his affairs, on looking into the claims, was able to pay the nine million with fifteen hundred thousand, to the perfect satisfaction of those who brought in their demands. This faithful and distinguished service brought much jealous enmity on Gourville ; and among others, the Bishop of Autun reported to Condé that he had boasted of the manner in which he governed his master ; to which the prince only replied, that, if so, it was true, and he really governed him well.

Lord Mahon has succeeded in throwing light upon an unaccountable passage in the domestic history of Condé. Mademoiselle says, that a young man, who was in the service of the princess, came into her chamber one day to ask for money, which he did in such a manner as to create alarm. Another young gentleman who was present took up a quarrel in resentment at his want of respect for the princess, and in the scuffle which ensued, the princess, who tried to separate them, received a sword-cut in her breast. This seems a very natural explanation ; but some base minds represented it as an affray between two of her favorites, who were jealous of each other ; a version which was favored by Condé himself, who, not enjoying the presence of the person he had so much injured, was glad to seize some pretext for banishing her to Châteauroux, a measure to which he was urged on by the advice of her unnatural son. It is needless to say on which side the presumptive evidence inclines. She had always been exemplary, excellent, and far above reproach ; he had

borne himself toward her with the cold malignity of an evil spirit; and surely it is easier to believe that he did her foul wrong, as usual, than to credit the fact that she had become corrupt and disloyal after more than thirty faithful years. We know, too, that he was earnestly bent on finding some pretext for a separation; and it was because he hoped that some prejudice might be excited against her by perverting the truth of this incident, that he proceeded in such a manner as to give the impression that she was guilty.

Lord Mahon, who is always diligent in his researches, has succeeded in bringing up an authority from an unexpected quarter, from the state-paper office in London. The English court at that time kept a secret correspondent in Paris, who gave information of all that was passing, and sent home a report of this transaction as part of the news of the day. He states, that the footman in question went to the princess in a state of excitement, and asked for money, which she refused him because he made a bad use of it. Infuriated by her censure, he struck her with his sword, and immediately fled. One of the pages, hearing her groans, came to her relief and saved her from bleeding to death. Finding that the criminal was arrested, and would certainly be put to death, the generous princess, from a desire to save his life, said that the wound was received in her attempt to part him from one of the pages, as the two had drawn swords upon each other. The criminal confessed his guilt; but she made every effort to save him from his doom. Shortly after, she was ordered by the king to Châteauroux, in consequence, doubtless, of lying representations, and was required before her departure to surrender her property to her son, which she readily did, saying that she should need but little, as she was moving fast on her way to the grave. When she was taking leave of that contemptible abortion, she fainted away in his arms. Such is the account given by an observant but uninterested person; and such is the internal evidence, that no one can doubt it is true.

While she was pining in her prison, closely confined and guarded, her husband was receiving at Chantilly the troublesome and vexatious honor of a visit from the king. It was on this occasion that Vatel, the maître d'hotel to the prince, committed suicide, because there was more company than was expected, and in consequence there were some tables at

which the roast was wanting. This he might possibly have survived, though it nearly broke his heart; but the next morning, being threatened with a deficiency of sea-fish, he committed suicide with his sword. The guests ate their breakfast prepared by less illustrious hands, applauded his high sense of honor, and in an hour or two all went on as if Vatel had never existed.

Though Condé was too much advanced in life to fight for his own ambition, Louis the Fourteenth hoped to gain some renown from the services of such a chief; and probably for this purpose, for no other appeared, he declared war against Holland, and marched against it with a hundred thousand men, and, what was equally formidable, with the prince and Turenne at its head. Condé began the campaign with his usual fire and success; but he was soon wounded so severely, that he was obliged to leave the army. In 1674, he was opposed to the Prince of Orange, who had already manifested extraordinary ability in war. Condé had forty-five thousand men, and the prince with the Spaniards had about sixty thousand. When the Prince of Orange had reconnoitred Condé's position, thinking it too strong to attack, he resolved to move toward Le Quesnoy, and for this purpose marched from Seneffe at daybreak, leaving his flank exposed. The fiery glance of Condé saw the error at once, and, putting himself at the head of his cavalry, he fell upon the enemy, driving them in towards the centre at Seneffe, where they were secured by orchards and hedges. Nothing could resist his charge, and the prince was obliged to retreat, which would have been a victory in the hands of Condé, if he had been content with what he had done; but when he entered on the pursuit, the battle was renewed in another position, where they fought till both armies were exhausted, Condé himself, though an invalid, having been on horseback more than seventeen hours.

The victory was claimed by each party; it seemed to be about equally fatal and honorable to both. Condé sustained his former reputation, and did full justice to the Prince of Orange, to whom it was no small glory to stand against one so renowned in arms. The battle of Seneffe was the last of his great actions. Turenne was killed in the succeeding year; and Condé, who felt that he was no longer equal to such wearing service, wished the king to intrust the command to

the Duke d'Enghien, his son. But the king knew better; and being thus disappointed in the hope of securing an inheritance of military fame in his family, he considered his wars as ended, and left the field for ever.

He submitted more patiently than might have been expected, after so long and fierce excitement, to the quiet of private life. He had cultivated pinks in his prison at Vincennes; and now he employed himself in landscape gardening, for which he had a taste. He ornamented the chateau at Chantilly with statues, groves, and fountains, and spent immense sums on such improvements and decorations, most of which the great deluge of the Revolution afterwards swept away. His chief employment was forming the mind and character of his grandson, the Duke de Bourbon, who was diminutive and unpromising in appearance, but not deficient in ability. He took a lively interest in his nephews and nieces, showing a solicitude for their welfare strangely in contrast with his heartless neglect and persecution of his wife. Though he had through his former life been very ready to treat sacred things with contempt, he began to think that a form of godliness would not be unbecoming at the age of sixty-four; and therefore conversed much with such men as Bossuet and Bourdaloue, under whose spiritual guidance he was converted, not precisely to the Christian religion as men now understand it, but to a very edifying sense of the propriety of being religious, and of making some preparation to die. Voltaire was very much displeased with him for this concession; he says that the prince's mind had grown weak, like his body, and that nothing was left of him in his last two years. But he need not have been so much concerned about the prince's Christianity; there was not enough of it to give reason for alarm; it appeared to be more like an outfit for a voyage, of such articles as he was told would be of use to him, than any real elevation of the thoughts and desires, or any substantial change of feeling. Change of principle there was none, though, as his eloquent eulogist declared, he had the Psalms always on his lips, and faith always in his heart. The only sign of true repentance was, that he left a legacy in his will to those places where he had done most injury in the civil wars.

His constitution had been impaired by the hardships of his military service. He was much afflicted with the gout,

but not in consequence of excess ; for, during the last twenty years of his life, he exerted great self-denial where his appetite was concerned. In 1686, the year following his conversion, hearing that his granddaughter, the Duchess of Bourbon, was dangerously ill with the small-pox, he left Chantilly, to visit her at Fontainebleau, where she lay. But his anxiety, the effort of going every day to see her, and the unhealthy atmosphere acting on his exhausted frame, overcame what little strength remained ; and he went to his chamber, which he never left again. Finding that the physicians gave him no hopes, he received the sacrament, but seemed to be much more concerned about his earthly sovereign than the King of kings. After taking leave of his family with perfect composure, he died, having preserved his senses to the last.

It appears, that, with all his sacred professions, he had written a letter some years before, to be given to the king after his death, in which, after recommending his friends and family to the royal favor, he entreated his Majesty never to suffer the Princess of Condé to leave her prison. Mademoiselle says, "I could have wished that he had not begged the king always to detain his wife at Châteauroux ; I regretted it extremely" ; — rather a gentle condemnation of such a truly infernal spirit of hatred and revenge. Little is known of her later history, except that she lived eight years after him ; it was doubtless one long night of loneliness and sorrow, without a gleam of day, till she went to the presence of a merciful Sovereign and to the rest of a better world. His great-grandson records, that, in visiting the place where his family were buried, he saw their hearts preserved in silver-gilt cases, and observed that the great Condé's was larger than the rest. This establishes the fact that he had one, at least the material substance so called ; that a fair proportion of affections were ever in it he might not find it so easy to prove.

On the whole, what we see of heroes does not exalt our impressions of this class of the human race. It is true of them, as Porson said of the introduction of moral evil into the world, that we could have got along as well without them. We see in the case of such men as Condé and Turenne, that they were, most of the time, employing their great powers in the service of faction, often against all the interests of their country ; and when they command-

ed the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, they were fighting battles for vanity and ambition, without the least pretence of duty, right, or patriotism on their side. They were far from being the worst of their class; compared with some, they were pure and exalted; and yet, much as we are disposed to admire them, we apprehend that it would be no easy matter to show what good to others their talents and exploits have done.

There is a real benefit in such narratives as this. The name of the great Condé is surrounded in many minds with a dark magnificence. His history was not generally known, though the sound of his battles rang like a trumpet in the memory and imaginations of men. But when they are brought out to the daylight, we see that the results of his activity and power were perfectly disastrous to his country, and there was no imaginable good to balance the sad record of lands that he desolated, homes that he filled with mourning, and tears which he caused to flow. The greatest value of this work, however, is found in the reverse of that picture which is here set before us. We see a tender and delicate woman, wholly unused to action or to the public eye, setting aside her natural reserve, and stepping forth with great energy, when her husband is imprisoned and oppressed; and doing all this, not in requital of affection, but in utter forgetfulness of the cold neglect with which he had treated her, and the insults and injuries which he had cast on her long-suffering head. Such a beautiful example turns the moral feeling of readers in the right direction; they see that the term heroism has been wretchedly misapplied; it inclines them to withdraw such titles and expressions of applause from the undeserving, and to give them to those, found oftenest among the meek and lowly, who are great by reason of their energy in doing good.

ART. V. — *Homer's Iliad ; translated by* WILLIAM MUNFORD. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE appearance of these volumes is an interesting literary event. A translation of the Iliad coming from Virginia does more honor to that ancient commonwealth than her political dissertations, endless as they are, or even, if it be not too heretical to say so, than the Democratic creed embraced in the Resolutions of 1798. We have so long been accustomed to political talk from old Virginia, that a purely literary work, having no possible connection with "the party," strikes us as something unexpected, strange, and surprising. A translation of the Iliad coming out from Richmond, in the same year that Mr. Pleasants was barbarously murdered there on the "field of honor," suggests incongruous and contrasted ideas. But so it is.*

It is a coincidence, not without interest in literary history, that a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses was made in Virginia about two centuries before Mr. Munford's Iliad was completed, by George Sandys, the treasurer of the colony. We give, in a note below, the facts connected with this passage in the literary annals of the Ancient Dominion, as they probably are not generally known.† Before proceeding

* What Mr. Munford thought of duelling may be seen in the following characteristic note on the sharp censure which Sarpedon gives to Hector, in the fifth book.

"Sarpedon's character is conspicuous for magnanimity and independence. Great as Hector was, he rebukes him without fear or ceremony, and with extraordinary energy. Hector, too, though stung at heart, takes the reproof with exemplary patience, nobly resolving, as Diomed did on a similar occasion, to let his actions answer for him According to the modern code of false honor, Diomed ought to have challenged Agamemnon, and Hector, Sarpedon, to 'give satisfaction' by a duel in a gentlemanly manner! But in those times of true heroism, such absurdities were unknown." — Vol. I., p. 181.

† George Sandys, the celebrated traveller and poet, was born in 1577, and died in 1643. The entry in the parish register styles him "Poetarum Anglorum sui sæculi facile Princeps." His travels commenced in 1610, the year in which Henry the Fourth of France was assassinated; and the account of them which he published passed through many editions. In 1621, he was appointed treasurer of the company in Virginia; a fact mentioned neither by Cibber, Chalmers, nor Ellis, nor in the *Biographie Universelle*, and only alluded to by Whalley in a note to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He occupied the leisure he could command from official labors and the disturbances of Indian warfare with the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses,

to notice Mr. Munford's version, we will lay before our readers a brief sketch of his life.

William Munford was born in the county of Mecklenburg, Virginia, on the 15th of August, 1775. His ancestors were

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which was published in 1632, under the title of "Ovid's Metamorphoses Englished, mythologized, and represented in Figures," Oxford, folio. A copy of this version, with the title-page and introduction torn out, is in the Boston Athenæum. Langbaine remarks, — "He will be allowed an excellent artist in it by learned judges; and he has followed Horace's advice of avoiding a servile translation, — 'Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus interpres,' — so he comes so near the sense of his author that nothing is lost; no spirits evaporate, in the decanting of it into English; and if there be any sediment, it is left behind."

Fuller (Worthies of England) says, — "He most elegantly translated Ovid's Metamorphoses into English verse; so that, as the soul of Aristotle was said to have transmigrated into Thomas Aquinas (because rendering his sense so naturally), Ovid's genius may seem to have passed into Master Sandys. He was a servant but no slave to his subject; well knowing that a translator is a person in *free custody; custody*, being bound to give the true sense of the author he translated; *free*, left at liberty to clothe it in his own expression."

Warton (Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope) says, that, when Sandys's Ovid fell into the hands of Pope, in his eighth or ninth year, "The raptures which these translations gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure to the period of his life." Sandys enjoyed the intimate friendship of Lord Falkland, who addressed several poems to him. Old Michael Drayton, the author of the Polyolbion, in an Elegy "To George Sandys, Treasurer of the English Colony in Virginia," says: —

> "And, worthy George, by industry and use
> Let 's see what lines Virginia can produce;
> Go on with Ovid as you have begun
> With the first five books; let your numbers run
> Glib as the former; so shall it live long,
> And do much honor to the English tongue;
> Entice the Muses thither to repair,
> Entreat them gently, train them to that air."

Stith (History of Virginia, p. 303) says: —

"But in the midst of these tumults and alarms, the Muses were not silent. For at this time, Mr. George Sandys, the Company's Treasurer of Virginia, made his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, a very laudable performance for the times. In his dedication of that piece to King Charles the First, he tells him that it was limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose. For the day was not his own, but dedicated to the service of his father and himself; and had that service proved as fortunate as it was faithful in him, as well as others more worthy, they had hoped, before the revolution of many years, to have presented his Majesty with a rich and well peopled kingdom. But as things had turned, he had only been able to bring from thence himself and that composition, which needed more than a single denization. For it was doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the new world, of the rudeness whereof it could not but participate; especially as it was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the Muses."

prominent in the early history of the colony, and in the war of the Revolution. His father, Colonel Robert Munford, a distinguished patriot, died when William was only eight years old; the boy was therefore left in charge of his mother, an amiable and accomplished lady, who added to strong natural powers the best culture of the times, and a familiarity with the most polished society. The influence of this excellent person upon the character of her son was deep and lasting. Although her income was narrow, owing to the embarrassed circumstances in which the estate of her husband was left at his death, she resolved that her son should enjoy all the advantages of a liberal and classical education. Having completed his preparatory studies, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cameron, at the Petersburg academy, he entered William and Mary's college, in Williamsburg. He displayed, very early in life, while yet at the academy, the same love of letters, and the same amiable qualities of character, which went with him through life. He was graduated at the college with high honors, and immediately commenced the study of the law, to which he had been destined, under Mr. Wythe, afterward the celebrated Chancellor, to whom he had become known during his residence in Williamsburg. The letters of young Munford show the cordial and intimate relations which existed between him and his venerable teacher, and which continued until the death of the latter, in 1806. In 1792, Mr. Munford removed to Richmond, Mr. Wythe having transferred his residence thither, on his appointment as Chancellor of the State; but he returned afterwards to William and Mary, to attend the law lectures of Mr. St. George Tucker. Having completed his studies, he returned to his native county, and was called to the bar in the twentieth year of his age, and by his diligence, character, and ability soon secured a large practice. In 1797, he was elected a representative from the county of Mecklenburg to the House of Delegates, which place he continued to hold until 1802, when he was appointed a senator from the district in which he resided. In 1806, he was chosen by the legislature a member of the Privy Council of State, in which he continued until 1811, when he was elected clerk of the House of Delegates.* This office

* On the death of Mr. Munford, the House of Delegates, by a large majority, appointed his eldest son to the office, and he has held it ever since.

he held until his death. In addition to his numerous other labors, both professional and political, he was for several years the reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia; at first alone, and afterwards in connection with W. W. Henry. Six volumes of these reports were the fruit of his own labor, and four were prepared by him and Mr. Henry in conjunction. He resided in the city of Richmond during the last nineteen years of his life.

Mr. Munford acquired the respect of the community in which he lived, and of the State, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, to a remarkable degree. The industry, integrity, and ability which he manifested as a professional man and as a legislator, the virtues that adorned his character in private life, the loveliness of his conduct in the domestic circle, caused him to be regarded with a peculiar warmth of affection by all who had the happiness to know him; and after his death the bright example of his life became a precious legacy to his bereaved family, and a treasure of spotless reputation to the public which had for so many years benefited by his labors, his writings, his deeds of mercy and charity.

From his early childhood, Mr. Munford cherished an ardent love of literature. Through all the stages of public and professional life, amidst the cares of the family circle and the interests of philanthropy, the dignity of learning was never forgotten; the graces which the Muse imparts to the common routine of toil and care were never by him neglected. Ancient literature was dear to him from early association and the cultivated tastes of maturer years; and the best works of several modern languages occupied many of his leisure hours. But his favorite pursuit was the study of the Greek. The originality and splendor of Hellenic genius, the variety, beauty, and expressive power of the Greek language, the exquisite movements of its poetical rhythms, fascinated his mind, and excited an ardor of enthusiasm in his breast, which encouraged him to labor as few men have labored in its acquisition. But above all did he delight in the "Tale of Troy divine"; that wondrous monument, standing unequalled in grandeur, as it stands solitary in the remotest age of history; the creation of a genius never approached but once in the annals of literature. At an early period, he formed the design of translating the Iliad. He had always been fond of poetical

composition, and showed in youth considerable facility and elegance in versification. No translation with which he was familiar came up to his idea of what a translation of the Iliad ought to be ; and he determined to try his hand upon the often attempted, but as yet unexecuted task, of making a version which should at once be faithful and poetical, which should be both a fair representative of the incomparable original and an interesting English poem.

This was the great literary labor of Mr. Munford's life. It was completed, and the manuscript was prepared for the press, a short time before his death, which took place at his residence in Richmond, July 21st, 1825. This event, felt to be a heavy calamity to the commonwealth, to whose name his character and career are an honor, put a stop to the arrangements for publication, which had already been partially made. The manuscript remained in the state in which its author left it, until the present time. Mr. Munford's family, feeling a just pride in the good name of their deceased relative, have now paid the debt due to his memory, in a manner befitting the sentiment of reverence which they can never cease to entertain ; they have published his translation of the Iliad in a style of typographical beauty which its literary merit deserves. It is a work which will do honor not only to the name of its author, but to the literary reputation of the country ; and we feel it not only a duty, but a pleasure, to welcome its appearance at this time, by giving it whatever advantage it may derive from being heralded to the learned public in the pages of this Journal.

There are several considerations which should not be lost sight of in the examination of this work. It had not the advantage of being carried through the press by the author. Every person, accustomed to writing for the press, will at once feel how much a work of this extent loses for want of the finishing touches which the writer could have given to it, as it passed, sentence by sentence, under his critical eye, when every fault would be brought out into bold relief by the distinctness of type. In the next place, it should be remembered, that, during the twenty years that have elapsed since the translation was completed, the literature of Homer has been completely remodelled. A variety of questions, important to the exact appreciation of the poetic spirit and genius of the Homeric poetry, have been discussed with a keenness of

critical skill and a copiousness of learning quite unknown in former times. The point of view from which Homer is judged is very different now from what it was a quarter of a century ago ; and many opinions which were current then will hardly be admitted into the creed of classical scholarship of the present day. We can barely allude to this topic, because its full discussion would require more space than can now be given to it ; but the discriminating reader of Munford's Iliad, especially in the notes which he has added to the several books of his version, will be at no loss to apply this general plea in abatement of a rigid critical judgment.*

Our readers must not understand by these hints, that in our opinion the translation by Mr. Munford needs to be excused for important defects. Judged by itself, and without reference to the circumstances in which it was left and has now been published, it is an excellent version of *the poet.* Mr. Munford had studied the poem until he had imbued his own mind with its fiery spirit. He loved, passionately loved, the immortal rhapsodies which illustrate so magnificently the genius of that distant, and, but for *their* radiance, that dark and unknown age. He was familiarly conversant with the best existing text, which had been his favorite reading the greater part of his life. The older commentaries had been weighed by him with conscientious and judicial deliberation and impartiality. He applied himself, therefore, to the selected labor of his hours of relaxation from the sterner duties of the forum, well equipped with the learning of his time, and carried into the Homeric cause the earnestness, the fidelity, and the love of truth, which marked the routine of his daily business. His poetical style is formed upon the models most in vogue in his day. It has great merits, and some defects. It is rich and rhythmical, stately, and often remarkably expressive. Sometimes it reminds us of the noble march of Milton's

* The subject of the Homeric poetry has been repeatedly handled with great ability by the German scholars. Nitsch, Lachmann, K. O. Müller, Wilhelm Müller, and others, have thrown much light upon it. A condensed and most able judgment on the various questions involved in the Homeric discussions is contained in Mr. Grote's History of Greece (Vol. II., pp. 159 – 277). This long expected work, only two volumes of which have yet appeared, promises to be a valuable and important addition to English historical literature. It shows ample and well digested learning, a candid spirit, and is written in a style marked by a dignified elegance well suited to historical composition.

verse ; and we have no doubt the Paradise Lost was one of the favorite companions of Mr. Munford's literary hours. In the selection of single words, Mr. Munford is for the most part very happy ; long passages might be pointed out, wherein no completing touch of the master's hand is wanting ; the magnificent conceptions of the great original are so thoroughly rendered, with every heightening felicity of epithet, rhythm, and sound that echoes the sense.

But Mr. Munford's style is not uniformly so well adapted to render the Homeric poetry. Indeed, no modern style can perfectly reproduce the Homeric. The Grecian epic was in its day the most popular form of story-telling, for the entertainment of assemblies of men, on festive occasions. In quantity, it was as abundant as the modern novel ; in quality, it had, of course, various degrees of merit. It was delivered in a species of musical recitative, with a slight accompaniment of the phorminx, the cithern of the heroic age. The language was descriptive, melodious, and rich ; strikingly objective, or concrete, in its general character, and admirably suited to charm the ear and delight the imagination of a simple, gay, and beauty-loving people. " Almost five centuries had passed," says Frederic Jacobs, " before the poems of Homer were imprisoned in written characters ; and even then, mindful of their original destination, they flowed more sweetly from the tongue to the ear." To produce the whole original effect of the Homeric epic — for the Homeric poems, the noblest of their class, doubtless, are now the only representatives of the *vocal* literature of heroic Greece — would require the reproduction of the circumstances and character of the Homeric age ; of the copious and graphic dialect, which is said by the great scholar just quoted to " resemble the smooth mirror of a broad and silent lake, from whose depth a serene sky, with its soft and sunny vault, and the varied nature along its sunny shores, are reflected in transfigured beauty " ; it would require the restoration of the lost magic of the heroic hexameter, that marvellous rhythm, whose varying music was consecrated to epic verse until the civilization of the ancient world was buried under the barbarism of the Middle Ages ; finally, it would require the restoration of the Ionic mind and life, with its joyous festivities, its *panegyrical* assemblies, its dances, and the altars of the gods, its religious rites, its freedom from care, its youthful

enjoyments, its picturesque environment, and its sunny skies.

All this the modern student must *study himself into*, by a long and laborious process ; but however vividly these recovered influences may act upon the translator's mind, he cannot adequately transfer them to the untrained mind of the common reader. The Homeric poetry, however, is so essentially popular, it is so deeply grounded in the universal nature of man, it speaks so strongly to the common passions of the human heart, that whatever is local, temporary, and accidental may be set aside in the general estimate of its power to engage the interest of hearers or readers ; and so it has come to pass, that, in the long procession of the ages, the Homeric poetry, amidst the altered relations of the world, is now the most popular poetry for reading in the closet, as it was in its own day the most popular poetry for the rhythmical chanting of the minstrels in the festive halls, or under the open sky at the *panegyreis*, or at the great Panathenaic gatherings in the violet-crowned city.

Every cultivated language of modern Europe possesses translations of Homer. But the artificially formed languages of modern European poetry are not precisely the vehicles for the peculiar and unrivalled simplicity of Homer. The ballad styles of the minstrels and Minnesingers approach, in their objective character and pictorial effect, the Ionian of the Grecian epic ; but they lack the artistic completeness and rhythmical perfection which Grecian genius knew how to stamp upon its earliest productions. The accentual principles of the modern versification — principles adopted even by the Greeks since the thirteenth century — are wholly inadequate to produce the effect of the ancient musical *quantity*. This subject we have discussed at some length, in a former number of the Review, and we can make only a passing allusion to it here.

In English, we possess a number of versions of Homer, made on different principles, and with different ends in view. The two most popular are Pope's and Cowper's. Several specimens of translation in the ballad style, very happily executed, were published a few years ago in Fraser's Magazine. This style is excellent for short passages, but would not probably sustain itself through a series of cantos. A late number of one of the English monthly journals contains speci-

mens of translations into English hexameters. This style is not entirely new in English; but no very successful feat has yet been accomplished in it.* To the Germans this measure has long been familiar. The best poets of that nation have written freely and skilfully in hexameters; but as the modern hexameter is founded almost, if not quite, exclusively on accent, as quantity is not a fixed element of modern pronunciation, — it is probable that both German and English hexameters possess only a remote resemblance to the chanted rhythms of Homer. Voss, however, notwithstanding Menzel's pungent criticism, enjoys a great reputation as a faithful translator of the Iliad and Odyssey; and it must be confessed, that a reader familiar with the original finds more in such a version to remind him of the sounding march of Homer's lines, than in the flowing couplets of Pope, or the creeping blank verse of Cowper. A late number of Blackwood's Magazine contains a translation of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, in hexameters, — the most successful attempt of this sort we have yet met with in English. It may not be without interest to our readers to compare the translations by different writers of the same passage, — it must necessarily be a short one. They will thus be able to judge of the different principles which have guided the translators in the execution of their tasks. For the purpose of including in this survey the hexameters of Blackwood, we select the opening of the last book of the Iliad. Literally rendered, the lines are as follows: —

The assembly broke up, and the people each to their swift ships
Scattered to go; and they bethought them of supper
And sweet sleep to enjoy; but Achilles

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* In 1583, Richard Stanyhurst published "The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroicall verse; with other poeticall devises thereunto annexed." He selected Virgil as "a Latinist fit to give the onset on," because he, "for his perelesse stile and matchlesse stuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane poets."

Some of this "matchlesse stuffe" is the following description of an eruption of Mount Ætna.

"Neere joynctlye brayeth with rufflerye rumboled Ætna:
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed,
Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating:
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurled,
Ragd rocks up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth: stoans hudge slag molten he rowseth,
With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kindling."

Wept, remembering his dear companion ; nor him did sleep
Seize, all-subduing ; but he turned hither and thither,
Sighing for the manliness and brave spirit of Patroclus ;
And how much he had toiled with him, and suffered pains,
Fighting the battles of men, and crossing the sorrowful waves.
These remembering, he shed the copious tear,
Now lying on his side, and now again
Supine, and now prone ; and then, starting upright,
He roamed distraught the shore of the sea; nor by him was Aurora
Unobserved, appearing above the sea and the shores ;
But when he had yoked the swift steeds to the chariot,
And had bound Hector to trail behind the car,
Thrice having dragged him around the tomb of dead Menoitiades,
Again in his tent he rested.

Chapman and Hobbes are among the oldest translators. Chapman belongs to the Elizabethan age, having been born in 1557. His translation is vigorous, and often very felicitous ; though, taken as a whole, it is heavy reading. He thus renders the passage in question :—

"The games performed, the soldiers wholly dispersed to fleet,
Supper and sleep their only care. Constant Achilles yet
Wept for his friend ; nor sleep itself, that all things doth subdue,
Could touch at him. This way and that he turned, and did renew
His friend's dear memory ; his grace in managing his strength,
And his strength's greatness. How life rack'd into their utmost length
Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in their joint sufferance,
Each thought of which turned to a tear. Sometimes he would advance
(In tumbling on the shore) his side, sometimes his face, then turn
Flat on his bosom, start upright. Although he saw the morn
Show sea and shore his ecstasy, he left not till at last
Rage varied his distraction. Horse, chariot, in haste
He called for ; and (those joined) the corse was to his chariot tied,
And thrice about the sepulchre he made his fury ride,
Dragging the person.

Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, and author of the Leviathan, was born in 1588. He translated Homer into alternately rhyming verses of ten syllables. His style is hard and bald, and utterly wanting in the char-

acteristics of poetic expression. For example, the passage in which Achilles speaks of the "two urns, one of good, and another of ills, which stand in the hall of Zeus," Hobbes drolly renders,

> "Two barrels in his cellar Jove has still
> Of gifts to be bestowed on mortal wights."

The lines of which Chapman's version is cited above are thus rendered by the philosopher: —

"Thus end the games. The Greeks dispersed are,
And every man returned to his tent,
And busie was his supper to prepare;
And after they had supped, to bed they went.
Achilles all the night slept not a wink,
But on Patroclus' worth and company,
And on their common sufferings, still did think,
And lay upon his bed unquietly.
And weeping, sometimes laid himself on this,
Sometimes on that side, sometimes on his face,
And sometimes on his back, and sometimes ris,
And walkt upon the shore from place to place;
And soon as ere he saw the morning come,
He Hector to his charret ti'd again
And dragg'd him thrice about Patroclus' tomb,
And then went in, and left him on the plain."

This sort of version did not satisfy the fastidious ears of good Queen Anne's generation. Let us see how Pope deals with the passage: —

"Now from the finished games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand;
All stretched at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles; he, to grief resigned,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserved to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he rolled around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed;
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigor, and that manly mind,
What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measured, and what fields they fought,
All passed before him in remembrance dear;

Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear;
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;
Then starting up disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves;
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he joined;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind,
And thrice, Patroclus, round thy monument
Was Hector dragged, then hurried to the tent."

Cowper, in a less ambitious spirit, thus translates:—

"The games all closed, the people went dispersed
Each to his ship; they mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts
Achilles' mind employed; he still deplored
With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force
Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turned and turned
Restless from side to side, mourning the loss
Of such a friend, so manly and so brave;
Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft
Sustained in fight laborious, or o'ercome
With difficulty on the perilous deep;—
Remembrance busily retracing themes
Like these drew down his cheeks continual tears;
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone; then starting from his couch he roamed
Forlorn the beach; nor did the rising morn
On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
But, joining to his chariot his swift steeds,
He fastened Hector to be dragged behind;
Around the tomb of Menoitiades
Him thrice he dragged; then rested in his tent."

Mr. Sotheby, previously known as the translator of Wieland's Oberon, attempted to combine in his version of the Iliad the fidelity of Cowper and the poetry of Pope. This translation, though careful and elaborate, is frequently stiff. The parallel passage in his Iliad runs as follows:—

"The games now closed, the Grecians sought their tent,
And to their feast or soothing slumber went;
But not the power of all-subduing sleep
E'er closed Peleides' eye, who woke to weep.

He, inconsolable, untimely left,
Of all his heart most loved by death bereft,
Knew not repose, but, wearied out with woe,
Tost, ever-rolling, restless, to and fro;
And more and more, Patroclus' loss to mourn,
Recalled their various toils together borne, —
What glorious battles fought, what victories gained,
And on the boundless deep what dangers both sustained.
Still recollecting these, he watched, he wept,
While his worn limbs no peaceful posture kept;
Now on his side, and now supine, now prone,
Now starting up, the wanderer strayed alone
Along the beach of the resounding shore,
Unheard the ocean's melancholy roar;
But not unmindful when the dawn of day
Stretched o'er the sea and shore its rising ray,
He back returned, and yoked his steeds of war,
And bound the Hectorean limbs behind his car;
Thrice dragged the corse Patroclus' tomb around,
Then sought his tent and cast him on the ground."

Now, as old Michael Drayton says to George Sandys,

"Let 's see what lines Virginia will produce."

Mr. Munford's version is: —

"The games were finish'd; to their several ships
Dispersing went the multitude; and they
The banquet there and sweet repose enjoy'd;
But, comfortless, remembering still his friend,
Achilles wept. To sleep's all-ruling sway
He yielded not, but turn'd from side to side,
Regretting brave Patroclus' manly form
And martial spirit, now for ever flown.
Revolving pensively the toils and woes
He bore with him, in wars of heroes bold,
And voyages upon the stormy main,
A flood of tears he shed; this way and that,
Tossing incessantly, supine or prone,
Or on his sides alternately outstretch'd.
Then, starting up, with tortur'd heart he roam'd,
Disconsolate, the lonely sea-beat coast;
Nor fail'd to watch Aurora's earliest ray
Obscurely glimmering on the restless waves
And misty shores of ocean. Coupling then

His fiery coursers to the car, he dragg'd
The corse of Hector in its rear again;
And three times trailing it around the tomb
Of dead Patroclus, to his tent return'd."

Vol. II., pp. 473–474.

We close this comparative survey by giving the corresponding hexameters from Blackwood.

"Now the assembly dissolv'd; and the multitude rose and disperst them,
Each making speed to the ships, for the needful refreshment of nature,
Food and the sweetness of sleep; but alone in his tent was Achilles,
Weeping the friend that he lov'd; nor could sleep, the subduer of all things,
Master his grief; but he turn'd him continually hither and thither,
Thinking of all that was gracious and brave in departed Patroclus,
And of the manifold days they two had been toilfully comrades,
Both in the battles of men and the perilous tempests of ocean.
Now on his side, and anon on his back, or with countenance downward,
Prone in his anguish he sank: then suddenly starting, he wander'd,
Desolate, forth by the shore; till he noted the burst of the morning
As on the waters it gleam'd, and the surf-beaten length of the sand-beach.
Instantly then did he harness his swift-footed horses, and corded
Hector in the rear of the car, to be dragg'd at the wheels in dishonor
Thrice at the speed he encircled the tomb of the son of Menœtius,
Ere he repos'd him again in his tent, and abandon'd the body,
Flung on its face in the dust; but not unobserv'd of Apollo."

Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. LIX., p. 260.

Our limits will not permit us to quote at length from Mr. Munford's translation. We can give only a few disjointed extracts, to show the ability with which he has accomplished his undertaking.

"Meanwhile the people throng'd, like humming tribes
Of swarming bees, when from a hollow rock
They pour incessantly, fresh numbers still
Succeeding without end, and restless fly
In clust'ring throngs among the flowers of spring;
Some here, some there, a countless multitude.
So then the numerous tribes from tents and ships

Pour'd thronging forth, along the winding shore
Of vast extent. Among them, Fame herself
Conspicuous flam'd, (Jove's messenger,) to march
Exciting all: they crowding hurried on.
Tumultuous was the concourse; when they sat,
The ground beneath the mighty numbers groan'd,
And loud their clamor rose. Nine heralds there
Vociferous warn'd them, with commanding shouts,
To cease that uproar, and attentive hear
Their Jove-instructed kings. At length controll'd,
They kept their seats in peace, and all was hush'd."

"The mighty numbers mov'd
Like billows huge upon th' Icarian main,
When, rushing from the stormy clouds on high,
Assembled by their father Jove, the winds,
Eurus and Notus, heave the troubled deep.
As when the western blast, with rapid sway
Descending, sweeps a wide-spread field of corn,
Bending the yielding harvest, so the crowd
Immense commotion seiz'd! With joyful cries
All hurried to the ships: beneath their feet
Thick dust arose, and form'd a standing cloud.
They call'd each other speedily to seize
The ships, and launch them to the boundless main.
The work was soon commenced, and, from their keels
Imbedded, scoop'd the sand: shrill clamors reach'd
The lofty skies, of men returning home!"

"To the place of concourse they
From ships and tents returning rush'd with noise,
As when loud-sounding Ocean's stormy waves
Burst, roaring, on the wide reëchoing shore."

"Among them flew
Blue-eyed Minerva! On her powerful arm
The blazing Ægis, ever new and bright,
Precious, eternal! Round its ample verge
A hundred fringes shone, of heavenly gold,
Inimitably wrought: with mortals, each
Were worth a hecatomb. She, arm'd with this,
Flew swiftly through Achaia's host, to arms
Exciting all, and every Greek inspir'd
With valor, war unceasing to maintain.
More sweet to them the bloody contest seem'd
Than e'en rejoicing in their hollow ships

To their dear native country to return!
As raging fire consumes a wide-spread wood,
On some high mountain's summit, whence the blaze
Is seen afar; so, from their burnish'd arms
With radiant glories gleam'd effulgent light,
Flaming through æther to the vault of heaven!
And as unnumber'd flocks of swift-wing'd birds,
Geese, cranes, or stately swans with arching necks,
In Asius' meadow 'round Caÿster's streams,
Fly here and there, exulting on the wing,
And (while with clamor they alight) the fields
Their cries reëcho; so the numerous tribes
Of Greeks, from ships and tents outpouring, throng'd
Scamander's plain. The ground, with dreadful din,
Sounded beneath the feet of bounding steeds
And trampling warriors. Numberless they stood,
Covering that verdant meadow, as the leaves
And flowers of spring, or as the countless swarms
Of restless flies that in a shepherd's fold
At summer eve, when milk bedews the pails,
Play infinite! So numerous were the Greeks,
Ardent for battle, breathing dire revenge
And death against the Trojans. Them their chiefs
With ease distinguish'd, and in order plac'd,
As skilful herdsmen readily select
From hundreds mingled in their pastures wide,
Each his own flock of goats; the chieftains so
Their troops collected, and for fight arrang'd.
Among them royal Agamemnon shone;
In brow and awful look, resembling Jove
The thunderer; in armor, Mars himself;
In port majestic, Neptune! As a bull
Appears preëminent o'er all his herd,
So great Atrides, on that signal day,
Among so many heroes was by Jove
With glory crown'd, excelling all the rest."

Vol. I., pp. 38 – 54.

A few remarks more upon Mr. Munford's work, with one or two illustrative passages, must close this hasty and rambling notice. We have spoken, in general terms, of its merits; and though these far outweigh and outnumber its defects, it is but just that a word should be said of the latter. Mr. Munford's elaborate versification is admirable in the statelier parts of the Iliad; in the animated battle-pieces; in the

picturesque delineation of the grander features of natural scenery, or the commotion of the elements. But his style is not sufficiently flexible to represent with equal felicity the simple narrative portions, and to render with Homeric naturalness the homelier details of daily life, so significant of the peculiar genius of the ancient epic. Homer goes to work in the most business-like fashion, and always calls things by their plainest names ; and this is just the most perplexing thing to do, in an artificial age, and with a *cultured* style. The problem is difficult, and perhaps cannot be perfectly solved. If Mr. Munford has failed, he has failed where no one has succeeded.

It must also be confessed that Mr. Munford's versification becomes at times monotonous. His rhythms have not sufficient variety. True, no modern rhythms can give back the ever-changing charm of the Homeric hexameter ; but the English ten-syllable blank verse is capable of representing to a considerable extent the varied movement of the Greek, by varying the cæsural pause.

A few trivial faults more, and our critical conscience will be at rest. We have here and there noticed a touch of modern sentiment incongruously embroidered upon the unromantic plainness of Homer ; as,

> " He fell with failing limbs
> And joints relaxed, *and sighed his soul away* " ;

Homer says simply " and life his body left."

And in another place,

> " Enjoyed with mutual bliss in Cranaë's isle
> *Thy heaven of charms, as now I love thee dear.*"

In managing the proper names, the laws of quantity are often violated ; though, in many cases, the Greek accentuation may be pleaded in justification. Pylæmenes, for example, which would commonly be accented on the antepenultimate syllable, the penult being short, is read Pylæménes by Mr. Munford ; and the same syllable is accented in the Greek. But this excuse will not hold in other cases, as Neritus, pronounced Nerítus, by Mr. Munford. All these slight defects might easily have been removed, had the work enjoyed the advantage of a final revision by the author.

ART. VI. — *The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous Letters now first published from the Original Manuscripts.* Edited, with Notes, by LORD MAHON. London: Richard Bentley. 1845. 4 vols. 8vo.

A CENTURY has rolled away since Lord Chesterfield reached his highest point of worldly elevation, and now comes a republication of his letters, in a collective form, to press upon us the question, how his reputation stands the wear of time. It is not often that a nobleman born leaves much trace of his existence, out of the pages of a peerage-book. Still more rarely is it that he exerts a decided influence over the generations that come after him. Chesterfield is, then, an exception to the general rule. Although one of the genuine aristocracy, owing his title to no modern creation, he made himself a reputation which few of his countrymen equalled in his own day; and, which is perhaps more remarkable, he left his mark upon the mind and manners of the English race so deep, that it will be long before it is entirely effaced. No man ever put into more attractive shape the maxims of a worldly Epicurean philosophy. No man ever furnished, in his own person, a more dazzling specimen of the theory which he recommended. If Cicero came more nearly than any person ever did to the image of the perfect orator which he described, Chesterfield is universally considered as having equally sustained his own idea of the perfect gentleman. Notwithstanding his character has been often discussed, and not long ago in this Journal, we will not omit the present opportunity of noticing it once more. Lord Mahon has done for us what has never been done before, in placing the whole man most distinctly in our view. The applause of an admiring circle, and the censure of malignant enemies, of his own day, will now pass for exactly what they are worth. It has been the lot of few distinguished persons to be stripped so bare to the public gaze after death. And, strangely enough, this has happened to him of all others, who spent his life in labors to appear other than he was. The man who systematically wore a mask better than his natural face, whilst on earth, has been doomed, by the avarice of an ungrateful woman, to hold up a glass, magnifying every deformity of his

mind, to the observation of the most distant posterity. Such is the first moral which we draw from the history of the Earl of Chesterfield.

Let us, then, proceed to look at this figure more in detail. Here is a man who, without being ambitious in the highest sense of that term, was nevertheless an eager aspirant for distinction, in more than one field of exertion. He aimed to be a statesman, an orator, a scholar, and a gentleman, — in brief, a sort of model man, yet "hackneyed in the ways of the world." And it must be conceded too, that, if his success was not entirely equal to his own expectations, it was nevertheless very far beyond the average of that of men in general. The reasons why it was not greater we intend to try to explain in the present article. If we can make it appear that they come directly from the theory of conduct which he maintained, we hope to be not without success in checking the tendency of some minds to be misled by his example. If we can show by the example of Lord Chesterfield himself, that the foundation upon which he built his own edifice, which he also earnestly recommends to be adopted by his son, is, in itself, so insecure as not to be worthy of reliance, — and still more, if we can prove that it creates the difficulties which, beyond a certain point, render further progress next to impracticable, it may be that we shall turn the direction of some aspirants for distinction to other and better sources of knowledge of the paths of life.

To illustrate our idea, it will be necessary to assume that the lessons which he taught, in his letters to his son, were those upon which he practised himself. That this is not in itself an unreasonable inference can be shown by many passages in which the writer refers directly to his own case as a practical illustration of the value of his maxims. The spirit of his teaching is all conveyed in this tone : — "See what I did. Go thou and do likewise ; better, if possible, — but still after my model." In this there was no undue vanity or self-conceit. Lord Chesterfield knew that he possessed qualities which entitled him to claim a good share of worldly applause, and he also knew the labor it had cost him to make all those qualities as effective as possible. He had a right, from what he found he could do, to infer that others could succeed even better than he, if they would only take the pains which he had done. No other course than his seems to have occurred to

his mind, as likely to insure success. It is, then, proper to review his life by the light which he himself has furnished, and to trace the causes of his success or failure, so far as he may be judged to have succeeded or failed, to the rules which he lays down.

The first point to which we direct our attention is, to ascertain the leading motive to exertion that is held out by his Lordship. We find but one, and that is worldly success; in other words, the exaltation of the individual himself to rank, and power, and consideration among his fellow-men. This is the great end, to compass which merits that every faculty should be taxed to its utmost. In order to reach this, knowledge is to be acquired, the common every-day morality of men is to be mastered, the manners are to be moulded, and even religion is to be respected. To reach this, we are to make ourselves all things to all men, that we may gain them all, not to their good, but to ours. Yet, in this laborious process, it does not seem absolutely required, however desirable it might be, that we should really be exactly what we appear. It is sufficient, if we can succeed in making every body else believe that we are what we profess. Lord Chesterfield expressly tells his son, that his great object, when setting out in life, was "to make every man he met like him, and every woman love him." He says, moreover, that "he often succeeded; but why? By taking great pains." Yet he did not mean to be understood that these pains were taken in an endeavour really to merit such affection, but rather only to appear to merit it, which would answer the purpose quite as well, and be more easily compassed. To cultivate very high qualities of character must be the labor of a life, among even the best natural temperaments. To acquire the power of assuming the appearance of them for the moment may be gained in much less time, "by taking proper pains." Although Lord Chesterfield doubtless would have valued the genuine coin far the most, he was yet too "hackneyed in the ways of life" to require more than that the counterfeit should escape detection. According to his theory, considered apart from his own practice, it is not essential, provided only that a man appear learned and wise, whether he really be so or not; nor does it matter that he should be amiable, or just, or even honest, if he can succeed in concealing the evidence of his ill-temper, or his injustice, or his fraud, from the condem-

nation of the public. His morality thus proves to be but skin deep, in fact, though he occasionally claims to show much more. We see it in the summary manner in which he despatches his orders about all the more serious parts of education. It always sounds as if he spoke thus: — "As to religion and morals, a respect for the church catechism and the ten commandments, you, my son, must take it for granted that I advise all that, even though I never mention them, since my whole strength I reserve to enjoin upon you, over and over again, line upon line and precept upon precept, the necessity of always keeping in mind 'the graces.'"

We understand, then, by the cultivation of "the graces," the adoption of a code of morals which makes the approbation of others the standard of all merit, and the advancement of one's self the end of all exertion. A man is to learn to treat his neighbour well, not because it is due to him that he should, but rather because he may himself lose something by it if he do not. His civility is the result of a calculation of profit and loss in his own mind, by which he has arrived at the conclusion, that the balance will show a net gain to himself in not being rude. Neither is it essential that this civility to others should be carried one step farther than is needful to secure the proposed object. It has its ascending scale, which is regulated by the estimation in which persons are respectively held, and consequently by the power they can wield, either to advance or to retard him. To the pauper, for example, it may be allowed to behave as roughly as possible, provided nobody is looking on, because he cannot resent it, and even if he does, his resentment will avail nothing: whilst to the prince no reasonable amount of exertion is to be spared to manifest a degree of devotion that may earn a substantial recompense from his good-will. All intermediate positions have their share of regard regulated, as the custom-house would say, by a tariff *ad valorem*. Neither is indulgence in all the vices forbidden by the decalogue denied by this system, provided they be not practised in a manner offensive to those who are able to compel the payment of penalty for so doing. The fault of every action will be estimated, not by the nature of the act itself, so much as by the want of skill manifested in concealing it from the public. To be maladroit, as it is fatal to one's reputation, becomes here, as it was in Sparta, the highest crime.

Now in making such an exposition of the Chesterfield code, we do not pretend to the merit of saying any thing new; much less do we mean to find fault with it at this time. From the day when it was first published, down to the preface of Lord Mahon to this edition, the objection has been perpetually repeated, that it converts hypocrisy into the first of virtues. How that may be is aside from the present purpose. The difficulties attending the system, as one of morals, all lie upon the surface. We propose to go a little around them, and maintain that even for the great end proposed to be gained by the adoption of it, worldly success, it is altogether unsafe, and not to be relied on. Even in the hands of a master like Chesterfield himself, the instruments it furnishes are not always sure in their operation. Sometimes they even turn injuriously upon him who uses them most skilfully; and when otherwise used, as they are more than half the time by those who undertake to practise with them, they are apt to be attended with an effect upon their own prospects of advancement as well as of happiness the very opposite of what they had so sanguinely anticipated. If we are in any way successful in showing this to be the case in the history of his Lordship himself, as it is now given us from his own lips, our main purpose will be fully answered.

Philip Dormer Stanhope does not seem ever to have been a young man. His letters written from Cambridge betray the acuteness and discretion of an old head. Those addressed to his tutor, before he was of age, show that the artificial bent of his nature was even then already fixed. He devoted himself to his studies, not because he had any passion for knowledge, or any adequate idea of its uses, but because he aspired to shine by the possession of it. The consequence was early pedantry, which he got rid of only by changing the object of his aspirations. He left off quoting the classics, which he never either loved or understood, as soon as he found himself at the shrine of fashion in its citadel of Paris. The faults of the French character then became the objects of his new admiration, and so much did they find that was akin to them in his own nature, that this attachment went with him to his grave. He studied to make himself a Frenchman with as much deliberate earnestness as he had done at college to become a pedant; and his later labors were crowned with even greater success than the former ones. For the fact, that he

imitated the French so exactly in his outward manners as to be often taken by themselves for one of them, we must rely upon his affirmation alone. But there is before us another indirect proof of his proficiency, which is more convincing, even, than this. We see under his own hand how he had learned to overwhelm his tutor, M. Joubeau, with professions of attachment which he did not feel, and to promise him many future letters in that which he meant to be his last.

Let us, however, be exactly just to Lord Chesterfield. He was not insensible to the merits of the English national character, however highly he might value that of the French. His favorite idea, and that which he endeavoured to embody in the person of his son, was the union of what he deemed most valuable in each nation. This was a union which he admits he never met with anywhere in life. After such an admission, the idea ought to have occurred to him, that there might be, and probably was, an incongruity at bottom, which made the process he desired to effect impracticable. That he did not succeed with his son is well known. Probably the best example ever brought forth was himself. And what was the result? certainly not such as to make it expedient to repeat the experiment. Lord Chesterfield had wit, and knowledge, and good-breeding, and tact, and eloquence, and spirit; and yet, with the possession of all these qualities, he never secured a hundredth part of the confidence of his king or country that was enjoyed by rivals who possessed few of his accomplishments and nothing of his polish. Sir Robert Walpole was proverbially coarse. The Duke of Newcastle was almost ridiculous. Pitt was cold and haughty and overbearing. Yet they successively controlled the government, whilst he wasted his time and pains in futile efforts to obtain it; and even at last, when it appeared within his reach, the event only proved to him most convincingly that it was his fate to clutch at the mere shadow of power, whilst the reality rested in other hands.

National character is the result of so many concurring causes, that it is difficult precisely to define how it grows up. The circumstances which immediately surround a people demand of the flexibility of the human species a certain degree of adaptation to them. To the French people, who are constitutionally ardent, impulsive, and susceptible of rapid emotions, an artificial system of manners is not without its

advantages. With them, strong habits of restraint are essential to the peace and safety, not to say the happiness, of society. If we knew that a passionate individual had forced himself to cultivate the minor graces of life because he believed that otherwise he might be liable, occasionally, to fall into extremes of treatment of those around him which would breed nothing but quarrels, and perhaps bloodshed, we should be apt to praise his resolution, even though sensible that an evil consequence might follow in his learning to be insincere. Such insincerity may be palliated so long as it is associated with the notion of regulating human passion. But when it becomes allied with coldness, when we know that the person practising it has no occasion to do so for self-control, and that he resorts to it solely for the purpose of concealing the icy condition of his own heart, making it appear warmer than it really is only to deceive us, the vice becomes in the highest degree revolting. The great body of the English race are, relatively to their continental neighbours, sluggish in their temperament, and moderate in their passions. With them, therefore, the endeavour to cultivate the graces leads to a vitiation of moral principle attended by no compensating benefit. If there be one thing for which that race is distinguished above most others, it is for its contempt of the arts of dissimulation, and its steady admiration of examples of truth and sincerity. This virtue goes a good way to compensate for the want of quick susceptibility. And so long as the experience of the world tends to show the impracticability of uniting these qualities of the respective nations, it will be better for each not to run the risk of spoiling what it has, in the vain quest of what it has not.

We have said, that, at the age of twenty, the young Lord Stanhope had already acquired the peculiar character which ever after marked him when he was known as Lord Chesterfield. His leading trait was then, as afterwards, want of a heart. From this source flowed his merits as well as his faults. Hence sprang the coolness of his judgment, and the absence of generosity. Hence arose his aversion to intemperance in drinking, — the vice of warm and convivial natures, — and his passion for gaming, the tendency of the selfish and the cold. The same cause that polished his exterior effectually completed the perversion of the springs of action that were working within. It made him brilliant, but superficial,

extravagant and yet not generous, captivating and yet treacherous. It secured him hosts of admirers, but very few supporters, — crowds of flatterers, and no devoted friends.

It has not often happened to a young man to start in life under fairer auspices than his Lordship. Descended from some of the best families in the United Kingdom, heir-apparent to an earldom, he came forward at the very moment when the crown had devolved upon the Brunswick family, and George the First was manifesting his gratitude to General Stanhope, the kinsman of the young nobleman, for his eminent services in bringing about that result, by placing him at the head of the government. Before the youth was of age, the doors of the House of Commons were opened to receive him, and a place in the household of the heir to the throne was secured for his acceptance. The road to power seemed invitingly open to him. That which others toil through long years of pain to acquire, and which they gain, if at all, at so late a period in life as to make it scarce worth the struggle it has cost, appeared almost to throw itself into his hands at once. Little remained for him to do but to confirm the favorable impressions towards himself which his first address might create, and to convince the public, through his position in parliament, of the extent of his capacity to be at the head of affairs, should the time arrive that might require his services. Surely, if the cultivation of the graces, the elegance of high breeding, the fascination of external manner, were ever likely to avail for the benefit of their possessor so much as his Lordship would have had his son believe that they do, no opportunity could be more favorable to prove their efficacy than this which had arisen in his own case.

Now let us observe what the result was. Young Lord Stanhope rushed into the House of Commons, eager to exercise his carefully trained powers in the arena of debate, and to mark his devotion to the House of Hanover by supporting the strong measures devised in order to establish it upon the throne. Here, however, he soon discovered that the graces, a finished manner of delivery, and polished diction were not all that was essential to secure the affection of a popular body. While the gladiator was studying his attitudes, a much inferior combatant was at work effectually to shake his standing before the House. There was a mem-

ber of the party to which Chesterfield was opposed, who was gifted in a high degree with the dangerous power of mimicry. The oratory of his Lordship, depending in a great degree upon manner, if we may judge of it by his own estimate of its power, was exactly of that kind which lies most open to imitation and caricature. Whilst, therefore, we are nowhere informed that the faculty of the mimic had any effect whatsoever in weakening the almost despotic power of Walpole, of William Pitt, or Pulteney, we learn on the other hand that it almost sealed the lips of the courtly Stanhope. His graces only availed to expose him to the withering shaft of ridicule; whilst they furnished him no adequate shield for his defence. Had he remained for the rest of his life in the lower branch, he would in all probability have been set down among dumb legislators, the *pedarii* of whom he so often and so contemptuously speaks. That and every popular body requires a more nervous and masculine mode of address than he was found to possess. It is the place for earnest contention, and not for the make-believe sports of a tournament. Here, then, is the first example which his history furnishes, that mere manner is not so sure of success as he himself appears to imagine. For even when fortified, as in his case, by a greater coincidence of personal qualities than usually falls to the lot of public speakers, it did not enable him to overcome the most trivial obstacle that fortune could well throw in his path.

Neither was the success of the young lord greater from the opportunities of private access which he enjoyed to the members of the royal family, than from his exertions on a more public field. The first event that happened to mar his prospects, one indeed for which no address can be in any manner prepared, was a quarrel between the king, George the First, and the Prince of Wales, in whose immediate service Lord Stanhope had been placed. This quarrel grew out of the circumstance, that the Duke of Newcastle had been appointed to stand godfather to the prince's child, — which the prince thought proper to resent. The king, on his part, became violently offended. From words he proceeded to acts ; he banished his son from the palace, forbade any public honors to be paid to his rank, and separated him from his children. Neither was this all. The friends of the son were compelled to make their election

between adherence to him and a reception at St. James's. As one of his immediate household, Lord Stanhope was thus driven to take a side. On the one hand was the power in the ascendant, to offend which would necessarily cut off all prospect of present promotion. On the other was the rising sun, to neglect which might lead in no very long time to consequences far more serious and lasting. Disagreeable as the choice might be, his Lordship decided on the right side. Whatever may have been his motives for so doing, and his own theory forbids us from believing that they were disinterested, he determined to hold to the heir-apparent, in spite of every solicitation to the contrary. It is even said, that, in order to detach him from his connection, an offer was made to create his father a duke, and that by rejecting it he not only cut himself off for the time from office, but offended his parent, who would have been gratified by the title. The merit of this self-denial must be estimated, according to Chesterfield's philosophy, by the age of the sovereign, which was then only fifty-seven. And as his constitution gave no signs of decline, it must be admitted that the sacrifice which he made was one of no ordinary character. And if done generously and without qualification, it should, upon every principle of gratitude, have secured the lasting attachment of the person in whose behalf it was made.

Such was not, however, the result. Lord Stanhope became Earl of Chesterfield not very long before the Prince of Wales succeeded to his father's throne. A new field seemed to open before him, and one in which he was much better fitted to succeed. There was no malicious mocker in the House of Lords to mar the effect of his elegant playfulness. Here was no sharp encounter of masculine minds to be apprehended. Their Lordships rather courted that state of repose which delights in gentle, as it is unfriendly to violent, emotions. Lord Chesterfield commanded their attention not merely by his positive qualifications to please, but by his relative superiority over most of them. The oratorical ability of that body has always mainly depended upon those newly created peers who have received their titles as a reward for service rendered as commoners. The very novelty of an eloquent lord whose family had been ennobled for more than two centuries was a recommendation.

Chesterfield knew how to avail himself of this advantage. He, who as a member of the lower house had made little impression as a speaker, was listened to as a peer with the most profound attention and delight. Yet, although his altered position in this regard had thus materially contributed to enlarge the sphere of his influence, the accession of George the Second was not attended with the results which perhaps he had a right to expect. The reasons for this must in a degree be left to conjecture. So far from there being any manifestation of gratitude for past sacrifices, on the part of the sovereign, it is very certain that Chesterfield was a marked object of dislike, whilst the Duke of Newcastle, the very person about whom the original quarrel arose, managed to establish himself as a favorite during the king's life. And here again we find an opportunity to observe the fallacy of the theory, that a cultivation of external graces and an elaborate effort to please every body is the surest road to worldly elevation. His Lordship had probably not been wanting in his efforts to conciliate the good-will of those whom he considered most likely to produce an effect upon his success; but he doubtless overshot his mark, as worldly people are apt to do. One of his maxims, which he most earnestly presses upon his son, is that every person, whatever may be his situation about a court, may have some means of influence upon one's fortune, and is therefore worth pleasing.

"Merit at courts, without favor," he says, "will do little or nothing; favor without merit will do a good deal; but favor and merit together will do every thing. Favor at courts depends upon so many, such trifling, such unexpected and unforeseen events, that a good courtier must attend to every circumstance, however little, that either does or can happen; he must have no absences, no distractions; he must not say, 'I did not mind it! who would have thought it?' He ought both to have minded and to have thought it. A chambermaid has sometimes caused revolutions in courts, which have produced others in kingdoms. Were I to make my way to favor in a court, I would neither wilfully, nor by negligence, give a dog or a cat there reason to dislike me." — Vol. II., p. 267.

Nothwithstanding all this, the converse of the proposition is sometimes true, — that there is quite as much risk of injury from a mistake in paying court to the wrong persons, as in not paying it to the right ones. Without having any posi-

tive authority for affirming it to be true, we are yet strongly inclined to the opinion that this was the rock upon which Chesterfield found himself wrecked. It was in his character to suppose that the mistress must have some influence over the king's actions. Such is the lesson uniformly taught in the experience of the French monarchy, a history that had not been lost upon the observing nobleman. The idea, that the mistress should have none and the queen all power, was an anomaly reserved for the age of George the Second. It is very certain that Chesterfield did take pains always to maintain a friendly and intimate relation with Lady Suffolk, even before the accession of the king. And his own sketch of that lady, long afterwards written, whilst it admits her want of influence, betrays the fact that he was himself privy to some of the instances in which her endeavours to exercise it had proved vain. Is it, then, unreasonable to infer, from our general knowledge of the man and the ordinary springs of his action, that he bought his own experience of its extent? Sir Robert Walpole was a coarse and ill-bred person in comparison, and yet he gained a complete victory over his rival by neglecting the wrong and going at once to the right source of power. When the question was in agitation, at the commencement of the reign, what the provision in the civil list for the queen should be, and Sir Spencer Compton, the *locum tenens* of first minister proposed only £ 50,000, it is said that Walpole came forward with an offer to double it. From that moment to the end of Caroline's life, vehement as was the opposition against him, no person, and least of all Chesterfield, was able to shake this minister in the possession of the royal confidence. Such was the result of the second effort to curry favor by the cultivation of superior graces.

Still another illustration of the insecurity of the Chesterfield theory to obtain the end proposed is to be found in different portions of his history relating to this same period. George the First came over from Hanover without his wife, and with two or three mistresses, a sketch of whom is now printed for the first time among the characters which his Lordship has admirably described. Of these mistresses, the most noted was the Duchess of Kendall, with whom the monarch is described as passing most of his time, and who had all influence over him, though she was very little above an idiot. Such is Chesterfield's own account of a person with

whom he nevertheless preferred above all others to form intimate relations. This lady brought with her to England a young female, whom she chose to call her niece, Melusina de Schulemburg, but whom the ill-natured world, and Chesterfield doubtless among the rest, presumed to regard as her daughter by the king. Not long after her migration, this young lady was created Countess of Walsingham in her own right, and the belief was general that she would prove the heiress of a large property. To her, then, Lord Chesterfield decided to pay his addresses, and solicit her hand in marriage. Was his motive love? Who that reads any of his productions could ever suspect such a thing? Was it pride, to seek to connect his ancient line with a person of suspected legitimacy? But if not love nor pride, what could have been his reason but the hope of securing the ear of the sovereign through the person described by him as almost an idiot, — namely, the Duchess of Kendall? If such were his object, it is easy to comprehend the cause of the feeble gratitude manifested by George the Second upon his accession. For all the expectations of Melusina de Schulemburg, which may justly be supposed to have also weighed in the balance with Chesterfield, were unquestionably regarded by the heir-apparent as likely to deduct just so much money from his own legitimate patrimony. In point of fact, the very first act of the new sovereign was to destroy that will of his father upon which the lady's hopes depended.

Yet so little did these courtly arts avail in favor of his Lordship, that even George the First refused to consent to this marriage. The reason assigned was his addiction to the vice of gaming, a vice of which the king probably foresaw the effect upon any provision which he might be likely to make for his daughter. Yet Lord Chesterfield did not on this account relax in his suit. The lady, captivated by his manners and his reputation, persisted in adhering to the object of her choice. But the marriage did not take place until some time after the death of the old king, and when, as a connection, it had become of little value. In the interval, Chesterfield, being too important a person to be entirely neglected, had been removed from the stage of domestic contention by an appointment as envoy to Holland, receiving soon afterwards the office of high steward of the king's household. The policy of Walpole was to put him out of sight and out of

reach. Chesterfield, flattering himself upon his possession of peculiar qualifications for diplomacy, eagerly embraced the offer thus made, and acquitted himself, it must be admitted, with great credit. But whilst doing so, he let slip the best opportunity he ever had of gaining the supreme power at home. The four years spent by him in Holland had been sedulously employed by Walpole to confirm his master's habits of dependence upon himself. So fixed had they become, that a desperate push made by Townshend to unseat him, most probably with the connivance of Chesterfield, ended only in the disgrace of the contrivers. Townshend resigned, and no avenue remained open for his friend but to join in opposition, in which, upon his return home, his Lordship accordingly embarked.

It cannot, then, be denied, that up to this time reliance upon courtiers' arts had been productive to his Lordship of little beyond successive disappointments. He had not only failed to be first, but he had seen those preferred to him who were weak in the points in which he was strong and upon which he most relied. In despair, he now for the first time changed his course, and determined to trust to his general abilities more than to his address. He came back from Holland only to throw his weight into the scale against a favorite measure, and one severely testing the popularity of the minister. Sir Robert Walpole was not a man to forgive opposition, so he punished the votes of Chesterfield and of his connections upon the excise bill by immediate removal from their posts. From this date, until the minister fell, an open and active war was carried on between them. Chesterfield proved an active and efficient party leader, not merely as a speaker in the House of Lords, but as a writer and the contriver of political combinations. Most particularly was there one topic, not often touched in vain with the British public, upon which he lavished his ample stores of wit, as the elder Pitt exhausted upon it the whole artillery of invective. This topic was the royal predilection for Hanover, and its effects upon the foreign policy of the minister. Ridicule is, of all modes of attack, that least readily forgiven, particularly when directed by an inferior. George the Second, incapable of wit himself, relished it little in others, but least of all in Chesterfield. Probably no man in the kingdom was so cordially hated by him at this time ; and to crown all, the marriage long talked of with

Melusina de Schulemburg was just then decided upon, with intimations that not even royalty itself should be a protection against a scrutinizing inquiry after the suppressed will. George is said to have prudently compromised that matter by the payment of twenty thousand pounds, though he could scarcely have felt much softened by receiving this additional evidence of his Lordship's good-will. It betrayed something of the cat disposition, after long courting the monarch, thus to threaten him with his claws. Yet, after all, we very much doubt whether the hostility did not advance his prospects much faster than the smooth and fair seeming. There was manliness about it, and manliness is of all qualities the most indispensable to the success of a politician. When Sir Robert Walpole was at last hunted down, and arrangements were entered into for the purpose of reconstructing an administration out of the heterogeneous materials which had only coalesced to effect his overthrow, there were but two persons designated by the monarch as utterly inadmissible to his cabinet. Those two were William Pitt and Lord Chesterfield. Yet so far was this exclusion from proving an insurmountable barrier to either, that the former actually forced his way into it soon after, on his own terms, and the latter obtained, by his steady opposition, a degree of public consideration which ultimately secured to him all the posts of influence which he ever acquired.

In the mean time, however, the political career of his Lordship, if it kept him out of office, was not without some solid compensation. Sarah, the old Duchess of Marlborough, had not ceased to take an active interest in public affairs, though she no longer wielded the power of her earlier days. Her hatred of Sir Robert Walpole had been intense, and proportionate was her gratitude to those who distinguished themselves in violent opposition to him. To William Pitt she left, by her will, the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling; whilst to Lord Chesterfield she gave, in the same instrument, her best and largest diamond ring, twenty thousand pounds in cash, and the reversion of her Wimbledon estate in failure of the Spencer family. With this support, he could well spare two years more in opposition to the ill-assorted combination, which, at the expense of the popular favor, had succeeded to Walpole's power. But when at last this fell to pieces, and a new arrangement took place, which ended in what was then

called "the broad bottom," Lord Chesterfield owed his admission into it to almost any cause more than to his manners and address. His audience of leave-taking, upon going the second time to Holland, granted to him by the king most reluctantly, was only one continued insult. It seemed as if the occasion presented itself only to manifest the royal resentment of the peer's courtly good-breeding. Dr. Maty tells us, that, in return for the elaborate civility and offers of service which the earl made, the king vouchsafed no other answer than the cold words, "You have your instructions, my Lord."

It rarely happens to politicians to be perfectly consistent. The man who had distinguished himself above all others by his opposition to that system of foreign alliances which drew the country into continental wars, was now to reopen his path to court favor by his efforts "to bring the Dutch roundly into the war" against France. He succeeded in obtaining the appointment of the Duke of Cumberland to be chief of the confederate army, which, if it cost his country the defeat of Fontenoy, at any rate earned for himself some title to his sovereign's regard. Yet even after his return from his mission, and before he went over to assume the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained no personal interview with the king. It was not until the rebellion of 1745 took place, in the midst of which George found himself deserted by his ministers, when they knew he must submit to their dictation of their own terms, as he could not do without them, that his Lordship's disapprobation of their course seems to have entirely removed the burden of prejudice that had weighed against him in the royal mind. His services had also been of no slight value in keeping Ireland tranquil throughout the period of commotion in the neighbouring kingdom, and they were appreciated. After the lapse of a few months, his Lordship found himself at last in the king's closet, at the king's desire, acting in the capacity of one of the secretaries of state. The avenue to power seemed once more perfectly open to him. He had regained it by services, and not by his address; yet here seemed another chance by which to show how much the cultivation of insinuating manners might avail to fix a growing impression. Once more did his Lordship resort to his favorite theory to sustain him. The queen was no longer living to embarrass him, so that he felt

safe in devoting his attention to the Countess of Yarmouth. Yet, little as he spared exertion, the expected effect did not follow. His Lordship continued in office long enough to be convinced that he was overruled in every thing, down to the smallest appointment, by his colleague, the Duke of Newcastle, the man who made no pretension to "the graces"; and he then resigned. The result of this last experiment seems to have been so decisive with him, that he never attempted another. At the early age of fifty-four, he retired from public life in disgust. He had failed to be first, and he wished to be nothing less. And in his want of success he gave to posterity the most convincing proof, that, after all, polished manners cannot be relied on as the basis of a political career, even though they be connected with wit, eloquence, and knowledge of the world.

It will be perceived, that, even upon the mere utilitarian view of the system of his Lordship, we maintain, from a review of his own history, that it is good for nothing. We have thrown all higher arguments out of consideration, with much the same coolness that he does himself. Yet we would not be understood to affirm, that refined breeding and manners are of no use in forwarding a man's success; on the contrary, we are willing to believe them to be of the greatest use, provided only there be a heart beneath. This little element is the important omission in his Lordship's doctrine. He seems to have thought it unessential what the inside might be, if only the surface was sufficiently polished to conceal it. But by a compensating process of nature, men are rendered penetrating in proportion to the efforts made to deceive them. The suspicion of art destroys confidence in professions. Accordingly, we find in Lord Chesterfield's case, that, though he was much admired, he was little liked. In his assiduous court to all whom he believed to possess influence, even his sagacity could not save him from betraying himself to the most inexperienced eyes. When one of the pages about the court found himself more than once made the object of unusual attention by the earl, the boy could not help, at last, intimating to him his suspicion that he had been mistaken for M. Louis, a youth who passed for the king's son by Lady Yarmouth. His suspicion was well founded, and the misdirected civility, thus known to be hollow, had done his Lordship harm instead of

good. Thus we may see that he who learns to be civil to his neighbour solely for the use he may make of his friendship can never become less than a selfish hypocrite, whom the first accident that unmasks him will render contemptible.

The cultivation of a general spirit of benevolence and charity is a far better foundation for refinement of manners, because it imposes no task of insincerity. It is rather unusual, we know, to go to the Scriptures for any rule of fashionable life, and it may from some expose us to the charge of writing sermon-fashion; but we must say that we have never understood the reason why it was necessary to go farther for the very highest theory of good-breeding, than the broad principle laid down in the Holy Book, of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you. To be sure, we should be prevented by it from saying flattering falsehoods, merely for the sake of deluding our neighbour's vanity; yet, on the other hand, we might be allowed the pleasure of using the truth to encourage and sustain his virtuous exertion. How much may be done in this way few people entirely understand; or how many young hearts yearn for a word of judicious consolation, under the inevitable mortifications and chill produced, on first entering into the conflicts of the world. To them, flattery is rank poison, whilst discriminating praise serves as the breath of life. But there is a higher reason why the Christian precept is a more perfect rule of manners. It forbids one from committing wrong or injustice of any kind. Had his Lordship followed it, he would have been saved from many mortifications, the consequence of such injustice. It would have held him back from the cold-blooded undertaking of seducing a weak woman, merely because it had come to his ears that she expressed a very natural indignation at his licentious habits, and from the equally cruel endeavour to train up the offspring of that connection to a place it was impossible for him to reach, except through the possession of a character and abilities as much above those of his father as that father's were above the level of the generality of men of his time.

Lord Chesterfield has much to answer for on many accounts, but most especially on this, that he formed a school, the members of which, whilst committing the most immoral acts, have kept each other in countenance by quoting his specious maxims in their defence. We do not mean to say

that vicious and plausible men of fashion did not exist before his day. Such persons have always been found in every cultivated society. What we do mean is, that he laid down a code of rules which gained immediate currency in that society, whereby great latitude was, almost by consent, conceded to certain kinds of vice. According to him, it is a perfectly gentlemanly proceeding to corrupt another man's wife, and much more advisable, as it saves the personal risk attending general licentiousness. Yet no consideration is given to the inevitable effects that follow, upon the happiness of families, and the peace of society itself. And generally it is, according to him, perfectly allowable to disregard the rights or feelings of the rest of the world, provided appearances be preserved, and a smile be kept upon the face which meditates a wrong.

Let us now consider one of the cases in which, as it appears to us, his Lordship fully exemplified the tendencies of his nature. He had married a woman whom he did not love, and he was not so fortunate as to have children by her, which might have awakened some interest in her welfare. On the other hand, it happened that he had a son by one Mrs. Du Bouchet, a French woman, already alluded to, and this son he determined to make the subject of a grand experiment. His own theory was, that differences of character depend more upon education than upon nature ; so he resolved to spare no pains in making, at all hazards, this unfortunate subject fill up his beau ideal of a man. In order to do this, he wilfully overlooked the enormous difficulty before him, at the very outset, of making an illegitimate son play a first part in the history of such a country as Great Britain. Nor was this all. He neglected to consider the extent of the trial he was preparing for the poor young man. Who shall say how much of the awkwardness and bashfulness for which his father perpetually reproached him might have been owing to an impression early received, of inequality with those immediately around him ? Who that knows boys, and especially English boys, can fail to understand how soon the smallest difference of condition makes itself felt among them, to the depression of those who are suspected of laboring under a disadvantage ? How Mr. Stanhope was made to feel this in later life, both at Brussels, and in the fruitless effort to get the appointment of minister at Venice, we see and know,

from the letters before us. It may be very well for his Lordship to glide over such mortifications lightly, and call them inevitable evils, to be remedied only by greater exertions; but his duty was not the less plain to reflect, before he forced a young man into such a situation, how apt it is to break down the spirit and disable it from ever entering upon the exertions required. How few men in Great Britain have made head against such an early disadvantage! Is it, then, to be wondered at, that Stanhope, who had not elements of character strong enough to succeed, even without it, should have failed so entirely whilst under its influence? The fault surely was not so much in him as in his father's heartless error of judgment in educating him. Neither is this all the penalty which the poor young man has been compelled to pay. Not only has the record of his failure to be a great man been made up against him on the book of history, but his memory is destined for ever to be associated with the evidence of the labor and pains expended in vain upon him to produce any extraordinary result whatever. As a matter of common justice, the readers of the present collection should have seen a few of Mr. Stanhope's own letters, at least sufficient to give them an opportunity to judge him fairly. As it is now, his reputation fluctuates between those who call him a stupid booby, and those who describe him as a dull pedant, whilst still a third party do not let him off even so easily as that. Yet, admitting all that may be said against him, who is most in fault for it? Is it to be supposed that the young man was worse, in any respect, than ten thousand people of his own or of any age, who live out their appointed number of days, respectable citizens, and who go to their graves deeply regretted by the usual circle of afflicted relations? Why is it, then, that he should be singled out for everlasting infamy, as a dunce and a cub, or as

"Base, degenerate, meanly bad,"

because his father chose in his person to immortalize his own crime, and his unfeeling ambition of making an experiment, against the success of which the chances were as a thousand to one?

A common remark is, also, that, if Lord Chesterfield found his son a dull scholar in "the graces," he proved rather too apt in the acquisition of hypocrisy. Mr. Stanhope died,

leaving his father no legacy but a wife and two children, of whose very existence he had not had the slightest hint. That under these circumstances he did not at once renounce them, thus visiting upon the third generation the sins of the second and the first, has been in some quarters regarded as praiseworthy. But let us examine this act a little more narrowly. These children were at least legitimate. They had no share in the failure of their father to be what he was never made for. That father had been put, by no act of his own, into a situation to which he was not adequate, and had been deprived of all opportunity to gain any other. How could his Lordship have done less than he did? How could he avoid giving to the victims of his delusion at least the means of escaping from its worst consequences? We do not perceive that he attempted any thing more than this. The boys were taken care of and put to school, and, for aught we know of them, acted in life about as well as the average of their neighbours; but the dream of making finished gentlemen statesmen, luckily for them, was entirely over. The earl reserved his last words of advice more suitably for the heir of his title, a distant connection by a collateral branch, whom he also made, to the exclusion of these grandchildren, heir to his estates.

Lord Chesterfield's system made him neither a good, a happy, nor a successful man. Such being the result in his own person, we see no reason why it should be further held up to the imitation of posterity. Yet there is something in the man, invested, as he appears to us, with all the authority of wealth, dignity, rank, and title, calculated to impose upon the multitude. There is still more in the elegance of his style, conveying as it does just thoughts in a most clear and forcible way. There was a strange union about him, too, of the loosest general notions, formed from his experience of the corruption of his times, and the most strict adherence in his own case to personal integrity. Early in his career, when he was appointed to succeed Lord Townshend as captain of the yeomen of the guard, that nobleman advised him to make the place more profitable than he himself had done, by disposing of the places in his gift. "I rather, for this time," adroitly and properly replied Chesterfield, "wish to follow your Lordship's example than your advice." He never sold a commission. The same spirit appears to have follow-

ed him throughout in the administration of official power. He had a thorough detestation of the jobbing temper so common in England, and not by any means unknown in the United States, among political men. There is another point in his history which is highly creditable to him. He took no presents from any one, nor did he approve of them when taken by others. There is a passage in his parting letter to his godson upon this subject, which, both as illustrative of his own character and as full of sound doctrine, we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe.

"If you should ever fill a great station at court, take care above all things to keep your hands clean and pure from the infamous vice of corruption, a vice so infamous that it degrades even the other vices that may accompany it. Accept no present whatever; let your character in that respect be transparent and without the least speck; for as avarice is the vilest and dirtiest vice in private, corruption is so in public life. I call corruption the taking of a sixpence more than the just and known salary of your employment, under any pretence whatsoever. Use what power and credit you may have at court, in the service of merit rather than of kindred, and not to get pensions and reversions for yourself or your family; for I call that also, what it really is, scandalous pollution, though of late it has been so frequent that it has almost lost its name." — Vol. IV., p. 431.

Yet strange indeed are the inconsistencies of man. The same mind which in this passage seems to catch a glimpse of something above the cold and mercenary level of ordinary life, in another part of these letters, treats of one of the most sacred of human relations in the following thoroughly business-like manner.

"Do not be in haste to marry, but look about you first, for the affair is important. There are but two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably many very uneasy ones. If for money, you will have no happy days, and probably no uneasy ones; in this latter case, let the woman at least be such a one that you can live decently and amicably with, otherwise it is a robbery; in either case, let her be of an unblemished and unsuspected character, and of a rank not indecently below your own." — Vol. II., p. 427.

Very surely it could not have been the love of moral ex-

cell nce which prompted the sentiment in the first extract, or even any very refined estimate of human duty. We much fear that we must resolve it into temperament. Avarice was not one of his Lordship's vices. He was above the low arts to which it naturally resorts, and the dirty crimes to which it leads. But he was above them, not because he scorned them as wrong, but as mean; not because he admired purity of purpose and singleness of heart, but because he deemed it unbecoming in a gentleman to put himself in the power of people that were beneath him. With him it was scandalous pollution to trade in pensions and reversions for himself at court, but it was right enough to trade with a woman for money in the article of marriage. Yet if we closely analyze the moral principle involved in the two operations, it will be scarcely practicable to lay down a rule of action which would justify his Lordship's discrimination.

Passing from this subject, let us bring the present article to a close by a brief review of the various claims which his Lordship has made upon the attention of posterity, whether as an orator, a scholar, a patron of letters, a statesman, a writer, or a gentleman. Few of England's nobility have tried to shine so variously; and if he did not equally succeed in every thing, it is surely creditable in him that he made the attempt.

We have already mentioned the circumstances attending his first appearance upon the floor of the House of Commons; how carefully he had prepared himself, and how all his preparation was defeated by the inopportune ridicule of a member who was a mimic. This incident is deserving of notice, because it lets us into a pretty accurate idea of his level as a speaker. With a highly artificial manner it is probable that his Lordship united the amount of wit and practical good sense which we see in the productions he left behind him. These qualifications made him an agreeable and an elegant speaker, but they did not raise him above the reach of vulgar efforts at imitation. There was wanting in him either great intellectual, or that moral superiority, based upon solid and noble views of man's duties, which commands the respect and fastens the attention even of the most scornful. We have never heard that the elder or the younger Pitt, Burke, or even Fox, in spite of defects of manner, were in any degree embarrassed by the attacks that were made upon

them. Some of these, and most particularly Lord Chatham, were remarkable for peculiarities not a little striking and easy to be taken off. Yet they continued to exercise their powers with effect, placing ridicule at defiance. From this we are unavoidably led to infer that Lord Chesterfield's own account of his oratory is not an under-estimate, and that he owed the greater part of his success in it to his polish. That success was established after he had reached a congenial spot for the exercise of his faculty, in the House of Lords. Yet very few of his speeches have been handed down to us to give us the means of judging of his style. Horace Walpole, no very friendly critic by the way, speaks of one of them as the finest speech he ever listened to, which is saying a good deal for a man who witnessed the parliamentary struggles of half a century, — from the great Walpolean battle downward. It not infrequently happens, however, that this remark is made by a person just fresh from hearing a well delivered address, the greatest merit of which, after all, comes from the effect it momentarily produces. Very certainly the specimens which Dr. Maty furnishes, in his edition of his Lordship's works, will not sustain any similar rate of commendation. They are in no respect above the level of middling performances, and sometimes sink even below it. For example, in the second speech upon the gin act, a species of temperance question, almost the same with that which agitated Massachusetts a few years since, what sort of force is there in the following extract, if considered as a piece of invective ?

"This bill, therefore, appears to be designed only to thin the ranks of mankind, and to disburden the world of the multitudes that inhabit it, and is perhaps the strongest proof of political sagacity that our ministers have yet exhibited. They well know, my Lords, that they are universally detested, and that, whenever a Briton is destroyed, they are freed from an enemy; they have therefore opened the floodgates of gin upon the nation, that, when it is less numerous, it may be more easily governed."

Surely this is not the tone which would overthrow a ministry. It wants force and sincerity. We can see at once, that it was only a pleasant literary exercise for the amusement of the auditors. It would do to make even the Duke of Newcastle himself, at whom it was directed, laugh very heartily. But as to any effect which it was likely to produce in staying

the passage of the bill itself, he might as well have hoped to get it by talking in an unknown tongue. Yet his Lordship was doubtless in earnest in his speech. Temperance in drinking was one of his leading virtues. He detested drunkenness because it was a coarse and vulgar vice. He constantly laments, in his correspondence, the extent to which his Irish friends were addicted to it. Yet, instead of treating it in the broad and noble way by which its evils can always be made palpable to the hearer, he sacrifices the truth to frivolous conceits. This we take to be the true reason and the whole reason why his Lordship did not in his lifetime obtain the influence, and why he has not since merited the reputation, that belong to the highest species of oratorical power.

Of his Lordship's merit as a scholar and a patron of scholars we have little evidence beyond the scattered opinions upon books to be gathered from the letters before us, and the memorable adventure with Dr. Johnson. To scholarship, in the extended sense of the term, he had no claim, — whilst his taste, even in the limited region of belles-lettres, was far from being accurate or pure. It is very clear that he did not relish even those of the ancient classics which he had studied. If he had, surely he would not have prefered the Henriade to the Iliad or Æneid, to Paradise Lost, or even to the Jerusalem Delivered. The criticisms which he makes upon the works of his favorite Voltaire appear sometimes difficult to account for. At this day, we prefer the wit of Micromegas, even though not altogether original, to the History of the Crusades, or L'Esprit Humain; yet his Lordship considers the latter as excellent, and the former as wholly unworthy of the author. Through all these opinions, we think we can see prevailing the same cold, worldly way of viewing things, which we find predominating on other subjects. To his mind, the *cui bono* seems to have been perpetually present, whatever the topic in hand might be. He complains of Milton, that, "not having the honor to be acquainted with any of the parties in his poem, except the man and the woman, the characters and speeches of a dozen or two of angels, and of as many devils, were as much above his reach as his entertainment. Keep this secret for me," he adds; "for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every solid divine, in England." Which means to say, we presume, that to admire Milton is characteristic

of bad taste ;—an opinion which we venture to say his Lordship will not have a great many at this day to join him in, whilst it gives us a pretty fair opportunity of estimating the extent of his own taste.

But if his Lordship was not himself a scholar, he certainly assumed to himself to be the patron of scholarship in others. It was to him, as such, that Dr. Johnson ventured to address his project of an English Dictionary, and not merely because his Lordship happened at the moment to be high in office. We allude to this subject the more willingly because we have lately seen some effort made to deny this, and to excuse the coldness and neglect which brought upon his Lordship the celebrated reply of the Doctor. It is pleaded in his defence, that in 1747, the date of the dedication, the Doctor was comparatively unknown ; that he was himself then high in office, on which account alone the address was made to him ; and that he could scarcely be expected, merely because he was an earl and secretary of state, to patronize every clever Grub Street author who might think it expedient to try to raise money out of him by a complimentary dedication. Such is the argument of one of our leading contemporary journals upon the other side of the water. It appears to us ill supported by the facts. Lord Chesterfield was not regarded as a common lord or as a common secretary of state. He had a reputation of his own for taste and discrimination upon which he piqued himself. It was upon this reputation that Dr. Johnson rested his application, without pretending to claim a knowledge of the man. It unquestionably gave him a right to hope, not that he would be made an intimate companion, but that the specimen furnished of his capacity to perform his task would from its own merit attract the great man's favorable attention, and earn his patronage. It is the peculiar province of a Mecænas to distinguish by his own sagacity the proper objects in whose favor to exert his influence, from those who are not so. Had his Lordship pretended to no reputation in this way, his neglect of Johnson would scarcely have been deemed an error. But he must be judged by the standard which he furnishes for himself. There can now be little doubt, that he did not appreciate the merit of the Doctor's proposal as he ought to have done ; that he gave him ten guineas, rather to get rid of him than from any idea of encouraging the prosecution of the great literary under-

taking ; and that it was not until after the Doctor's reputation was firmly established, when the aid of a patron was no longer so essential as it had been, that he saw his mistake, and endeavoured to make a tardy reparation for it by publishing a couple of rather frivolous papers recommending the Dictionary in the periodical called The World. Surely, under these circumstances, the vengeance which the Doctor took was not uncalled for. He felt that his Lordship had only meted out to him the same measure which he did to every one, the same which every mere worldly man who forms himself upon his model will always do to those about him ; — that is, he had neglected merit whilst nobody else had found it out, and only then acknowledged it when it was no longer a secret. Dr. Johnson expressed his sense of this in a noble and dignified manner. Chesterfield felt the rebuke to be too just ever to indulge in such hollow excuses as have been lately set up in his defence. It was one of many legitimate consequences of that system of morals which makes appearances, and not the reality, the great object to be cared for.

We now come to the consideration of his Lordship's career as a statesman, — and here we find very little to object to, and something positively to commend. Without possessing any great and commanding views of public policy, he nevertheless held solid and judicious ones. He was, probably more than any one of his age, the exact representative of the common sense of the people of Great Britain, which strongly reluctated against the whole of the Hanoverian policy, without being able to extricate itself from it. On that subject there have always been opposite opinions, and time must yet show which of them is abstractly correct. On the one hand, it must be conceded, that, had England kept herself wholly clear from continental alliances, she would never have arrived at the high point of power and glory upon which she now stands. On the other, it is equally undeniable, that she would not have so rapidly developed the seeds of internal disorganization, under the forming process of a monstrous public debt. Lord Chesterfield had little or no adequate conception of the resources of his country, when he pronounced it on the brink of ruin in 1757, a moment at which it was just shooting up to the highest state of prosperity. "We are no longer a nation," says he ; "I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." "Ruin is so near," he writes in another place, "that, were

Machiavel at the head of affairs, he could not retrieve them." Such was the state of despondency of his Lordship, and he was by no means alone in it, at the instant when the elder Pitt was called to the helm of state, and when he proved what all this croaking was good for. But it is the nature of timid politicians to be constantly looking at the dark side of things, whilst they are in active life, and to predict irretrievable destruction, after they retire. We have had many such on this side of the Atlantic, the non-fulfilment of whose gloomy prophecies has sadly disappointed themselves and their friends. From all which experience it is safe to arrive at the conclusion, that great bodies move slowly, and that it takes a good while and a great many disasters, as well as long years of misgovernment, to crush the energies of a prosperous nation.

But it is in the administration of Irish affairs during the time his Lordship filled the post of viceroy, that he has gained his greatest reputation. So sadly had that country suffered from its connection with the neighbouring kingdom, that it hailed the accession of a man who did nothing more than abstain from wrong-doing, as if he were a saviour. Even this negative species of excellence required on his part the exercise of no small skill and discretion, as well as much firmness. These were qualities strictly within the compass of his Lordship's character. Of greatness or goodness we expect to find little. But all that worldly prudence and calm, shrewd good-sense could dictate may very naturally be inferred. The moment at which he was called to the post was a critical one. It was in the midst of the great success of the Pretender, in the year 1745. Yet not one of the many Papists who unquestionably wished well to that enterprise bestirred himself in any manner to advance it. Ireland has seldom been more tranquil than during this elsewhere turbulent year. It is due to Chesterfield that he should receive praise for having contributed to this great result. He was, besides, a steady patron of temperance, at a time when and among a people by whom that virtue was not regarded with the same favor that it now is. He was also a decided opponent to the corruptions which long prevailed in that country in the form of government jobs. All this, joined with the fascinations of his address, excited the admiration and enthusiasm of that impulsive people. But it may reasonably be doubted whether he does not owe the greater part of his apparent suc-

cess to the fact that he remained in office so short a time. Experience teaches us, that it is seldom in the first, or even the second, year of a popular administration that it is most likely to have its strength put to the test. There must be time for discontent to find channels by which to vent itself, time for combinations to be formed, time for affecting the public mind. Those interested in deep settled abuses do not take much alarm, so long as remedies are only talked of. Nothing more was attempted by Chesterfield. It cannot therefore be said, that the intricate problem of Irish government has been solved, in opposition to the conjoined experience of all other lords lieutenant, solely because his Lordship succeeded in carrying it on acceptably for the space of eight months. Even in the midst of the praise which we would willingly accord to him for what he did or intended to do in this situation, some qualification must be made, as we now and then catch a glimpse of the principles upon which he acted. For an illustration, we must cite his reliance upon the gavel act to effect the decline of the Catholic faith. Now the gavel act proposed neither more nor less than to bribe the members of a family, with their own money, to sacrifice one another by betraying their religious faith. If the estate of a Papist was to be divided among his nearest relations, this law prescribed that they should share and share alike, unless some one of them would declare himself a convert to Protestantism, in which case he might take the whole. Such was the law which Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to a bishop of the church, recommended should be strictly adhered to. And the most remarkable circumstance about it is, that it does not seem to have entered into his conception what kind of public and private morality he was encouraging. To him, religion was merely a respectable and conservative civil institution. A conversion from one mode of faith to another was of little moment to him, who viewed them all with equal indifference.

It remains to us only to consider his Lordship's character as a writer. This will rest in the main upon those letters to his son, which he wrote in confidence and without any expectation of their ever coming before the public. Besides these, there are, however, a considerable number of essays, furnished for political and literary journals, from which we can gather a correct idea of his polished, as the others give one of

his unguarded style. The essays are remarkable for grace and a species of gentlemanly humor very much in keeping with the idea we have of their author. We might point out as examples the papers on duelling, on pride of birth, and ladies' fashions. Although it is difficult by an extract to give a full idea of them, yet we will venture upon the close of the Essay on Duelling, not only on account of its irony, but of the more valuable truth which lies concealed beneath it.

"There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity; and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned, in the INSTITUTES of HONOR.

"A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great HONOR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has, from his youth, taken lessons of HOMICIDE from a murder master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honor to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman of nice HONOR likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of HONOR, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR, — I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honor that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that, from this day forwards, we severally endeavour, by all possible means, you to fatten and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of,

Sir, your very humble servant.

" P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease towards the desired medium, in which, I presume, two or three pounds more or less, on either side, ought not to be considered "

Yet, though his essays are all of them pleasing specimens of delicate humor, they would not of themselves have redeemed his memory from oblivion. For this he is indebted entirely to the letters to his son, which, as specimens of a particular style of writing, though not always perfectly correct, are not exceeded in their way by any thing in the language. Their principal merits are their perspicuity and elegance, without a shadow of affectation. In them will be found a great sum of worldly wisdom upon the minor morals, conveyed in the most direct and intelligible shape. Even Dr. Johnson admitted their merit, although he very justly put his seal of reprobation on their tendency. We cannot, for instance, too highly approve of a passage like the following upon the employment of time.

" You have, it is true, a great deal of time before you; but in this period of your life, one hour usefully employed may be worth more than four-and-twenty hereafter ; a minute is precious to you now, whole days may possibly not be so forty years hence. Whatever time you allow, or can snatch, for serious reading (I say snatch, because company and a knowledge of the world is now your chief object), employ it in the reading of some one book, and that a good one, till you have finished it ; and do not distract your mind with various matters at the same time. In this light I would recommend to you to read *tout de suite* Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis, translated by Barbeyrac, and Puffendorf's Jus Gentium, translated by the same hand. For accidental quarters of hours, read works of invention, wit, and humor, of the best, and not of trivial authors, either ancient or modern.

" Whatever business you have, do it the first moment you can ; never by halves, but finish it without interruption, if possible. Business must not be sauntered and trifled with ; and you must not say to it, as Felix did to Paul, ' At a more convenient season I will speak to thee.' The most convenient season for business is the first ; but study and business, in some measure, point out their own times to a man of sense ; time is much oftener squandered away in the wrong choice and improper methods of amusement and pleasures.

" Many people think that they are in pleasures, provided they are neither in study nor in business. Nothing like it ; they are

doing nothing, and might just as well be asleep. They contract habitudes from laziness, and they only frequent those places where they are free from all restraints and attentions. Be upon your guard against this idle profusion of time; and let every place you go to be either the scene of quick and lively pleasures, or the school of your improvements; let every company you go into either gratify your senses, extend your knowledge, or refine your manners. Have some decent object of gallantry in view at some places; frequent others, where people of wit and taste assemble; get into others, where people of superior rank and dignity command respect and attention from the rest of the company; but pray frequent no neutral places, from mere idleness and indolence. Nothing forms a young man so much as being used to keep respectable and superior company, where a constant regard and attention is necessary. It is true, this is at first a disagreeable state of restraint; but it soon grows habitual, and consequently easy; and you are amply paid for it by the improvement you make, and the credit it gives you. What you said some time ago was very true, concerning le Palais Royal; to one of your age the situation is disagreeable enough; you cannot expect to be much taken notice of; but all that time you can take notice of others; observe their manners, decipher their characters, and insensibly you will become one of the company."—Vol. II., pp. 227, 228.

There is not in this extract, it is true, any intimation of the higher purposes for which time should be improved. The idea, as usual with his Lordship, is limited within narrow and selfish bounds; yet, so far as it goes, it is sound and well conveyed. No man had a greater contempt than he for the vagabond fops who have since affected to quote him as authority for their idleness and their indifference. He understood the truth of the maxim, that a man, in order to make himself respectable, must try to be employed. Neither did he imagine, like many of his rank in England, that a title and wealth excused him from the duty of exertion in something more respectable than the mere search after pleasure. His great defect was, that he did not rest his notions of that duty upon a basis sufficiently broad. They all come back to the benefit to be gained in some form or other of personal advantage. They looked forth neither upon society, nor upon one's country, nor upon one's God. They were of a kind which wither under the approach of age. Thus it happened to himself, that at fifty-four he retreated from the public ser-

vice, not again to return to it, though invited more than once. He retired to cultivate cabbages and pine-apples, and to wear out the patience of both medical men and quacks in unavailing experiments to remedy the infirmities of his constitution. There is no cheerfulness nor dignity in the scene of his old age. His views of life are narrow, cold, and gloomy. So early as 1755, or nearly twenty years before his end, he indulges in the following strain of reflection, when addressing his friend, the Bishop of Waterford.

"My deafness grows gradually worse, which in my mind implies a total one, before it be long. In this unhappy situation, which I have reason to suppose will every day grow worse, I still keep up my spirits tolerably; that is, I am free from melancholy, which, I think, is all that can be expected. This I impute to that degree of philosophy which I have acquired by long experience of the world. I have enjoyed all its pleasures, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low; whereas those who have not experienced always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those who have led a life of pleasure and business can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back, *oculo irretorto*, upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life of either business, or still more, pleasure, never was nor never will be a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors."—Vol. IV., pp. 149, 150.

This letter was written to one of those whom his Lordship somewhere else is pleased to designate as a species of constables "appointed by the sovereign power of a country to keep up decency and decorum in the church." This may account for the unusual approximation to a religious feeling which we find in the extract. Yet what does this

amount to ? His Lordship, satiated with the pleasures of life, looks back upon them with much the same feeling that a man in the morning has about his last night's debauch. He has no warming sense of services rendered to others ; of duty performed, perhaps imperfectly, but yet with an earnest and hearty will ; of mutual kindness cultivated between himself and others ; of humble resignation to the will of God ! No ! the scene, as he looks back upon it, is cold and wintry, showing marks only of scorching desolation from the heat of summer passions. And the present enjoyment, such as it is, proceeds from vacuity. Nor yet does he make it very clear, that his own history disproves the correctness of the common notion which he condemns. His retirement will scarcely furnish encouragement to any who may be anxious to leave the busy world in quest of ease. His letters form one continued lament, partly owing to his increasing deafness, partly to disappointment as to his son's success, but most of all to the absence of all the nobler motives of action in life. This is the grand defect of his whole theory. The man is liable to outlive the system, and then the world becomes a dreary blank. Cut off from society, from public life, from the domestic affections, and from the consolations of a religious faith, Chesterfield was as much isolated at sixty as the blasted oak in the centre of a barren heath. Yet over all this wretchedness, there still remained, like a coat of steel upon a skeleton, the glazed and polished surface of good-breeding which his Lordship had laid on thick to conceal the deep defects of his early years. Even upon the bed of death, " Give Dayrolles a chair," were the last expressed thoughts of this worldly earl. Not a single exalted sentiment fell from him, at that moment, to counteract the chill of a long career. He was indeed, what he describes himself, one hackneyed in the ways of life. We have endeavoured to show in his history the nature and the advantages of such a training. Let those who are inclined to be fascinated by his example take warning by his fate.

In the view which we have taken, it will be seen that we have not dwelt upon the moral tendency of the advice to be found in the present work. This has already been so much descanted upon in many former publications, as well as in the pages of this Journal, that little can be added. We shall therefore, avoiding the grosser passages, simply content our-

selves with extracting from the maxims addressed by his Lordship to his son such of them as seem most briefly to embody the character of the author.

"In your friendships and in your enmities let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds; make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business."

"It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expose either. A man of business should always have his eyes open, but must often seem to have them shut."

"If you would be a favorite of your king, address yourself to his weaknesses. An application to his reason will seldom prove very successful."

"A cheerful, easy countenance and behaviour are very useful at court; they make fools think you a good-natured man; and they make designing men think you an undesigning one."

"Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent but a legal payment."

"The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all." — Vol. II., pp. 322 – 326.

It would seem, by the care which his Lordship bestowed upon the sketches of the principal persons of his time, as if he must have meditated some extensive work of an historical kind, in which they would naturally have found a place. Had the whole been executed with any portion of the spirit to be found in these fragments, the author would have earned a still higher reputation than he is likely now to hold. Among them, one of the most curious is the article relating to Lord Bute, which Dr. Maty, or his successor, thought proper to suppress, whilst he published in his edition most of the rest. The portraits of Sir Robert Walpole, of Lord Hardwicke, of the elder Pitt, of the Duke of Newcastle, and of Lord Bolingbroke, will continue for ever valuable to those who wish to understand the history of the early Brunswick princes. Chesterfield's habits made him a keen observer of the virtues and vices, the merits and the follies, of other men; whilst his judgment was not warped, as that of many is apt to be, by any excess of sympathy with or of hostility

to them. In this, as in all things else, he shows his great want to have been the want of a heart. We scarcely know how better to close this view of his character, than, without meaning to excuse him, to apply his own remark upon a much bolder person than he in both extremes ; we mean his friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, when he says of him, — "Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, where good and ill were perpetually jostling each other, what can we say but, Alas ! poor human nature !"

ART. VII. — *A New Translation of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles, with Introductions, and Notes, chiefly Explanatory.* By GEORGE R. NOYES, D. D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew, etc., and Dexter Lecturer in Harvard University. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 290.

OF Greek poetry earlier than Hesiod's Theogony we have only a few fragments, and those of doubtful genuineness ; and how gross are the religious ideas that pervade the Theogony few of our readers can need to be told. Its gods are base-born and depraved, clothed with every brutal and fiendish attribute ; and they are made to reach their respective seats of empire, and to attain their due prerogatives, only after a series of conflicts, a comparison with which might give dignity to a modern prize-fight, or attach tasteful associations to the passages at arms between the feline combatants that wrangle while we write. From a much earlier antiquity have come down to us the Psalms of David, and with them, in the historical books of the Jewish canon, numerous traits of the domestic and social condition of the Hebrews during David's reign, indicating a grossness and barbarity of taste, manners, and institutions vastly below the starting-point of authentic Greek history, and not many degrees in advance of the aborigines of North America. Yet to that rude age and people, and to their half-savage king, we are indebted for a collection of sublime religious lyrics, which bear up the soul of man, in harmony with the worship of universal nature, to the one omnipotent and all-pervading

Spirit, and which adequately express the most comprehensive views of the divine unity and sovereignty, and the deepest emotions of trust, gratitude, and praise, that can fill the Christian mind and heart. Whence this heaven-wide contrast? We can account for it only by supposing, that the warrior-king had access to fountains of higher inspiration than those that gushed from Helicon.

We might draw a similar inference from the translucency of the Psalms, and of the Hebrew poetry in general, through the most obscure and inaccurate version. These writings, hardly half "done into English" by King James's translators, often so rendered as not to suggest a tithe of the original signification, often gratuitously hampered with self-contradictions and perverted by gross anachronisms, are yet no less precious and nutritive to the pure and cultivated literary taste than they are to devotional feeling. Though uncounted gems of fancy, though metaphors more brilliant and graphic than all antiquity beside can furnish, lie buried beneath the rubbish of unmeaning words, still so much remains unhidden, so many are the traits of beauty and grandeur that flash perpetually upon the readers of our common English Bible, that it is often difficult to convince them that the sacred poets could be read through a clearer and more satisfying medium. There are no other writings extant, which could afford to part with so much of their significance and spirit in the process of transfusion, and still present themselves rich in all the highest attributes of true poetry.

But many portions of these writings are read aphoristically, and are understood and admired in single passages, sentences, and phrases, and not in the continuous flow of thought and imagery. Few merely English readers expect to derive connected or congruous ideas from an entire chapter of Isaiah or Ezekiel, or would think of the possibility of tracing an unbroken thread of thought from the top to the bottom of a page. Many of the passages from the prophets, which adhere to every one's memory, and are constantly quoted in the pulpit and in religious conversation, lie hemmed in between portions on which an impenetrable darkness rests, and, no doubt, equally rested to the eyes of our translators. Nor, in saying this, let us be understood as speaking reproachfully of those venerable men to whom

we are indebted for our vernacular version of the Bible. Their work was a remarkable one for their times, especially when we consider that they wrought it, not of their own free will, in the underived consciousness of adequate scholarship, but by the choice and bidding of the most foolish monarch that ever sat on the throne of England. But they had access to few philological aids in their study of the Jewish Scriptures. The critical knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, in its infancy on the continent of Europe, had hardly been sought in England; for previous professed translations from the Hebrew had leaned upon the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Nor did King James leave his translators the liberty, either to omit rendering passages which they found unintelligible, or to indicate by marginal notes when the words in the text were designed to mean nothing. Yet there are manifestly many instances in which they have purposely so thrown together English words and phrases, as to preclude the possibility of their suggesting any signification whatever.

What else can have been the design of the following sentence, from the description of the leviathan or crocodile in Job, — "Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more"? — a sentence which the grammatical construction, without violence, permits us to render, — "If thou lay thy hand upon him, thou wilt no more remember the battle."* For another specimen of the absolutely unintelligible in our common version, we might refer to a passage, the phraseology of which is familiar to every ear, but which suggests only two or three glimmerings of sense in a dreary waste of words; namely, the first five verses of the ninth chapter of Isaiah, constituting the greater part of the Christmas morning lesson in the services of the Episcopal Church. Our readers may perhaps have become so accustomed to the sound of these words, as to think that they understand them; but we would defy the most cunning "interpreter of dark sentences" to bring the last member of the third verse into harmony with the first, or to assign a meaning to the Italicized portion of the following sentence: — "Every

* This, or something similar, was the translation given by Dr. Noyes, in the first edition of his Job. On referring to his second edition, we find a much less significant rendering, and one for which, on examination of the Hebrew sentence, we can discover no philological grounds of preference.

battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but *this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.*" We solicit a careful comparison between the common version of this passage, and the following by Dr. Noyes.

"But the darkness shall not remain where now is distress;
Of old he brought the land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali into contempt;
In future times shall he bring the land of the sea, beyond Jordan, the circle of the Gentiles, into honor.
The people, that walk in darkness, behold a great light;
They, who dwell in the land of death-like shade,
Upon them a light shineth.
Thou enlargest the nation;
Thou increasest their joy;
They rejoice before thee with the joy of harvest,
With the joy of those who divide the spoil.
For thou breakest their heavy yoke,
And the rod, that smote their backs,
And the scourge of the taskmaster,
As in the day of Midian.
For the greaves of the warrior armed for the conquest,
And the war-garments, rolled in blood,
Shall be burned; yea, they shall be food for the fire."

Then, too, in many passages, of which the main thought is clearly presented, our translators have inserted some irrelevant and unmeaning word or phrase, which the mind of the reader unconsciously omits and ignores, but which might be exchanged for one which would add new light and beauty to the sentiment. For instance, few probably have ever confessed to themselves that they do not fully understand the following verses from the nineteenth Psalm. "There is no speech nor language where their voice [that of the heavens, or the celestial luminaries] is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." And yet we have asked more than a score of intelligent and cultivated people, whether they had ever attached any meaning to the word *line;* and they have all confessed, both that they knew not what it meant, and that they had never discovered, till we made the inquiry, that it was void of meaning. Now the Hebrew word, thus rendered, does indeed denote a *measuring line*, but it also signifies a *musical chord;* and through the neglect of this latter sense, the Psalm has been

stripped of one of the rarest gems of poetical fancy to be found in any language. By omitting the word *where*, which has been interpolated in Italics by the translators, to the perversion of the sense, which was complete without it, we may render the passage as follows : —

> They [the heavens] have no speech nor language,
> No voice is heard from them ;
> Yet the chord of their harmony vibrates through the earth,
> Their notes reach the bounds of the universe.

Besides accurate translation of these ancient writings, English readers need a division and arrangement of them more consonant both with the genius of Hebrew poetry, and the scope of the respective writers, than our present chapters and verses, in which the *measuring-line* plays as impertinent and obtrusive a part as in the version of the psalm just quoted. Apart from the rhythm of the Hebrews, which it is idle to think of restoring, the essence of their poetry consists in a parallelism of sentiment, which unites two, three, or four versicles of nearly the same length into a *stichos*, or stanza. Sometimes one, two, or three versicles repeat the same sentiment in different words ; or, of four, the first corresponds to the third, and the second to the fourth. Sometimes the second member of the *stichos*, parallel in form, presents in thought a pointed antithesis to the first, or the third and fourth to the first and second. And then again, kindred, but not identical, sentiments are often thrown into couplets or triplets by a similarity of grammatical construction, and, so far as we have the means of judging, by an identity of rhythm. Now, all this parallelism is merged in our common system of verses, which groups together from two to five versicles, in the form of continuous prose, and with nothing, even in the pointing, to indicate the metrical divisions. The chapters, too, seldom coincide with the natural divisions of the respective books, while the brief summaries of contents prefixed to each chapter in our English Bibles generally display great carelessness, and are formed from the most superficial view of each chapter by itself, and not with reference to what precedes and follows. Now a great deal may be done for the satisfaction of the English reader by an arrangement which will represent the poetical structure of the original, and by

divisions corresponding with the actual sequence of subjects, together with a simple caption at the head of each section, to designate, in as few words as may be, not the possible or theoretical, but the actual and undoubted, purport of the section.

We have made these remarks to show how large a field of labor King James's translators left open to those who should succeed them. Their deficiencies, as we have said, belonged to their times and opportunities, rather than to the men. They did what they could, and more than there were *a priori* grounds for anticipating. And in one respect they have distanced all rivalry. They have clothed the Hebrew poets in a diction so full of euphony, majesty, and strength, as to make more accurate versions often seem tame and mean, and to constrain subsequent translators of taste to adhere to their phraseology, whenever there are not cogent reasons for departing from it. The author of a new translation must, then, be not only an acute and accomplished Hebrew scholar, but must also have at his command the richest materials of his own tongue, that his corrections of the established version may not seem insufferably harsh and flat by the side of those portions of its phraseology which he cannot help employing.

In this work, demanding at once so high attainments and so pure a taste, and on which many eminent men have entered with various degrees of success, we believe that the most careful critical comparison will award to Dr. Noyes the first honors. His versions of Job, the Psalms, and the Prophets, have been long before the public, and have already rendered edifying to hundreds of readers portions of the sacred volume which they had regarded as for ever sealed. No person of common intelligence will find it more difficult, by his aid, to follow a Hebrew prophet through his entire book, without dropping the thread of his discourse or encountering an utterly obscure sentence, than he will to trace the plot and to understand the successive portions of the Paradise Lost. Dr. Noyes's translation is always perspicuous and exact. He seldom deviates unnecessarily from the language of the common version; and his own words, both in their choice and their arrangement, display the most intimate conversance with the resources of the English tongue, a sound and discriminating taste, and a moderately good rhythmical ear. If we qualify our praise in any particular, it must be in this last. We some-

times find him employing words and phrases entirely in accordance with the best usage, which yet fail to ring upon the ear with the leaping, stirring melody of the established version. He sometimes uses words of Latin derivation, when he had better Saxon words at hand. In some instances, also, he translates into our English idiom Hebraisms, which are sufficiently well understood, and have incomparably more of euphony when literally rendered. These instances are, however, but few; and because few, they are the more striking when they occur, from contrast with the generally elevated diction and spirited and melodious movement of the translation. In all of these works, the metrical arrangement of the original is strictly observed, and the text is broken into paragraphs and sections in accordance with the natural divisions, while the chapters and verses of the common system are marked in the margin for purposes of reference. Then there is prefixed to each of the books a brief introduction, exhibiting the results, without any of the parade, of learning, and presenting a synopsis of the facts, with reference to the external history of the work, with which the general reader needs to be acquainted. The notes are very few and short, adapted, with hardly an exception, to the comprehension and taste of the merely English reader, and for the most part either indicating the grounds of preference for the rendering given in the text, or explaining idiomatic or elliptical expressions, which could not have been unfolded in the text without an inadmissible periphrasis.

The volume now before us corresponds in its style of execution, and in its claims upon the public regard and gratitude, with those that preceded it. It makes with them a complete version of the poetical portion of the Hebrew canon. It hardly admits of criticism apart from the rest; nor has the diligent perusal of all of them enabled us to pronounce either of them superior to the others in the traces of care, or skill, or learning. The series was not commenced till the author had made himself second to none in his qualifications for his task; nor is it in his nature, or consonant with his rigid conscientiousness, so to lean on an established reputation as to remit in the last of the series any thing of that diligent elaboration which commended the first to universal favor.

In one point of view, indeed, the volume just issued might

seem of inferior importance, as less needed than the others. Undoubtedly, the book of Proverbs is better understood in the common version than any of the other poetical books. Yet still, there are many pearls there dropped, which Dr. Noyes has strung again, — many maxims, to which he has restored their native brilliancy and point, and converted them from homely truisms back to apophthegms equally original and striking, both in their artistical form and their ethical significance. This book deserves the most diligent attention and study, as a compend of the practical morality and piety which sprang from the Mosaic revelation. It exhibits both the preëminent ethical value of the Jewish theology beyond all other ancient religions, and, at the same time, its inadequacy to conduct the nation to that lofty spiritual stand-point which we owe to Him through whom immortality was at once revealed and made manifest. The collection is the more valuable, in this regard, from the fact, that it is not the work of one hand, but of at least five different authors or compilers, between the reigns of Solomon and Hezekiah, inclusive ; and that, therefore, it may be assumed as representing the moral tone and standard of the wisest and best men that flourished under the kings of Judah. It certainly adds abundant confirmation to the divine origin of the Jewish faith, while in its frequently superficial and external character, and in its many *lacunæ*, it indicates the need of the more comprehensive and profound ethics of the New Testament.

Ecclesiastes is supposed, from the Aramæan complexion of its language, to have been written after the Babylonish captivity, and probably at a later date than any other book of the Jewish canon. It could not have been the author's design to pass it off as the work of Solomon ; but, in giving the mature results of an extended experience of the wonders, pleasures, and vanities of life, he assumed the name and person of Solomon, as of an eminent historical character, within the range of whose powerful, prosperous, guilty, afflicted, penitent reign, every phasis of human experience might be naturally portrayed. This book is of kindred value with the Proverbs, as presenting views of human life which indicate far more breadth and justness of conception as to the aims and ends of life than could have been attained without the guidance of revelation, and yet illustrating man's intense need of full faith in immortality to cast light upon the dark passages,

the limitations, and the failures of his earthly pilgrimage. This work, in our established version, is exceedingly obscure ; and, in the original, its style is harsh, diffuse, and vague. On no portion of his labors can Dr. Noyes have found more need of elaborate study, and keen, critical acumen, than here ; and never before, as we believe, have the lucubrations of " the Preacher " been clothed in intelligible English. But here we hardly meet with a sentence that does not interpret itself at the first glance ; and the translation is so free from ambiguity in the text, as to render three fourths of the few notes appended to it superfluous. There are one or two instances, indeed, in which we should have preferred a different rendering, and could quote high critical authority in our favor ; but in every such case, Dr. Noyes has fortified his ground by substantial reasons. We quote the closing chapter as a specimen of the style of the translation, and the more readily, because, with all its acknowledged pathos and beauty, some portions of it bear but a dim and doubtful significance in our common version.

" Remember, also, thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, of which thou shalt say, ' I have no pleasure in them ' ; before the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars become dark, and the clouds return after the rain ; at the time when the keepers of the house tremble, and the men of war bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows are darkened ; when the doors are shut in the streets, because the sound of the grinding is low ; when they rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low ; when, also, they are afraid of that which is high, and terrors are in the way, and the almond is despised, and the locust is a burden, and the caper-berry fails ; since man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets ; — before the silver cord be snapped, and the golden bowl be broken, or the bucket broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the well, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

" Mere vanity, saith the Preacher, all is vanity !

" Moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge ; yea, he considered, and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and the correct writing of words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, yea, as driven nails are the words of members of assemblies, given by one teacher. And, more-

over, by these, my son, be warned! Of making many books there is no end, and much study wearies the flesh. Let us hear the end of the whole discourse! Fear God and keep his commandments! For this is the duty of all men. For God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." — pp. 114, 115.

The Canticles, Dr. Noyes, in common with many critics of every denomination, supposes to be a collection of amatory idyls, written, if not by Solomon, at least in his reign, or soon after it. His translation of them is full of life and beauty. Though he assigns to them no mystical sense and no religious purpose, yet those who would spiritualize them so as to represent the relations of Christ and the church ought to attach a peculiar value to his version ; for with them, a literal and perspicuous rendering is of course essential as a basis for their allegorical interpretations. But there is one consideration which perhaps renders these songs of still higher religious worth when we regard them as mere love-songs. We well know how much of manifest and glaring impurity there is in the amatory lyrics of ancient Greece and Rome. We have here, beyond a doubt, the favorite, so to speak, the classical, love-songs of the Hebrews ; and we find them, though in one or two instances marked by a license of speech inconsistent with modern notions of propriety, yet, so free from every thing absolutely gross or necessarily indelicate, that they still retain a seldom challenged place between the same covers with the Psalms and the Gospels, and suggest only associations of devoted piety and high religious fervor to many of the purest and best minds of the race. How shall we account for this contrast, except by supposing even the lighter literature of the Hebrews to have been held in check by that sound moral principle, and elevated religious sentiment, which could have flowed only from divine inspiration ?

We regard these works of Dr. Noyes, not only as worthy and useful in a religious point of view, but as among the ripest fruits of American scholarship, and the most valuable contributions to American literature. They have won for him the highest reputation, both at home and abroad, and have received the warmest praise from critics of various denominations. They must take their place on that brief list of sacred classics that will not need expurgation, till the language in which they are written grows obsolete.

ART. VIII. — *United States Exploring Expedition.* —

1. *The Zoöphytes; by* JAMES D. DANA, A. M., Geologist of the Expedition. 1846. Large 4to. pp. 740. With an Atlas of 61 plates in folio.
2. *Ethnography and Philology; by* HORATIO HALE, A. M., Philologist of the Expedition. 1846. Large 4to. pp. 666.

WE duly noticed the Narrative of our national Exploring Expedition, published by its indefatigable commander. Those interesting, though diffuse, volumes comprise a full account of the details and incidents of the voyage, and afford the reader a general idea of the work performed and the results attained. But the permanently valuable results of this great undertaking, by which its success is ultimately to be measured, are embodied in the scientific reports now in course of publication. Foremost in importance among these, doubtless, is the hydrographical portion, of which, however, it is not our purpose now to speak, except to say that the charts and surveys which have already appeared are pronounced by competent judges to be of unrivalled excellence, and to reflect the highest credit on the commander and his subordinate officers, who have so faithfully executed the arduous duties of this department.

Besides these charts, the only volumes yet published are the two the titles of which stand at the head of this article. These are the first fruits of the rich scientific harvest which our zealous *savans* have gathered. Before we open them, we are bound to call public attention to a serious error in respect to the mode, or rather the amount, of publication, which, unless corrected in season, must render them forbidden fruit to nearly all the scientific world. We know something of the interest with which the appearance of these volumes is awaited, not only by the comparatively few laborers who represent the rising science of our own land, but especially by their numerous European brethren. Let our readers imagine their surprise and our mortification, when they learn that the edition ordered by the "collective wisdom of the nation," or the more concentrated intelligence of the library committee of Congress, which has charge of the subject, is restricted to *one hundred copies!* It would

be hard to contrive a more effectual plan for defeating the very object of publication. When it is considered, that much the larger part of this five score of copies will probably be absorbed in presents to foreign cabinets and to the State governments, it will be evident that few indeed are likely to be accessible to those who can really appreciate or profit by them. Such niggardly publication is only tantalizing the votaries of science. It is, moreover, particularly unjust to the authors of these works, who, after devoting four of the best years of their lives to severe labor, exposed to danger and every privation, and as many more, since their return, to the elaboration of their materials, — confident that they have been able to make no meagre additions to the general stock of knowledge, and to lay a broad foundation for their own scientific fame, — have surely a right to expect a fair hearing before the scientific world.

This infinitesimal edition can hardly have been ordered, one would think, on the score of economy. If so, the penny-wise system begins too late; for all the principal expenditures have been lavishly made. We refer not so much to the Expedition itself, upon which hundreds of thousands have been cheerfully expended, nor to the preparation of the scientific reports, of the drawings, &c., upon which a full corps of *savans* and artists have been so long engaged, as to the actual cost of publication, the whole expense of type-setting and engraving having been equally incurred for this small number of copies. The additional charges of an ample impression would be merely the trifling cost of paper and presswork, and, in some cases, of the coloring of plates. This beggarly plan, therefore, has not even the poor merit of parsimony. Under these circumstances, if not an oversight, it is sheer extravagance, — an epithet strictly applicable to this "withholding more than is meet," when it renders former liberality unavailing. We shall be among the last to find fault with these beautiful volumes, printed on fine paper, with the utmost luxury of type and amplitude of margin. Still, if it be a question between an edition of a hundred splendid but inaccessible copies, and an adequate one in a cheaper form, surely no reasonable person, not even Congress, "can long debate which of the two to choose." But no change is necessary in this respect, except the ordering of an additional impression of three

hundred or five hundred copies, to be placed on sale, — just as the charts of the Expedition are sold, — at a price which will barely reimburse the additional cost. We are confident that this number of copies, sufficient to give the work needful circulation, would be promptly bought, even in the present somewhat expensive dress.* Some such plan has, we believe, been recommended to the consideration of the library committee of Congress by the leading scientific societies of the country, — with what success we have not yet learned. We can only add our protest against the present ill-advised scheme, which is preposterous on the score of economy, since nothing whatever is saved by it, and which, if persevered in, will be truly disgraceful to the country.†

It has occurred to us, as we turned the leaves of these sumptuous volumes, — though we like not to entertain the thought, — that a pitiful pride may have had something to do in limiting the number of copies, so as designedly to give them the adventitious value of great rarity ; that the library committee may have wished to imitate the equivocal patronage to science of some sovereigns, such as an emperor of Austria in the last century, for instance, who caused the works of Jacquin to be published in magnificent style, but in a very small number of copies, chiefly for distribution as presents, and then destroyed the plates, that imperial gifts might not subsequently be cheapened.

"These are imperial arts, and worthy kings,"

perhaps, in a former age, — though even royal patrons have now grown wiser ; but they are quite unworthy of republican imitation.

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* We would by no means recommend Congress to follow the "pound-foolish" system which the State of New York has acted on, in the publication of the results of her noble and thorough Geological Survey. After expending hundreds of thousands of dollars upon the publication alone of a very large edition, at an unreasonable cost, and wasting, it would seem, a considerable amount in high prices for quite inferior typography, engraving, binding, &c., the job is crowned by the indiscriminate distribution of these large and costly volumes, many of them filled with recondite science quite unintelligible to common persons, among the first applicants (citizens of the State) at the price of one dollar apiece! — a sum less than one fourth part of the cost of merely coloring the plates which several of these volumes each contain.

† We learn that the printers have, in fact, at their own responsibility and risk, secured an impression of 150 copies of the two volumes already printed ; but, besides the want of any guaranty for the continuance through the series of this unauthorized impression, it is evident that their

The volumes before us, to which, leaving this unpleasant topic, we gladly return, do not need the undesirable advantage of scarcity to give them value. They can well afford to stand upon their intrinsic merit; and if others of the series sustain the same high character, the whole will form by far the most important contribution which our country has yet made to natural science. We propose to give a cursory notice of both works, on this occasion; although the two subjects, zoöphytes and men, stand at opposite extremities of the scale of being, and have little apparent connection. To begin with the zoöphytes, or coral-animals, will be most in accordance with the natural order of things; since, if they were not the remote progenitors of the human species, as the Lamarckian hypothesis maintains, they were doubtless its predecessors, and have borne no inconsiderable part in the construction of many of the islands upon which reside the races whose national characteristics and languages form the subject of the ethnographical and philological volume.

The systematical part of Mr. Dana's work, necessarily drawn up in strictly scientific form, is of course too technical for our present aim. But the copious introductory chapters on the structure and economy of the zoöphytes, or plant-animals, abound in curious matter. Here our author shows us how the coral grove vegetates, and the tree of stone raises its rugged trunk and spreads its branches, covered with animate blossoms; — how undoubted animals, adopting the laws of vegetable growth, imitate so perfectly not only the branching shrub, but the varied forms of land herbage, "as to have deceived even the philosopher until near a century since." Not only the tiny moss, the humble lichen, and the graceful fern, but also the gay flowers of the *parterre* have their counterparts in the submarine garden. There is the Sea-Anemone, one of those Actinias which are most appropriately called flower-animals, and which, in form and size, and some of them in brilliant coloring also, rival the Asters, Carnations, and Anemones of the land. There are the Tubipores and Alcyonia, which resemble clumps of pinks, and Melitæas and Gorgonias, forming clusters of tinted twigs or rushes, sometimes spreading free in the still water, sometimes curi-

too limited number, giving them the factitious value of rarity, no less than the risk which the printers assume, will probably cause these copies to be held at so high a price as to defeat, in a good degree, the principal object of publication.

ously entwined, as if by art, into fans and coral wicker-work. "The Madrepores are crowded around in turfy clumps and miniature trees in bloom, or imitate spreading leaves and graceful vases filled with flowers; while Astræas build up among the shrubbery large domes, embellished with green and purple blossoms, studding the surface like gems." It is, in short, as if the shrubs and blossoms that overhang the shore were seen reflected from the wave in somewhat distorted, but only the more strangely beautiful, shapes; or as if, at the subsidence of the tropical islets, to which it has been supposed the coral reefs owe their existence, the diverse forms of land vegetation had merely to

> "suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange,"

to produce these singular representations of herb, tree, and flower.

The name of zoöphytes, given to these ambiguous productions before their real nature was understood, is still most expressive of their peculiar character. They are *animals which grow like a plant.* This name, which our author retains, though it was discarded by Lamarck and many succeeding naturalists, has the convenience of being applicable to the whole compound structure, the coral-tree, sea-fan, or aggregate of whatever shape. When an individual animal is spoken of, it is termed a polyp. Striking as are these imitations of vegetable forms by zoöphytes, yet this whole resemblance is entirely superficial. They vegetate, indeed, but they are not vegetables. Although the polyps of the coral fabric bud and sprout like a plant, they are veritable animals still, exhibiting all the essential characteristics of their race. For the genuine credentials of an animal are, not the faculty of locomotion, which is an incidental convenience rather than a necessity of animal life, nor the possession of a head or heart, one or both of which are frequently wanting, but (let the *gourmand* be thankful to science for the distinction) the possession of a mouth and a stomach. Now the coral-polyps not only have these all-important organs, the sole absolute marks of animality, but they have scarcely any thing else. They are animals *par excellence*, divested of all superfluities. The simple polyp consists of a cylindrical or oblong body, flattened at the end

occupied by the mouth, which opens directly into the interior cavity or stomach. The mouth is usually surrounded by a fringe of tentacles, which, in many species, in the Sea-Anemone for instance, spread in imitation of the petals of a flower. But these petals close at once upon any small animal that alights upon them, not merely detaining the victim, as do the irritable leaves of the Venus's Fly-trap, but promptly conveying it to the capacious maw, where it is digested at leisure. The polyps are not jelly-like in consistence, as is often stated ; their texture is commonly fleshy or quite firm, so that they are capable of exerting considerable force. Nor are they, for the most part, invisible animalcules. Some, indeed, are microscopic ; but many of the common sorts are half an inch in width ; others measure two or three inches, and some of the Actinias are even a foot and a half in diameter, when their disk is spread. Though by no means the minutest, they are among the simplest of animals ; for the Rotiferæ, and even the Polygastric Infusoria, appear to have a more complicated structure. Some of them move about freely in the water, their tentacles serving for locomotive as well as prehensile organs. But the greater number are firmly attached to the rocks, or some other convenient support, to which they cling with the tenacity of an office-holder, while they gorge themselves with such pickings as fall within their reach. Some polyps, such as the Hydra, it is well known, may be turned inside out, like the finger of a glove, — or as the pliant office-holder turns his coat when the *ins* and the *outs* change places, — and still feed and digest unconcernedly, and thrive and batten in all respects just as well as before.

Such is the simple zoöphyte. Some, even of the proper coral-polyps, remain in this independent, single state all their lives long, — are solitary individuals, like the Actinia or Sea-Anemone ; when their only resemblance to plants lies in the floral form which their spreading tentacles or rays simulate. From the separate polyp of this sort, there are all possible varieties and degrees of complexity, up to those living and branching masses in which hundreds of thousands of individuals are congregated and united. But the myriads which compose the coral-tree, or mass, however extensive, are all the progeny of a single polyp ancestor, in which the offspring for generation after generation remain connected

with the parent. How this is brought about, so that the simple zoöphyte becomes a united family, and in time a body corporate, may now be considered. Rightly to understand this, we must contemplate the various modes of reproduction in these simpler animals, — modes which appear to be the more varied and curious as we descend in the scale, — beginning with that peculiar operation, so characteristic of the very lowest races, in which the simple polyps "go halves" by what the physiologists term fissiparous reproduction. In this way division is made to accomplish the ordinary result of union. A solitary individual splits up into two, each having an equal claim to be considered the parent of the other, and each equally capable of further multiplication by this odd way of *pairing*. This is one of the methods by which the proper Infusoria multiply at such a rapid rate.

Among zoöphytes, if the Hydra does not propagate exactly after this fashion, it is capable of doing so with a little adventitious aid, as was shown by those well known experiments of Trembley, who kindly assisted nature by cutting full grown individuals in pieces, and amused himself by observing each portion become a perfect Hydra ; — the tail end, in the course of two or three days, producing a head, and the head end completing itself posteriorly by a tail. In case of a three-fold division, not only will the tail produce a head and the head a tail, but a head will grow from one end of the middle section and a tail from the other, so that the animal is speedily completed in triplicate. Continuing his experiments, Trembley found that "two polyps may be made to change heads, for the head of one may be engrafted on the body of another" ; and if the tail of one individual be placed in the mouth of another, the two heterogeneous extremities readily unite, so as to confound all our notions of personal identity. It cannot further surprise us that animals so indifferent whether they wear their own heads or their neighbours' should be equally indifferent whether they have any heads at all. Our author accordingly informs us, that certain aggregate zoöphytes of the order Hydroidea cast their heads at pleasure, as a lobster does his shell, or a tree its leaves in autumn ; new ones springing up again after a short interval, fresh and young, to supply the place of those which were effete or addled. Thus, in a Tubularia, Mr. Harvey observed, after he had kept his specimens two days, that they began to look unhealthy, and on

the third, "the heads were all thrown off and lay on the bottom of the vessel." After three days more, fresh water having been supplied, the polyps were again complete.

Reproduction by spontaneous fission, however, does not explain how the single polyp becomes an aggregate; but the next, the *gemmiparous*, mode does. The budding process is nearly as universal in zoöphytes as in the vegetable kingdom. The simplest case of gemmiparous propagation in polyps scarcely differs essentially from that by spontaneous fission, except that the distinction between parent and offspring is manifest. Take the Hydra, for example; although it sometimes breeds ova, after a more decidedly animal fashion, yet, for the most part, the young simply pullulate from the side of the parent.

"A minute protuberance first begins to rise on the surface; it lengthens and becomes a rudimentary branchlet, with a tubular axis connecting with the tubular cavity of the parent; shortly one or more tentacles begin to appear at the summit of the forming branchlet, and soon the number is completed, and the young polyp is perfected. It remains for a while attached; but, when matured, the young leaves the parent to swim at large and give birth to other young. They breed rapidly, and frequently new shoots commence before the animal is detached from the parent; and occasionally sprout on sprout is thus added, till a small compound group is formed." — p. 24.

This is just the way, locomotion excepted, in which the plants multiply in a bed of tulips, and in which the common bulblet-bearing lily of our gardens produces its buds or bulbs above ground, which separate, as independent plantlets, as soon as they are formed. As in the herb or tree the bud or offspring which remains united with the parent stem forms a branch, so likewise the continued adhesion of the budding polyp-progeny to the parent, and the successive development in this way of new individuals that do not acquire complete independence, produce at length the branching zoöphyte. Each coral-tree commenced from a single polyp, just as the oak from an acorn; the branching mass in either case has arisen from the development of buds for generation after generation in union with the parent stock. And just as the branch of the growing tree, having expanded its leaves, renders its filial contributions to the mother stem, so the young persistent polyp, still sharing the maternal nourishment,

"extends its arms, and begins its contributions to the body-coralline," as soon as its mouth and tentacles are formed.

"The first polyp with which the zoöphyte commences thus gives out a bud, and this another; and so a succession is formed, and the little stem is gradually lengthened; branchlets grow out, and the plume, or miniature tree, is finally completed. The whole may be the work of a few weeks or months, though they usually continue budding and growing for some years. Before the zoöphyte has reached its limits in size, the number of polyps sometimes becomes immensely large. In a single specimen of Plumularia collected by the author in the East Indies, there are about 12,000 polyps to each plumose branch; and, as the whole zoöphyte, three feet long, bears these plumes, on an average every half inch, on opposite sides, the whole number of polyps is not short of eight millions; all the offspring of a single germ, and produced by successive buddings." — p. 24.

"The several polyps in a compound zoöphyte eat and digest separately, and generally carry on as individuals the processes of reproduction and aëration; yet all aid in the growth of the common mass, though each contributes more especially to its own nutriment and the part immediately adjoining. Although their visceral cavities are distinct, there are numerous communications between those of adjoining polyps, and the fluids may pass more or less freely from one to the other. An injury to one part of a zoöphyte is felt by the polyps some distance around, but not always through the whole mass. On pressing the tip of a branch of a large Alcyonium, in the Feejees, there was an immediate contraction of every polyp through the whole zoöphyte, although extending to a breadth of four feet." — pp. 14, 15.

The coral is, therefore, a body-corporate, or community, — not by any means constituted, however, on the democratic principle of the association of originally independent individuals for the promotion of common objects, but really formed on the patriarchal system, — an analogy which we commend to the notice of writers on the theory of government. It is a sort of natural Fourier association, inasmuch as the gatherings of each are shared by all, although here, just as in its analogue, it turns out on examination that each individual is "more especially" occupied in taking care of itself. The members of the community not only feed at a common table, as at a corporation dinner, but have, moreover, the inestimable advantage of a corporate digestion. There is, however, considerable diversity in this respect, the burden of digestion

being sometimes thrown upon the public, and sometimes borne by the individual. In many species, where the stomachs of the young polyps at first communicate freely with that of the parent, the opening is afterwards closed, and the younger members of the family are left to their own resources. In others, there is such free and open intercommunication, "that adjacent polyps have scarcely any thing but a mouth which can be said to be private property." The whole is, as it were, one manifold ramified stomach, fed by a million of mouths. This system is eminently favorable to density of population; which in these commonwealths sometimes defies all reckoning. The estimated number in one of the minuter zoöphytes has been mentioned in a former extract; the subjoined paragraph gives an idea of the populousness of some of the larger, dome-shaped corals.

"Calculating the number of polyps that are united in a single Astræa dome, twelve feet in diameter, — each covering a square half inch, — we find it exceeding one hundred thousand; and in a Porites of the same dimensions, in which the animals are under a line in breadth, the number exceeds five and a half millions; there are here, consequently, five and a half millions of mouths and stomachs to a single zoöphyte, contributing together to the growth of the mass, by eating, and growing, and budding." — p. 60.

All polyps do not form coral; nor is there any difference in structure or well marked line of distinction to be drawn between those that produce it and those that do not. Some remain soft and fleshy throughout; some acquire in their older portions the consistence of cartilage or horn; others secrete a few scattered granules of lime; and from these there are gradual transitions up to the proper coral-making species, whose secretions form a solid framework to the animal. Quite erroneous, too, is the common opinion, that the coral is a calcareous exudation from the surface of the polyps; it is an internal secretion, analogous rather to the skeleton of a vertebrate than to the shell of a molluscous animal. It is not like a beehive, a collection of cells which the animals have built, and in which they live. On the contrary, the coral is contained within the body of the polyp, where it is generally concealed from view, or covered by the animal tissues, at least in the living part of the coral branch. The dead coral exhibits only the skeleton, or calcareous

framework, from which the flesh has disappeared. Certain species form coral only at their base or point of union. As the united polyps of a branch have their mouths opening outwards on every side, while their confluent bases are all directed inward towards a common central line, the secretion of coral by these bases necessarily produces a solid axis to the branch, which gradually indurates below as it grows from the apex, just like the branch of a tree. In this way is formed the horny stem of the Gorgonia, or sea-fan, so long deemed to be of vegetable origin, which, bereft of its polyps, as in our cabinet specimens, is like the branch of a shrub divested of its bark and foliage. The red or noble coral of the Mediterranean, — the *Coral* of the ancients and of the nursery, — is the calcareous axis of another species, stripped of its polyp exterior. Many of the shapes which the coral-forming zoöphytes assume are familiarly known.

" Madrepore shrubs and trees, and the sea-fan and other Gorgoniæ, from the West and East Indies, are common in collections. The hemispheres of *brain-coral* (Meandrina), and also of *star-coral* (Astræa), are often met with. It is very generally supposed, that these are by far the most frequent, if not the only shapes presented ; but, on the contrary, the varieties are extremely numerous, as we have already intimated. Some species grow up in the form of large leaves rolled around one another like an open cabbage, and *cabbage-coral* would be no inapt designation for such species. Another foliated kind consists of leaves more crisped and of more delicate texture, irregularly clustered ; — *lettuce-coral* would be a significant name. Each leaf has a surface covered with polyp-flowers, and was formed by the growth and secretion of these polyps. Clustered leaves of the acanthus and oak are at once called to mind by other species ; a sprouting asparagus-bed by others. The mushroom is here imitated in very many of its fantastic shapes, and other fungi, with mosses and lichens, add to the variety. The vases of flowers, to which allusion is made on a preceding page, are common about the reefs of the Pacific. They stand on a cylindrical base, which is enveloped in flowers when alive, and consist of a network of branches and branchlets, spreading gracefully from a centre, covered above with crowded sprigs of tinted polyps. The vases in the collections of the Expedition, at Washington, will bear out this description, although but the lifeless coral. The domes of Astræas are of perfect symmetry, and often grow to a diameter of ten or twelve feet without a blemish. The ruder hillocks of Porites are sometimes twenty feet across. Besides these, we

might describe columns, Hercules' clubs, and various strange shapes which are like nothing but themselves." — pp. 59, 60.

Life, however, is but superficial in these masses. The present generations are building upon the tombs of their fathers. "An Astræa dome, twelve feet in diameter, although solid coral throughout, is alive for only half or three fourths of an inch from the surface"; and in the larger mounds of Porites, a thin living turf of less than half that thickness covers the remains of a myriad ancestry. The founders of the huge Astræas of the Red Sea, coeval at the least with the builders of the oldest pyramids, and the long line of their countless descendants, are thus all preserved together in an ever-increasing ossuary, forming their own mausoleum. The arborescent species are not only lifeless along the axis, but are dead throughout towards the bottom; as in a genealogical tree, only the ultimate ramifications are among the living. But the recent shoots flourish with none the less luxuriance on a lifeless trunk, though death follows, *æquo pulsat pede*, leaving only a narrow interval. Life is but a span, at the best; "the addition of an inch at the apex is death to an inch below."

It is upon this principle of growing ever upward and onward, though perishing below, and upon the durability of the coral mass, protected by an ever active surface, that the power of these apparently insignificant animals to accomplish such great results depends. Themselves often microscopic in size, or but a few lines in height, they would otherwise be limited in their coral-making to a few inches at farthest, and merely incrust the surface upon which they grow, instead of constructing coral-reefs of vast extent, and in various ways bearing a most important part in the physical economy of the world. The extent of this agency, and the whole subject of coral-reefs, upon which it is understood that a large amount of important information has been gathered, our author has reserved for his forthcoming geological report. The physiological points of the subject, however, are admirably presented here. In his brief chapter upon the geographical distribution of zoöphytes, Mr. Dana informs us that the work is confided to different species or tribes in different zones or seas, and that each species, just as in the case of land animals and land plants, is generally confined to a comparatively narrow longitudinal range. The

range of the principal corals in depth, also, is remarkably restricted. "Twenty, or perhaps sixteen, fathoms will include very nearly all the species of the Madrepore and Astræa tribes," the principal reef-forming corals. A large part of our author's copious introduction — perhaps the most interesting one to the general naturalist — is devoted to showing how the almost infinitely various and singular forms, which different corals or compound zoöphytes present, arise from two or three fundamental modifications in the mode of budding, and the general plan of growth. Taking his cue from the vegetable kingdom, where it is easy to reduce the whole ramification to that particular plan according to which the whole development of the tree has taken place, from the primordial shoot to the ultimate branchlet and the latest leaf, Mr. Dana has ably and clearly shown, that all the forms of coral-structure are reducible to the same fundamental laws of organic growth. He has taught us, not only that the resulting shape of the coral strictly depends on the mode in which the successive polyps have from first to last budded and branched from the parent stem, but also that the actual modes in the zoöphyte are identical with those of vegetable growth. Each principal modification in the plant has its counterpart in the coralline vegetation. There is not merely an analogy between the two, but propagation and growth by budding are truly the same operation in both cases. The *zoophyte is an animal which really grows like a plant.* But, lest the subject should ramify beyond our narrow limits, we leave it abruptly, copying merely the closing paragraph of one of the author's most attractive chapters.

"There is much to surprise and interest us in tracing out the simple causes of results so remarkable. The small polyp, incapable even of extending its arms without a drop of water to inject them, is enabled, by means of a simple secretion in its texture, in connection with the process of budding, to rise from the rock and spread wide its branches, or erect, with solid masonry, the coral domes, in defiance of the waves that break over them. The microscopic germ of a Gorgonia developes a polyp barely visible to the naked eye, which has the power of producing a secretion from its base. The polyp buds, and finally the growing shrub is covered with branches and branchlets, many a mere thread in thickness, which stand and wave unhurt in the agitated waters. The same secretions fix it to its support, and so strongly, that even the rock comes away before the zoöphyte will break

from its attachment. Tens of thousands of polyps cover the branches, like so many flowers, spreading their tinted petals in the genial sunshine, and quiet seas, but withdrawing when the clouds betoken a storm. . . . . .

"A beautiful provision protects the branching coral-tree — often the work of ages — from being destroyed by the dissolving waters, when exposed, on the death and removal of the polyps. Certain minute incrusting corals — the Bryozoa and Sertularidæ, together with Nullipores — make the surface their resting-place, as soon as it is laid bare, and go on spreading and covering the dead trunk, and so prevent the wearing action of the sea. The Madrepore may thus continue to enlarge beyond its adult size; the Caryophyllia may multiply almost endlessly its cylindrical branchings, although the living animal but tips the extremities of each; for protection is given at once, when needed, and the polyps die, only to leave the surface to other forms of life, more varied and no less strange.

"Finally, the coral becomes subservient to a still higher purpose than the support of polyps and nullipores. The debris, produced by the waves over a reef, settles into the many crevices among the dead trunks, and fills up the intervals, often large, between the scattered coral-patches; and, by this combined action of living growth and detritus accumulations, a solid rocky basement is formed, and kept in constant increase. In this way the coral-reef gradually nears the surface, and finally becomes the foundation of one of the fairest of

> 'the sea-girt isles,
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep';

the coral polyps now yielding place to the flowers and groves of the land, which fulfil their end in promoting the comfort and happiness of man." — pp. 83, 84.

Here, where our author rises from polyps to men, we may, with a good grace, take leave of him, and pass to the consideration of Mr. Hale's ethnographical and philological volume. But before doing so, we would briefly but most heartily commend the course which Mr. Dana has thought best to pursue in the principal systematic part of his work, where he has given a revision of all the coral-zoöphytes (the Actinoidea) yet discovered; rendering it, therefore, a complete manual, and the latest and fullest exponent of what is now known on this hitherto obscure and difficult subject. The propriety, not to say necessity, of this course will be evident

to every one conversant with like subjects, when informed that two hundred and three out of the two hundred and sixty-one Actinoid zoöphytes collected in the cruise are here described for the first time ; and that, of the four hundred and eighty-three coral-zoöphytes described in the report (the Actiniæ, which make no coral, being excluded from this estimate), only two hundred and fifty-four, or little more than half, are to be found at all in previous works ; while even of those formerly known to naturalists, comparatively few had been examined in a living state. "It is, therefore," to copy the modest statement in the preface, "no presumption on the part of the author, to say that a large amount of new information was obtained, nor a fact which might not have been anticipated, that such information has detected numerous errors in the received systems, or suggested changes of fundamental importance. In making out the report, it was found impossible, in many genera, to describe the newly discovered species without giving new and more definite characters to the old, and the genera themselves sometimes required a modification of their limits, and changes in their associations." A complete revision, therefore, by the light which the researches of the Expedition have thrown upon the whole subject, was probably the most compendious, and, beyond all question, the most desirable and useful plan. This plan Mr. Dana has accordingly adopted, and faithfully executed ; producing a work upon one of the most curious and attractive, though formerly the most obscure and difficult, departments of the animal kingdom, which must long remain the standard authority upon the subject. Nor should it be forgotten, in our estimate of Mr. Dana's labors, that his scientific reputation hitherto has principally rested on his mineralogical writings, that the special field assigned to him was the geology of the Expedition, upon which his reports are still to be made, and that it was only in the course of the voyage, owing to the withdrawal of a zealous member of the scientific corps to whom this department was originally consigned, that the subject of zoöphytes fell into his able hands.

The work of Mr. Hale will do credit both to himself and to the country. As this is his first appearance, we believe, in the capacity of an author, it will be proper that we introduce him to our readers. Mr. Hale is the son of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, well known as a writer and as the editor of a popu-

lar journal. He belonged to the class which was graduated at Harvard University in 1837. His college career was highly distinguished; he exhibited uncommon powers in the acquisition both of literature and science, and his industry was remarkable. His aptitude for learning languages made him known, even at that early period of his life, to the most distinguished philologists of our country. The late learned president of the American Academy was among his warmest friends. When the Exploring Expedition was fitting out, Mr. Hale, though still an undergraduate, was selected for the place of philologist; and the result shows that probably a better selection could not have been made. He engaged in the duties to which he was thus honorably appointed, with a zeal and ability which have produced the most valuable results. He has availed himself of all the sources of information previously existing, and has drawn from them whatever came within the range of subjects to which his inquiries were directed. The journals of voyagers, the writings of the missionaries, the researches of philologists into the nature and character of the languages spoken throughout the extensive groups of the Oceanic islands, manuscript vocabularies and grammars, have all been examined, sifted, and combined with the results of personal study and observation. Mr. Hale has thus succeeded in giving a certain classical completeness to his work, which makes it a model for future laborers in the same or in similar fields of research. The style of this volume is marked by rare excellences, and those of the highest order. It is elegant, terse, compact, and business-like, to a remarkable degree. It makes no pretensions to show, assumes no glittering ornaments, runs into no passages of exaggerated eloquence; at the same time, its literary finish satisfies the demands of a fastidious taste, and possesses the beauty of an exquisite adaptedness to the subjects handled. It is a transparent medium of expression for a richly informed, clear-thinking, straight-forward mind; it presents the meaning of the writer strongly and directly to the mind of the reader, instructing while it gratifies.

We dwell upon this excellence of Mr. Hale's book with some emphasis, because we are of opinion that the value even of scientific works is materially increased, if the scientific substance is adorned by an appropriate beauty of form; and we think that in this point of view Mr. Hale deserves especial commendation.

The principal portion of the volume is devoted to the ethnography and philology of Oceanica, or that portion of the globe which lies between the coasts of Asia and America, embracing the continent of Australia or New Holland, the insular masses of the East Indian archipelago, and the innumerable smaller clusters of islands scattered over the Pacific Ocean. This region, called by the French *Océanie*, has been subdivided into five departments, distinguished from each other by their natural features, and by the characters of their inhabitants, and bearing respectively the names of Malaisia, Melanesia, Australia, Micronesia, and Polynesia, all of which were visited and examined, to a greater or less extent, by the scientific corps of the Exploring Expedition. The Northwest Coast of America occupied a portion of Mr. Hale's attention; and finding at Rio Janeiro some negroes from the South of Africa, he seized the opportunity of investigating the dialects, so far as that could be done, spoken in their part of the country.

The volume thus constructed by Mr. Hale is a beautiful quarto, and the typographical execution of it is worthy of its varied, interesting, and valuable contents. It is divided into two principal departments, ethnography and philology; the ethnographical portion embraces the first two hundred and twenty-five pages, and the philological, the remaining four hundred and forty-one. In the term ethnography are included the general description of the country, physical characteristics of the inhabitants, religion, mythology, cosmogonies, worship, civil polity, customs and manners, manufactures, migrations, and a variety of other minor but connected topics.* Philology includes whatever relates to mental culture, so far at least as this is connected with language. The several topics are grammar and comparative grammar, including prosody, dictionaries, and vocabularies, poetical composition, music, and the like. This arrangement is sound and rational. Ethnography forms an excellent introduction to philology; it is a sort of basis for the intellectual superstructure.

This part of the work, however, does not contain so much

* Mr. Hale certainly gives a very extensive meaning to this word, *ethnography*, and thereby departs widely from the usage of late years, which confines the signification of the term to "an account of the filiation of the different races of human beings."

new and original matter as the philological. It is, nevertheless, of great interest, and wrought out with great ability. Many of the materials bearing upon this part of the subject already existed, scattered over the works of previous writers. The great merit of Mr. Hale here is the admirable judgment with which he has combined these materials into a consistent whole, adding such particulars as his own observation enabled him to supply, and thus presenting a gallery of ethnographical pictures, of the highest importance, and distinguished by a classical finish and beauty of execution. They show a remarkable acuteness and tact in discerning the characteristic peculiarities of the numerous tribes included in his survey, and facility in their delineation. The many curious analogies between barbarian institutions and those of the most refined nations are readily seized and clearly pointed out. The systems of government existing among the Oceanic nations are skilfully developed; their traditions, superstitions, religious rites, and cosmogonies, not merely well described, but analyzed and philosophically explained. The legal antiquary will find the principles of the feudal tenure amply illustrated by the rules which regulated the land tenures in the Sandwich Islands before the adoption of their present written constitution. On the other hand, the sturdy enemies of law and order, the champions of absolute equality, will discover that they have been anticipated and even excelled by the Australians; that they are at the best but awkward imitators, *servum pecus*, when compared with the philosophers of that continent, who in politics have no government, and in their language have no terms to express the ideas of command and obedience.

The Shakers will be pleased to know that one of their leading principles is practically enforced by the Australian moralists upon the young men, who, while unmarried, are forbidden to approach, or to speak to, a female. The dietetic sages, especially the disciples of Mr. Graham, will be gratified to be informed, that the same modest and shy young gentlemen are not allowed to eat fish or eggs, or the emu, or any of the finer kinds of opossum and kangaroo; though, to be sure, these restrictions are gradually removed as the subjects of them get on in life, and when they have passed the period of middle age, they are entirely unrestrained in the choice of food. Mr. Hale throws in a qualifying reflection here, which we quote for the benefit of the old heads among

our peptic philosophers. "Whether one purpose of this law be to accustom the young men to a hardy and simple style of living may be doubted; but its prime object and its result certainly are to prevent the young men from possessing themselves, by their superior strength and agility, of all the more desirable articles of food, and leaving only the refuse to the elders." The chivalrous practice of the duello is in full force among this people; and all their arrangements are so consonant to the high sense of natural justice which exists in countries where this mode of settling private quarrels prevails, that we must cite a portion of them for the benefit of our Southern friends.

"The parties meet in presence of their kindred and friends, who form a circle round them as witnesses and umpires. They stand up opposite one another, armed each with a club about two feet long. The injured person has the right of striking the first blow, to receive which the other is obliged to extend his head forward, with the side turned partially upwards. The blow is inflicted with a force commensurate with the vindictive feeling of the avenger. A white man, with an ordinary cranium, would be killed outright; but owing to the great thickness of their skulls, this seldom happens with the natives. The challenged party now takes his turn to strike, and the other is obliged to place himself in the same posture of convenience. In this way the combat is continued, with alternate buffets, until one of them is stunned, or the expiation is deemed satisfactory."

Now, here is the very beau ideal of single combat, or, to speak learnedly, *monomachy;* and it is perfectly adapted to the requirements of "white men" whose conduct is moulded by the principles of the "code of honor"; for they, like "the natives," are distinguished by "the great thickness of their skulls."

But we have not space to dwell at length on the various topics suggested by the ethnography of this interesting region. A few words on the migrations of the Oceanic tribes must close what we have to say on this branch of the subject. Mr. Hale remarks, — "As the examination of the customs and idioms of the Polynesian tribes leaves no room to doubt that they form, in fact, but a single nation, and as the similarity of their dialects warrants the supposition that no great length of time has elapsed since their dispersion, we are naturally led to inquire whether it may not be possible, by the compar-

ison of their idioms and traditions, and by other indications, to determine, with at least some degree of probability, the original point from which their separation took place, and the manner in which it was effected." By this point our author means, in the present inquiry, the island or group in the Pacific which was first inhabited, and which bore to the rest the relation of the mother country to the colonies.

Mr. Hale pursues the investigation with great care and ingenuity. He examines the grammar and vocabulary of the various dialects, and finds many forms in those of the western groups which are entirely wanting in the eastern tongues; others, which are complete in the former, are found defective in the latter, and perverted from what seems evidently their original meaning. A similar examination of the religious characteristics shows that in the west a simple mythology and spiritual worship exist, which are perverted, as we advance towards the east, into a debasing and cruel idolatry. The fashion of tattooing also, which, in Samoa and Tonga, is intended to answer the purposes of decency, has degenerated elsewhere into a mode of ornament.

At one of the Hervey Islands there is a tradition among the inhabitants that their ancestor ascended from a region beneath, called *Avaiki;* a similar tradition prevails among the Marquesans, who give to the region the name of *Havaiki.* This name is evidently connected with the *Hawai'i* of the Sandwich Islands; and all these terms are the precise forms which the name of the largest of the Navigator Islands (Savai'i) would assume in the different dialects. Mr. Hale thinks, that, by following this clue, the different tribes of Polynesia may all be referred back to their original seat. In fact, the dialectical changes which this name would undergo, according to the rules laid down in the comparative grammar, are: —

"1. Original form,	Savaiki.
2. Samoan dialect,	Savai'i.
3. Tahitian,	Havai'i.
4. Sandwich Island,	Hawai'i.
5. Rarotongan and Mangarevan,	Avaiki.
6. Nukuhivan,	Havaiki.
7. New Zealand,	Hawaiki."

This name, therefore, our author considers, with strong reason, to be the key-word of the Polynesian migrations.

Mr. Hale pursues the investigation among the various groups, collecting the incidental and collateral facts, combining the traditions and myths, examining genealogical lists preserved in the memories of the inhabitants, some of which run back through a series of more than two thousand years, illustrating tradition by the significance of names of places, the names of the months, of the winds, of the numerals, and arrives at the conclusion that all the principal tribes of Polynesia may be traced back to the Samoan and Tongan groups. An interesting question here arises, How far the supposed emigration of the first settlers in these groups from some point in the Malaisian archipelago may be confirmed by the information we now possess. The evidence here is not so decisive, on account of our ignorance of the dialects spoken in the eastern part of this archipelago. From a variety of considerations of considerable weight, it seems probable, that the primitive seat of these tribes is Bouro, or Booro, the easternmost island inhabited by the yellow Malaisian race, in the East Indian archipelago. The interesting point in these inquiries is the result, conclusively established, that the progress of emigration was from west to east, and not in the contrary direction. Combining this result with the known course of the migrations of the Indo-Germanic races, the theory that the primitive seat of the human race was in the interior of Asia seems to receive important and interesting confirmation.

The ethnography of Northwestern America we must pass over, in order to say a few words upon the philological part of Mr. Hale's great work, — merely alluding, by the way, to the hypothesis, that the hordes which at different periods overran the Mexican plateau made their way through this territory ; a conjecture countenanced by two facts : first, that such a progress is now going on, particularly in the interior plains ; secondly, that the tribes speaking allied languages are dispersed over this territory in a direction from north to south.

The most valuable and elaborate portion of the philological division is the "Comparative Grammar of the Polynesian Dialects." The reasons for bringing the materials for elucidating the structure of the Polynesian dialects into this form are, that

"By this mode the various idioms are brought together in such a way, that the points of resemblance and distinction among them all are perceived at once. The changes, also, which the general

language undergoes, in passing from one group to another, are thus made apparent, and the principles which govern these changes being once discerned will prove, it is believed, of no little importance to the science of philology. It happens, moreover, in many cases, that what is doubtful and obscure in one dialect is elucidated by a comparison with others, — the mere juxtaposition being often sufficient for this purpose. Finally, by this form, as the repetition of the same rules and explanations for different dialects is avoided, the whole is brought into a much smaller space than would otherwise be possible, with greater convenience of reference, and no loss of clearness."

In drawing up this grammar, Mr. Hale has made use, in addition to the materials collected by himself, of the translations made by the missionaries into seven of the principal dialects, — namely, the Samoan, Tongan, New Zealand, Rarotongan, Mangarevan, Tahitian, and Hawaiian ; of manuscript grammars and vocabularies furnished by the missionaries in some of the islands ; and of printed works relating to four of the dialects. Several other sources of information are indicated. Of the merits of this grammar, as a philosophical analysis and explanation of the structure of the Polynesian dialects, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. In the distribution of topics, in the lucid arrangement of the parts, in the clearness of the statement of principles, in the ingenuity of the etymological deductions, the work will bear a favorable comparison with the best philosophical grammars by the scholars of Europe. As a contribution to general philology, it will stand in the foremost rank, unless the foolish economy of the government in limiting the number of copies published should unfortunately operate to exclude its valuable contents from the general fund of philological knowledge, and to defraud Mr. Hale of the reputation which is justly his due.

We had intended to present a brief view of the peculiarities of the Polynesian dialects ; but we must content ourselves with selecting two or three. The language of ceremony among the Samoans is remarkable for its formal politeness. They have particular expressions of salutation and compliment, according to the time of day, as morning, noon, and evening ; many terms in their common idiom are considered improper to be addressed to persons of rank, and their place is supplied by other words of the same signification, which are never used but on such occasions ; they have

different words for the different grades of chiefs. Thus, the salutation to a common man, on entering a house, is *ua mai*, you have come ; to a *tula-fale*, or householder, it is *ua alala mai ;* to a low chief, *ua maliu mai ;* to a high chief, *ua susu mai ;* to the sovereign, *ua afio mai.* This principle is carried out to an extraordinary length. To *eat* and to *sleep*, for instance, are expressed by different words, according as the acts are performed by a landholder, an inferior chief, or a high chief.

A more remarkable peculiarity, called by Mr. Hale *ceremonial neology*, prevails among the Tahitians. It is the singular mode of displaying their reverence towards their king, by a custom which they term *te pi.* The words which form a part or the whole of the sovereign's name, or that of one of his near relatives, are dropped in the common language, and new ones invented to supply their place ; and as proper names in Polynesia are significant, and each chief has usually more than one, the language undergoes considerable changes from this cause. The changes, however, are temporary ; as at the death of the king or chief, the original words are restored to popular use. Vancouver, as quoted by Mr. Hale, observes, "that, at the accession of Otu, which took place between the visit of Cook and his own, no less than forty or fifty of the most common words, which occur in conversation, had been entirely changed." But for the rule by which the old terms are revived, on the death of the person to whose name they belonged, the vocabulary of the language would, in a few centuries, be entirely changed.

The Polynesian grammar is followed by a thoroughly prepared lexicon, in which the primitive or radical form of each word, or that which is considered to be such, is first given in large type, and then the variations in form and meaning which occur in the different dialects are added, together with the most important derivatives. An English and Polynesian vocabulary is next given. Then we have an essay on the dialect of Fakaafo and Vaitupu, with a brief vocabulary of the same, and a grammar and vocabulary of the Vitian language. The Vitians or Feejeeans, Mr. Hale informs us, pay more attention than any of their Polynesian neighbours to poetical composition. This people present some quite remarkable points of resemblance to the ancient Greeks — a very curious illustration of the analogies between the extremes

of barbarism and civilization. Their dances are accompanied by songs in recitative, to which the motions of the dancers correspond, precisely like the choral and orchestric exhibitions of the Greeks. Song and dance are inseparable, and festivals are signalized by the production of a *meke*, or dance, of which both the movements and the words are composed for the occasion. There are persons who devote themselves, like the ἀοιδοί, to this species of composition, and who sometimes acquire reputation and wealth by this exercise of their genius, "twenty *tambua* [the native currency of whale's teeth] being sometimes given for a single song and dance. As a person with forty or fifty of these teeth is considered wealthy, and for eight or ten a ship may be supplied with provisions for a cruise, it is evident that the Feejeeans affix no slight value to the works of their composers."

Besides the restraints of tune and dance to which the Vitian poet must submit, he is fettered by a complicated and peculiar system of rhythm and rhyme. The most common measure in Vitian songs consists of three dactyles and a trochee, which may be technically called logaœdic dactyles; but, by another remarkable coincidence with the metrical principles of the Greeks and Romans, a spondee may take the place of either of the dactyles, as in the line

ān tĭkŏ | māi nā | tāmbŭ tă | ngānĕ.

One variation, however, unknown to the Greeks and Romans, is permitted in the case of reduplicated words, which are considered as containing only as many syllables as the simple words. We commend this rhythmical anomaly to Professors Beck and Felton, as a new example of what they would denominate *arrhythmy*.

But the difficulties which the Vitian poet has to encounter do not end here.

"There is, in addition to this, a peculiar manner of rhyming, which must require in the composer a great command of words, as well as skill in disposing them. The rule is as follows: — those vowels which are contained in the last two syllables of the first line of a stanza, must be found in the same order in the last two syllables of every succeeding line; and the greater the number of lines which are thus made to conform, the better is the poetry esteemed."

This is rather consonance than rhyme, and could only pre-

vail, to any great extent, in languages distinguished for the predominance of the vowel sounds. Vitian poetry, it will be seen, thus combines the peculiarities of the ancient classical versification, and of the minstrelsy of the romance languages, in the days of the Courts of Love.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with grammars and vocabularies of the less important dialects of Oceanica, including, of course, Australia. Then we have a very curious account of the languages of Northwestern America, in regard to which the singular fact is stated, that the languages north of the Columbia river are remarkable

"for their extraordinary harshness, which in some is so great as almost to surpass belief. The Chinooks, Chikailish, and Killamuks, appear actually to labor in speaking, — an illusion which proceeds, no doubt, from the effect produced on the ear of the listener by the harsh elements with which their languages abound, as well as by the generally rough and dissonant style of pronunciation. The *χ* is, in these tongues, a somewhat deeper guttural than the Spanish *jota*. The *g* is an extraordinary sound, resembling the hawking noise produced by an effort to expel phlegm from the throat. A similar element (as we are assured on good authority) in the Quicchuan or Peruvian language is called by the Spanish grammarians the *cc castañuelas*, and is compared to the sound made in cracking nuts with the teeth, — from which, of course, we can only infer its extreme harshness. *Tχl* is a combination uttered by forcing out the breath at the side of the mouth, between the tongue and the palate. The vocabularies, and the remarks upon them, will exhibit some other peculiarities of these languages. They are all indistinct, as well as harsh. The same element in the Tshinuk and other tongues is heard at one time as a *v*, at another as a *b*, and again as an *m*, — the latter being probably the most accurate representation. So the *n* and *d* are in several undistinguishable, and we were constantly in doubt whether certain short vowels should be written or omitted.

"The southern languages are, on the other hand, no less distinguished for softness and harmony. The gutturals are found in two or three, into which they seem to have been introduced by communication with the northern tribes. The rest want this class of letters, and have, in their place, the labial *f*, the liquid *r*, and the nasal *ŋ*, all of which are unknown in the former. Difficult combinations of consonants rarely occur, and the many vowels make the pronunciation clear and sonorous. There is, however, a good deal of variety in this respect, some of the lan-

guages, as the Lutuami, Saste, and Palaihnik, being smooth and agreeable to the ear, while the Shoshoni and Kalapuya, though soft, are nasal and indistinct." — pp. 533, 534.

We venture humbly to suggest to Mr. Buchanan whether this philological line would not be a good basis on which to settle the Oregon boundary. One of the most curious chapters is that which contains an outline of the Jargon, or Trade language, of Oregon. Here we detect nature in the very act of creating a new language, by fusing together the various materials existing in distinct dialects, and remoulding them upon new principles, and for the purpose of supplying new wants. The elements of this dialect are the Nootka, English, Tshinuk, and French ; together with a supply of words formed by the *onomatopœia*, or principle of representing sense by sound. As the language is spoken by Tshinuks, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, it rejects all sounds which cannot readily be pronounced by all three ; and this constitutes the point of peculiar interest in the phonology of the language. If we had room, it would be amusing to copy a few specimens of this Jargon. If left to itself, it would in time, doubtless, unfold into a copious and regular language, with its distinctive principles of syntax and rhythm ; but it will doubtless disappear, as a civilized population advances and occupies the country with permanent settlements. The volume ends with a brief account of the languages of Patagonia and of Southern Africa.

We have given only a cursory review of the interesting and important contents of Mr. Hale's work ; but we think our readers, and others whose attention may be called to it, will agree with us in pronouncing it a most valuable contribution to ethnography and philology, and, as such, highly honorable to the scholarship of our country.

ART. IX. — *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, from* 1623 *to* 1635. *Now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous Manuscripts, and illustrated with Notes.* By ALEXANDER YOUNG. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 8vo. pp. 560.

THE publication, at successive periods, of contemporaneous documents relating to any historical event puts a reader more and more into the position of an original eyewitness and party. Documents not intended for publication are generally the richest materials of history; and it is a well-established principle among its writers, that public annals and records will never serve by themselves for a sufficient, or even for an accurate, memorial of the past. The historian, almost as much as the biographer, needs the aid of what are called private papers, family registers, letters, note-books, journals, and the fly-leaves of pamphlets, to illustrate and explain the great folio records in print or in manuscript. The second publication or reëditing of a historical document may also give a double value to it. The time which has elapsed since it was first printed has written a commentary upon it, has verified or contradicted its statements, has witnessed the publication of other documents relating to the same scenes and actors, and while it has shown some of the consequences of former events, it has allowed shadows to gather around them which only the concentration of many rays of light can pierce.

It has often been observed of the annals of the North American Colonies in general, and of those of New England in particular, that they are wholly free from fable, and begin at the very beginning with most authentic materials. This truth is well understood, but it is regarded more as a negative than as a positive fact. The fables are thankfully missed; but gratitude and admiration have not made a sufficient acknowledgment for the mass of original papers which authenticate New England history. It is wonderful that so many records relating to its first settlers and their plantations should have been made; it is more wonderful still, that so large a portion of them should have escaped the hazards of time, till they could be permanently secured. Indeed, we are persuaded

that a good argument, were such needed, to establish many honorable distinctions and claims for our fathers, and to assure their faith in the proud results of their mean beginnings, might be raised from the fact that they recorded so much about their own childhood, with its exposures, its fears, and its imperfections. They seem to have known that what they were doing and suffering was worthy of being written down; and while no one of their papers which has as yet come to light betrays any ambition for notoriety then, or for applause afterwards, it may still be said of all of them, that candor and truthfulness, the most specific statement of their views and principles, and a readiness to meet the judgment of the whole world for all time, are the most striking characteristics of every page.

It may likewise be stated, to the credit of our fathers and in large extenuation of their errors, that they practised no concealment. It is from their own writings that their calumniators or accusers obtain all their facts and charges. They did nothing in a corner. Those who suffered by their acts of alleged oppression and bigotry had not to do with sneaking, cowardly persecutors, who were afraid to confess their deeds or to offer their reasons. Scarcely could a sufferer by their intolerance make his way in banishment or flight to the court or the press at London, to tell his tale to their discredit, before the full story was told by the colonists themselves, without loss or addition, at the same bar of royalty or of popular judgment. Their usurpation of certain civil privileges and ecclesiastical functions, which it was not intended they should enjoy, was neither hidden nor denied. They allowed it all, and readily undertook the office of justifying it either by bold inferences from their patent, or by the necessities of their condition. They never even denied that they had made audacious trespass upon the exclusive rights of royalty, by establishing a mint in Boston and coining money there; though their agent at court, taking the sin upon his own soul, ventured to tell Charles the Second, that the pine-tree on the Massachusetts shilling, which the king looked at with amazed distrust, was an effigies of the famous tree thus happily commemorated in "the New England Primer, adorned with cuts": —

> "The royal Oak, it was the Tree
> That saved his Royal Majesty."

Neither the Brownes of Salem, nor Roger Williams, nor Mrs. Hutchinson, nor the Baptists, nor the Quakers, have related so much tending to the discredit of the Massachusetts rulers in church and state, as may be collected from these magistrates' own writings. Their infirmities and inconsistencies are detailed by themselves. Their records are brief, but they are numerous. For nearly every important question which we can ask about the fathers of Massachusetts, we can find an answer; there is scarcely an event or circumstance relating to them the date of which is unknown or doubtful. Their own records of various kinds were in general kept with much more fidelity than were those of their descendants of the third or fourth generation. But an immense amount of literary and antiquarian labor has been necessarily spent upon their original documents. The records of courts, of towns and churches, family registers and grave-stones, letters and diaries, interleaved almanacs and last wills, merely afford materials which by diligent toil may be wrought up into annals and biographies. Considering that no reward of money, and scarcely any of fame, offers incitement to this labor, we may wonder at its amount and its accumulations. Mr. James Savage has been unrivalled among the antiquarians of Massachusetts, and richly deserves his place as president of its Historical Society. What he has not done for all who follow in his track, he has taught them how to do. Prince is the only one who should be mentioned before him, and this rather because he preceded Mr. Savage in time; for the results of Prince's labors stop just where we begin to need them most. Mr. Savage's edition of Governor Winthrop's Journal is a miracle of industry, of acuteness, and of pains-taking research. His Gleanings for New England History, gathered during a recent visit to Old England, fill out many blanks left in the memorials of persons, places, and events, besides affording a sum of particulars which are of a general value in illustrating our annals. They are literally "Gleanings," — requiring for their collection a survey of the whole field, and abundantly rewarding it.

The two volumes which Mr. Young has given to the public, taken in connection with Mr. Savage's edition of Winthrop, embrace every original and authentic document relating to the early history of Massachusetts. Mr. Young has devoted a volume to each of the ancient and separate Colonies of

Plymouth and the Bay, which now are united in this State. "The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625, now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous printed Documents, and illustrated with Notes," was published in 1841, and soon reached a second edition. It can never be superseded, but will henceforward have its place in all public and private libraries as a complete history of the fathers and the beginnings of the Old Colony. The plan of the work is perfectly suited to fulfil its purpose. We are carried by it into the company of those venerable and strong-hearted men and women. We listen to their deliberations and prayers when the project was first entertained among them of seeking a refuge beyond the ocean. We participate in their frequent crosses and their few comforts. We admire their pious magnanimity, and read over and over again each sentence which expresses their sufferings and their constancy. With the help of the notes which the editor, with great industry and most extensive research, has appended to their own records, the early days of these colonists come again before us. The bleak wilderness wears its ancient aspect, while the grave looks of the exiles are turned upon it, and their serious lips open to give names to headlands, rivers, and swamps, and to cheer one another around the smoking ruins of their first common dwelling, or the frosty burial-spot which has given graves to one half of their company.

The volume now before us is a labor of love of the same character in behalf of the old Bay Colony. No other State in the Union, no other colony, no other country, in the world, can produce such records of its origin as Massachusetts possesses in this volume. Here we have not only the public documents of courts and companies, containing the public history of the origin and plantation of the Colony, but the Journals, Diaries, Memoirs, and Letters of the prime movers in the enterprise. These private papers admit us behind the scenes, and into the homes where our fathers conferred with each other and with their wives and children. We have the means of deciding whether they were led hither by an obstinate and overscrupulous zeal, and a mercenary, trafficking spirit, as some of their enemies then averred, (and they have since reiterated the charge,) or whether the purest motives which can be felt in a human breast moved them to their painful self-exile, and

gave them the fortitude without which the prisons and graves of England would have had more attraction for them than the free wildernesses of America. Doubtless their story has been told often enough to meet the claims of historic truth, and to vindicate their own good name. Still, we have mistaken the spirit of much that has been said and written of late among us, if we have not rightly inferred that detraction has renewed its attacks upon them. It may be only that some have grown weary of the theme ; but we submit that ridicule and sneers are not the most Christian, nor the most commendable, expressions of a distaste for the exaggerations and the fulsome and undiscriminating encomiums which have been spent upon the Pilgrim Fathers. Their story truly and simply told is praise enough, and never will weary a real lover of truth.

Only a small portion of the text of this volume appears here in print for the first time ; but this fact hardly lessens the value of the collection. The documents composing it are twenty-four in number, all of them written by actual movers or participators in the settlements in Massachusetts Bay ; not one of them is anonymous, or apocryphal, or questionable in its authorship. For the most part, they are printed from the original documents, and, except Governor Winthrop's Journal, they embrace every thing of a historical character which is now known to be extant, from the pens of the first planters. The documents are collected from all quarters, a few of them have never before been printed, and of those which were in print, some were inaccessible to the mass of readers, and others, through the carelessness or impatience of former transcribers of the manuscripts, were published in an inaccurate or imperfect form. They are all chronologically arranged, and accompanied by a body of notes serving to illustrate whatever, by the lapse of time or other causes, had become obscure or unintelligible. The biographical notices are numerous and condensed, requiring extensive inquiries for their preparation. Notes in some books and on some subjects are an intolerable nuisance to a reader, being sometimes more properly entitled to a place in the text, the continuity of which they interrupt, but more commonly not entitled to a place in any part of the volume. In Mr. Young's volumes, his abundant notes are absolutely essential. They give direct and sufficient answers to questions which rise naturally as we

read the text, and their completeness and variety double the value of the documents. We feel the more bound to say this, because, while first perusing the book, we felt hastily moved to say something to the contrary. When we were so often referred to the bottom or the middle of a page, to be informed of the population of English towns and cities, and their distances from London, from seaports, and from each other, we were tempted to ask, Why is this? But we now understand that their purpose is to remind or inform all readers, in an indirect way, of the characters and social position of the fathers of Massachusetts, of the bonds which linked their sympathies together while they lived wide apart at home, of the places where their views were entertained, and of the distances which they travelled to meet one another in their necessary arrangements, or to reach the seaports. Some of these travellers, like the famous ministers John Cotton and Richard Mather, were compelled not only to go long distances, but to conceal themselves from pursuivants.

A mere enumeration of the documents which compose this volume, with very brief remarks, followed, like the sermons of their authors, with a few suggestions by way of improvement, is the object which we now propose to ourselves. The first document, called The Planter's Plea, is from a small quarto volume written by the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, printed at London, 1630. Though he never came hither himself, Mr. White first moved our fathers to the enterprise. His intimacy with them and his knowledge of all their plans give to his record the highest authority. Yet, strange to say, his little book was not used or mentioned by either Mather, Prince, Hutchinson, Bancroft, or Grahame. Mr. Young takes this extract from it for the sake of its methodical and accurate statement of facts relating to the earliest attempts, made first in fishing and trading voyages, and then by a colony, to establish a permanent settlement in Massachusetts Bay. The second document is the preliminary narrative given in Hubbard's History, relating to the first settlements at Cape Ann and Salem. The whole history has been printed in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; but Mr. Young's extract, copied from the original manuscript, corrects many errors, and embraces the most original and valuable portion of its contents, which the Ipswich minister probably derived from the high

authority of Roger Conant. The third chapter or document in these Chronicles contains a complete manuscript, now first printed, of the original records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, up to the time when the charter was brought over by Governor Winthrop. The most trifling particulars recorded herein are of high interest. The meetings of the company in England, the names of those interested and present, their deliberations, plans, and efforts, the cautious and serious spirit which guided them, are fully presented. We have even the lists of articles for apparel, subsistence, and common use, which formed the freight of the first ships.

Next, we have, under date of February 16, 1629, a letter from Cradock, governor of the company in England, to Endicott, who presided over the first body of emigrants which came under its direction to Salem. The fifth and sixth chapters contain two general letters of instructions from the company to Endicott and his council. These are followed by four chapters, containing respectively the form of government for the colony, the allotment of lands, the oaths, and the agreement with the ministers. All these documents came from the meetings of the court of the company in England, and show, in their exact method and careful elaboration, that serious work was thought to be in hand.

We find next the journal of his passage in 1629, kept by the Rev. Francis Higginson, of Salem, and his graphic description of the "commodities and discommodities" of the country, written, with some help of poetry, to draw others hither. The only specimen of humor which the whole volume affords is found in this latter piece of Higginson's. Writing about our Indians, he observes, — "Their hair is generally black, and cut before, like our gentlewomen, and one lock longer than the rest, much like to our gentlemen, which fashion I think came from hence into England." It was probably under some conflict of sensations about the past and the present, that the good minister wrote, that "a sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale." The next chapter is a curious paper, probably drawn up by Governor Winthrop, containing "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England; with an Answer to several Objections." This is followed by the shortest, though the most pregnant, document in the volume;

"The True Copy of the Agreement at Cambridge [Old England], August 26, 1629," solemnly signed by honorable men pledging themselves to embark for the colony. Chapter fifteenth contains the company's letters to the ministers and Governor Endicott, relating to the affair of the Brownes, who wished to introduce the Common Prayer Book at Salem, and were summarily sent home. The records of the company abundantly prove that every effort was made to do strict justice in this case. Next follows a most tender and beautiful piece, entitled, The Company's Humble Request, written and signed by the exiles "late gone for New England" to win prayers and kind feelings from "the rest of their brethren in and of the Church of England."

Deputy-Governor Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln makes the seventeenth chapter. In his own words of touching eloquence addressed to that noble lady, whose children shared his wilderness fortune, he writes from New England, — "I have, in the throng of domestic, and not altogether free from public business, thought fit to commit to memory our present condition, and what hath befallen us since our arrival here; which I will do shortly, after my usual manner, and must do rudely, having yet no table, nor other room to write in than by the fireside upon my knee, in this sharp winter." His whole letter accords with this purpose. Then comes the pious Autobiography of Captain Roger Clap, of Dorchester, written to kindle holy and grateful sentiments in the hearts of his posterity. The nineteenth document is a transcript from the earliest pages of the records of the town of Charlestown, which was settled at an earlier day than Boston. The description of Massachusetts in 1633, from William Wood's New England Prospect, making chapter twentieth, is far more accurate in its topography and other matters than are the works of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the tourists of the present day. A brief sketch of the life, and some of the original letters, of John Cotton; the Journal of Richard Mather, of Dorchester, which seems to have come to light just in season to pass from manuscript into print in this volume; the heart-rending but beautifully written narrative of Anthony Thacher's shipwreck, on an island now bearing his name, written by himself; and the Autobiography of Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge, complete these Chronicles.

Such are the rich and varied contents of the second volume of Mr. Young's Chronicles. The original documents, taken in connection with his notes, make up a book which its possessors will highly prize. These are the authentic records of which Massachusetts may boast; no son of hers will wish to erase a line. We proceed to the improvement of them.

There is one particular in which we must qualify a previous remark as to the fulness and authenticity of our knowledge of the first occupation of New England by white men. There is a mystery hanging over the earliest English adventurers about Massachusetts Bay, which, so far as it concerns the individuals themselves, will probably never be removed. In all our early records, we meet with frequent mention of certain persons designated as "Old Planters." The first associated adventurers found those who answered to this title when they came here, and though they had every means of learning their history, they have left us no information concerning them. Roger Conant at Salem, Walford at Charlestown, Maverick at Noddle's Island, and Blackstone at Boston, were the persons who bore this designation of "Old Planters." We do not know the private history of either of these lonely wanderers, nor the time of their respective arrivals, nor the inducements which led them hither. There is certainly some little romance investing their wilderness experiences. With the exception of Walford, who appears to have been of loose and unscrupulous, if not of a positively immoral, character, — all that is known of them is to their credit. They could not, therefore, have been refugees from justice; neither were they treasure-hunters seeking after mines and easy fortunes. Conant, Maverick, and Blackstone are uniformly mentioned with esteem, saving only that Maverick was thought to be too liberal in his hospitality, which was not wholly free from jollity. Conant made common cause with the associated emigrants at Salem, and joined their fellowship. He was the first actual occupant of Massachusetts Bay, the father of the first child born at Salem, and he received a grant of land when he was fourscore years of age, on the ground of his being "an ancient planter." He reached his eighty-seventh year, and died in 1679, having been more than half a century in the Bay.

Samuel Maverick was found, in 1630, comfortably seated on Noddle's Island, which he had fortified; and the first mention of him records his allowed generosity in entertaining all comers *gratis*. He was a man of sufficient means, of good character, though far from agreeing with the new comers in their religious views, and was, we believe, the first possessor of an African slave in North America. But whence and when he came here we know not. William Blackstone had probably resided on the peninsula of Boston since 1625. He had been an Episcopal minister, and though by no means attached to the Lords Bishop, he appears to have had an equal dislike to the Lords Brethren. After Boston had been occupied by the new-comers about five years, and Blackstone had resided here at least ten, he sold all his rights and claims, and moved away for retirement and quiet. He was a studious man, possessing a library large for the time and place; he was not contentious, neither had he any open collision with his countrymen. But a mystery hangs over him likewise. For a curious and instructive note about him, we refer our readers to Mr. Young's volume.

Other old planters there were here, of less note; but these four, living apart from each other, of very different tastes and characters, finding their happiness and subsistence in their own chosen way, are the almost mythical personages of early Massachusetts history. They must have loved solitude, but they could not have been luxurious idlers. Mr. Young has not been able by the help of his researches to communicate any further information concerning either of these old planters. He suggests, that they all probably came over in some of the fishing-vessels that were constantly hovering on the coast. This is undoubtedly so; but whether they came originally to fish, and straggled from their respective parties, or purposely sought an abode here, allured by the exciting scenes of a new region, we can now scarcely hope to know.

This leads us to mention, that those who made the permanent settlements in Massachusetts Bay were not the first companies of English adventurers who had sounded these waters. After Captain John Smith (who, we believe, was the first historical person to bear a name which has ceased to be a name when considered as defining a person), had opened this harbour to the English, fishing-vessels came to the Banks and to Cape Ann every year. Many successive enterprises

had terminated disastrously. It was found impracticable to carry out any plan which connected planting with a fishing voyage; for the shoals and rocks which harboured the fish would yield no other sustenance. Yet the skill and expense which had been given to these undertakings were not wasted. As the patriarch White says of them, — "Nothing new fell out in the managing of this stock, seeing experience hath taught us, that, as in building houses, the first stones of the foundation are buried under ground and are not seen, so in planting colonies, the first stocks employed that way are consumed, although they serve for a foundation to the work."

These fishing voyages made the sailors and shipmasters acquainted with the way across the ocean, with the harbours, soundings, and coast of New England, with the language and habits of the natives, and led to the erection of drying-frames, booths, sheds, and other shelters, which brought hither the first tokens of civilization. There had been five abortive attempts to plant colonies in New England, between 1607 and 1625. These were undertaken with sole reference to the fisheries and a barter trade with the Indians. The vessels that came hither remained only long enough to prepare the fish upon the salting and drying-frames, or to change their cargoes. It was soon found, that a long delay upon the coast was attended with great expense of wages and provisions; and the project was devised of leaving a portion of the men to fish while the vessels returned. Great hardships, exposures, and bodily privations were endured upon our cold rocks by those who ventured to undertake this service. We cannot but feel a great respect for the old shipmasters who engaged in these enterprises. Often they had but crazy vessels, and the poor accommodations were overburdened by crowded companies. Yet we are amazed at the small number of great disasters which are recorded. The task of unlading or reloading a vessel in these waters, without the help of wharves or barges, across salt marshes or long beaches, called out all the energies of patience and perseverance which the mariners possessed, and made equal drafts upon their brains and their muscles. Indeed, were imagination to construct its visions only from the facts which are known concerning these adventurers, our earliest history would be an interchange of tragedy and comedy.

It is evident, however, that men who might serve for

fishermen and adventurers would not be of the most promising sort to undertake the settlement of a permanent colony, under unpropitious circumstances, and to transfer to it the better influences of civilized society. Had no other purposes than fishing or the peltry trade presented themselves to the inhabitants of Old England, the last two centuries might perhaps have made our bay as much of a harbour as it now is, and might have multiplied the tokens of human life upon our coasts; but the scene along our shores would never have worn the aspect it now has to our eyes. Large wealth was to be brought here, before any could go forth, or even be found upon the soil, or in trade. Money may have been one of the least requisites for a permanent settlement; but it was indispensable, and it did its full part. Though, as a speculation, the enterprise was altogether unprofitable to the charter company, yet it was singly with a view to profit that this company was formed in England. The stock proprietors did not entertain the idea of transferring the government hither, still less of transporting themselves as permanent exiles. The original design of the English adventurers who obtained a royal patent to territory in New England was precisely the same as that which began, and has ever since attached to, the honorable East India Company. But wealth of another sort than that of the purse availed itself of the opportunity to turn a trading colony into a permanent Christian commonwealth, of actual residents, making for themselves a home. The project of converting New England from a place for mercantile speculations into a land of civil, religious, and domestic institutions was an afterthought, born of a pious and Christian zeal. The first suggestion of this project undoubtedly came from the Rev. John White, "usually called," says Anthony Wood, "patriarch of Dorchester, or Patriarch White," who seems to have had equal influence with the Episcopal and the Puritanical portion of the Church of England, and whose name frequently occurs in the records of the meetings of the Massachusetts Company in England. After the design moved by him began to be entertained, it soon grew into a warm and devoted purpose. It is easy to trace in the records of the company the growth and more frequent utterance of that religious spirit which animated, and, beyond all question, fulfilled, the great undertaking. We observe, too, the sifting process which winnowed out the men.

The great civil basis of the chartered plantations made in New England was a patent signed by King James, November 3d, 1620, by which the merchant adventurers to the northern colony of Virginia, between forty and forty-eight degrees north latitude, were incorporated as "The Council established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England, in America." This council, by a deed under the common seal, dated March 19th, 1628 (N. S.), sold to another mercantile company "that part of New England that lies between Merrimack and Charles River, in the bottom of the Massachusetts Bay." Then, by the influence of Mr. White, these purchasers "were brought into acquaintance with several other religious persons of like quality in and about London, such as Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Cradock, Mr. Goffe, and Sir Richard Saltonstall; who, being first associated with them, at last bought of them all their right and interest in New England aforesaid." It was by these gentlemen, their associates, and servants, who were members of the Church of England, though troubled with scruples about its ceremonies, and craving more freedom for themselves without wrong to others, that the settlements in the Bay Colony were effected. They took care to have their patent ratified and its liberties enlarged by the king.

As soon as the religious spirit obtained ascendency in the new company, the purpose of transporting themselves and their families was heartily entertained. This was the most serious matter which could possibly have engaged their minds. Their deliberations upon it have the highest interest to us, because this is, in fact, the most critical point in Massachusetts, or New England, history. The characters and deeds of our fathers are to be estimated by the honest standard of judgment thus furnished us. They did not undertake to open an asylum like that which Rome afforded in its early days. They did not invite the adventurous, the roving, the discontented, and the fortune-hunting, still less the debauched, the profligate, and the criminal, to an El Dorado or a "Merry Mount." They extended no inducements, they opened no door of entrance, to the fanatical or eccentric dreamers and thinkers who abounded at that time in England. Religious liberty, in the sense in which it is now understood, was then only conceived in the womb of time, not born even

in the thoughts of statesmen or divines. Even the theory of it was not intrusted to our fathers, any more than was the theory of the steam-engine or the magnetic telegraph. What folly and injustice, then, are involved in a judgment instituted against them on the ground that they did not adopt unborn wisdom, and principles of civil and religious policy which have required two centuries since their day for even a partial recognition! Had our fathers opened here the free asylum which many of their modern calumniators seem to think was the end of their enterprise, they would have verified in their own experience the old adage of "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire." Their estates and their tempers were scorched at home; but they would have been burned up here. They would have crossed the ocean to place themselves in a situation of anarchy, discord, and distracting confusion. Even in the settlement of William Penn's colony, under the light of a half-century of advanced trial of principles, some exclusive rights were recognized, some religious favoritism was exercised, and all the increased freedom there enjoyed was attended with dissensions and misfortunes greater even than those which occurred in Massachusetts.

The views and intentions which our fathers are censured for not discarding were, in fact, the real promptings of their exile. Had they not been influenced by them, they would have remained in England. They could hear ranters in religion and no-government men in politics there, without exchanging their estates for rocks and sand-hills in America, and inviting all sorts of discontents and vagabonds to come here and erect another tower of Babel. The simple truth is, that certain religious and high-minded men in England, possessing fair estates, finding themselves of one way of thinking, united together in the purchase of a large farm, with some mill-streams, many rocks, a fishing-coast, and the chances of trade with the Indians. They thought it would be a good place for them to inhabit and improve, that they might enjoy in it their own views of religion and of morals, governing themselves by certain institutions of their own, which were not to be inconsistent with the laws of England. They exchanged good soil for hard soil, comforts for crosses, hoping also to escape from a state of constant annoyance to a condition of lasting and pure repose. They bought their strip of territory of the original patentees, and they bought it

again of the feeble remnant of the Indian tribes which a devastating plague had left over its graves. From the moment when they thus gained possession, all adventurers and interlopers and theorists, whether of the sort of Sir Christopher Gardiner, or of that of Roger Williams, might as fairly be debarred a lodging-place, as they might be excluded from a private house at this day. There were other sand-banks and granite ledges free to those who wished to occupy them. Our fathers had the same right to regulate their civil and religious institutions after their own pattern as the father of a family has to dispose the order of his household, and to pray and teach by his fireside, and as the communicants or worshippers in a church have to appoint a creed and a code of discipline for themselves. Indeed, our fathers used no right or liberty in their strictness which the members of a "Fourierite community" do not use in their looseness. The company in England not only acted according to their light, but they legislated within the limits of their lawful and unquestionable privileges. They selected ministers to teach them in their exile. But they made themselves acquainted with the opinions and spirit of those ministers, as if they had been choosing domestic chaplains; and they required of those ministers signed and sealed agreements about the terms of their office, their duties, and their income. The company employed servants, transported them for so many pounds each man, and provided their diet and clothing; not, however, with the intention of making their servants their masters. The purchasers of this New England farm, with its fishing and trading privileges, with its native rocks and mullen-stalks, likewise drew up solemn and formal oaths of office for its governor, deputy-governor, and their assistants; and soon after the enterprise was in hand, they drew up an oath, to be sworn to by every person who wished to have a vote in their courts, requiring, at the same time, that such a voter should be the communicant of a church. This Freeman's Oath was one of the thorns which troubled the conscience of Roger Williams. The alternative for him evidently was to keep his conscience out of its reach. It was certainly unreasonable for him to expect to enjoy great privileges at the expense of others.

Such we conceive to be a homely but fair statement of the views, intentions, and rights of our fathers, when they came to

take possession of their farm, thrice purchased, — by money, from the patentees, — by enterprise, devotion, and outlay of their own, — by valuables and kind services, from the Indians. They no more designed to erect an asylum for all sorts of consciences, than a man, when building his cottage, expects to admit into it the inmates of the poor-house, the insane hospital, and the institution for the blind. They wanted a well ordered house and a pleasant sanctuary. If they were not entitled to one of their own choice, if they did not pay its full purchase, let their rights be questioned on these grounds ; but let them not be traduced for their honest endeavours to escape from the wiles of Satan, while they consecrated themselves to the service of God.

While Mr. Cradock was governor of the company in England, and Mr. Endicott was its agent at Salem, the proposition to transfer the government and charter to New England was first made at the court, July 28, 1629, by the governor himself. It came from him with great seriousness and caution, as a suggestion of his own ; but doubtless he had conferred upon the subject with the most zealous of his associates. We may well conceive, that faces always serious then wore their most serious aspect. It was a proposition of great significance, and occasioned much debate. The result was, that all present were instructed to think upon it privately, "and to set down their particular reasons in writing, *pro et contra*, and to produce the same at the next General Court ; where they being reduced to heads, and maturely considered of, the company may then proceed to a final resolution thereon. And in the mean time, they are desired to carry this business secretly, that the same be not divulged." Two days before the meeting of the next court, the agreement already referred to as the fourteenth document in these Chronicles had been signed at Cambridge by those intending to embark for New England. These gentlemen were anxious to have the governor's proposition carried into effect, and the court appointed two committees to draw up reasons for and against it, to confer together, and to present the result the next day to the whole company. The result, in full court, was "the general consent of the company that the government and patent should be settled in New England, and accordingly an order to be drawn up."

Many discussions have been raised concerning the legality

of this bold decision. The court certainly had no precedent to justify them, nor has their decision ever been followed as a precedent. The most remarkable fact of all is that the king silently acquiesced in it. Many important matters needed to be discussed and disposed of, in carrying this great design into execution, and they were all fully treated and settled without a word of discord. The secrecy which was enjoined may have been recommended solely on grounds of common discretion, to guard against that notoriety and public discussion which might in many ways embarrass the enterprise, by drawing to it some undesirable persons, by increasing the cost of necessaries in shipping or freight, by causing collisions with enemies, or by inviting too close a scrutiny by the public officials. Or the sole reason of this secrecy may have been a conviction, that the company had no lawful right to transfer its government and charter to New England. At the next court of the company for elections, and the last which was held in England, Mr. John Winthrop was chosen governor. The last record of the Massachusetts Company in the Old World was made "at a Court of Assistants, March 23, 1630 (N. S.), aboard the Arbella." A fleet of four ships was then riding at Cowes, with the newly elected magistrates of the wilderness colony, waiting for a fair wind to carry them. On board the Arbella, with Winthrop, was the charter, engrossed on parchment, bearing the heavy seal of royalty. He would not cross the seas without it. It was afterwards frequently demanded from the colonists, but it never returned to the realm and monarch of England. It hangs suspended now, as a time-honored relic, venerable and valued, in the chambers of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Before the arrival of Winthrop with the full powers of the government, there had been two emigrations to the Bay, under the authority and patronage of the company in England. The first was made by Endicott and about sixty individuals, to Salem, September 6, 1628, where he was joined by some of the stray adventurers and fishermen who had been left about Cape Ann and the neighbourhood, thus making up a band of a hundred souls. The second emigration accompanied the Rev. Francis Higginson, who arrived June 27, 1629. Winthrop led the third and principal body of colonists, and gave permanence to an enterprise which heretofore had not been free from dubiousness and peril. This, there-

fore, is to be taken as the true date of the colonization of Massachusetts Bay. Settlements were made almost simultaneously at Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge, and Watertown, and, four years afterwards, at Dorchester. The fathers of the Bay Colony differed both in religious sentiments and social standing from the Pilgrims at Plymouth. With two or three exceptions, the Old Colony exiles were yeomen and Separatists, while the Massachusetts proprietors were gentlemen of landed estates, of some pretensions on the score of family descent and noble connections, and they retained their union with the Church of England, by communing with its members, though "they scrupled at first its ceremonies, and then its prelacy." The distinctions between the founders of the two colonies, though never causing animosity or strife, and very soon merged, were by no means trifling or overlooked in the first generation. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that they adopted the same form of church polity. The boundary line between the two colonies is drawn upon the new State map.

The documents composing the Chronicles now before us are the records of an associated company and of individuals who were parties to its great enterprise. We have in them, therefore, abundant means of estimating the general and the particular characteristics of the founders of this colony. Brief as they are, and filled with references to very many matters and persons, they contain a connected history, and teach, after a plain way, the Puritan views of religion and policy. We have said, that their own records are the sources whence are gathered the facts, opinions, and incidents which are alleged against them. We believe that these records also afford to every judicious and moderate advocate of the Puritans the means of answering every charge against them which is mere slander, and of softening those censures to which individuals among them may be amenable. We are no indiscriminate eulogists of these men. We frankly confess, that, with our present opinions, views, and habits, we much prefer that they should have been our ancestors, to having them for contemporaries. In some respects they were sour and ungenial men. Their taste for an unintermitted and excessive ministration of preaching and prayer was morbid. Life in their households was not relieved by gentle graces, nor by wise relaxations, nor by humane indulgences. They dis-

tressed themselves with superstitions. They made a great deal of mischief and unhappiness for each other by intermeddling with consciences and opinions. They doubled by their laws and institutions the number of the sins which may be committed against God and duty. But when the most is made of these just abatements of the high merit of the Puritans, one who has acquainted himself with their memorials and views will readily allow them, and still keep the balance of high esteem and renown upon their side.

We have already made a passing reference to that just point of view whence the fathers of Massachusetts are to be studied in their own light. They have been criticised as if they had before them an end very different from that which actually led them ; the true course would be to show that the object which Patriarch White proposed to them, and which they devotedly and faithfully pursued, was unworthy and sure to lead them astray. If this can be done, then may these Puritan exiles stand condemned for folly ; and their ardent desire for a Christian commonwealth across the seas, composed of willing members and governed by laws of their own making, will pass for the spirit which their adversaries attribute to them, — a spirit of obstinacy when under restraint, and of persecuting intolerance when in power. We recognize no slight difference in mind and temper between the original stock of exiles from England, and their children of the first and second generations born on this soil. We should not care to appear as champions of the latter in all their views or measures. Yet for all the increase, rather than mitigation, of the Puritan harshness exhibited by them, they may find large excuses in their circumstances and education. They had not enjoyed the generous and expansive influences which Old England dispensed to her children ; they had not read her classics and poets, nor seen her venerable halls and libraries. They had been nurtured amid privations and hardships ; they had imbibed some little of moroseness with the poor fare which fed them ; they had no milk in their infancy ; they had been reared under very grim religious teachings, and had not been educated for a state of much religious freedom. The dying warnings of their parents rang in their ears, bidding them beware of apostasy, or of falling from their first love.

We do not wish to pursue into particulars a theme which is

somewhat ungracious. We have dropped this hint merely to deprecate a too common perversion and confusion of facts, when the Puritan fathers of Massachusetts are not only judged by a standard of which they never dreamed, but are made answerable for the errors of their posterity. We would remind some rather careless readers and more ready contemners of their history, that one generation had passed away in Massachusetts before a Quaker was hung on Boston Common. We very much question whether Winthrop, or Cotton, or Saltonstall, or Higginson, or Johnson, or Shepard, would have been a party to that scene. Yet it should also be stated, for the sake of the actual executioners, that no one was ever put to death even by them for being a Quaker, but for committing under that name outrages, indecencies, and provocations utterly inconsistent with the peace of any society, and punished at this day in prisons and madhouses. There are two sides to every story, and the judge in a civilized tribunal never dismisses a jury to make up their verdict till both parties have pleaded, and their testimony and pleas have been candidly reviewed. Let the authentic records now placed by Mr. Young within the reach of our schools and families be taken as the free-spoken witnesses for our fathers. Let the ages which have passed, the prosperity which smiles over their resting-places, and the fruits from the seeds of their planting, test the sincerity and the worth of their design; their descendants may then be qualified to judge them. The bell, book, and candle, which are ominous symbols in the Roman Church, have another meaning among the Puritans.

These Chronicles of the Massachusetts fathers put into the hands of their descendants the means of answering three of the most aggravated and oft-repeated censures upon them. With a brief reference to each of them we shall conclude these remarks.

The first charge against the colonists of Massachusetts, covering, indeed, nearly all the colonists of North America, is that of injustice practised toward the native Indian tribes. In the romances and poems, and in some of the veritable histories most in circulation, this charge is brought against our fathers, that they seized upon the Indian's lands, or made at best but a Jew's bargain with him, and punished his untaught, savage instincts by the total extinction of his race. It is far from our purpose to array all the facts which bear upon this

charge. We turn only to the precious Chronicles before us, and find abundant evidence of the most honorable and Christian endeavours on the part of the colonists to treat the Indians in all respects as children of the same God as themselves. We omit, for want of space, the first beautiful and touching mention of them in Governor Cradock's letter to Captain Endicott, and turn to the first general instructions sent to him by authority of the whole court.

"And above all, we pray you be careful that there be none in our precincts permitted to do any injury, in the least kind, to the heathen people; and if any offend in that way, let them receive due correction. And we hold it fitting you publish a proclamation to that effect, by leaving it fixed under the Company's seal in some eminent place, for all to take notice at such time as both the heathen themselves, as well as our people, may take notice of it. And for the avoiding of the hurt that may follow through our much familiarity with the Indians, we conceive it fit that they be not permitted to come to your plantation, but at certain times and places to be appointed them. If any of the savages pretend right of inheritance to all or any part of the lands granted in our patent, we pray you endeavour to purchase their title, that we may avoid the least scruple of intrusion." — p. 159.

In the second general letter of instructions sent by the court to Endicott, this injunction is twice repeated in the most express terms, and with an evident desire for Christian justice. Again, in the "General Considerations for planting New England," with answers to objections, we find a full explanation and defence of the conduct of the colonists towards the Indians.

The explicit and reiterated commands of the court were obeyed most scrupulously by the authorities and the people here. The property and rights of the Indians were respected; they were honorably dealt by; and it is certain, that, if some parcels of land were held by the whites without a purchase, other portions were paid for more than once. The first President Adams asserted, that, in all his practice at the bar, he "never knew a contested title to lands, but what was traced up to the Indian title." Our old records are filled with Indian deeds, and a fair equivalent was paid for them. We find in Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln, that Sagamore John and one of his subjects required satisfaction for the burning of two of their empty

wigwams, one of which was accidentally set on fire by a servant of Sir Richard Saltonstall, who had sought shelter in it. The court ordered full payment for both. Our records likewise abound in restitutive acts like this. The truth is, there were but very few Indians about the Bay, and the lands here were of little value to them, while their own claim was doubtful. No charge of injustice, we are satisfied, can be brought against the settlers on this score. We shall not meddle with their open wars.

A second matter of censure found against our fathers is drawn from the story of Roger Williams, as it has been of late frequently told. Of course, the volume before us contains no narrative of his controversy with Massachusetts, but it does contain nearly all the papers necessary for deciding the merits of that controversy. Roger Williams, a pure-minded, high-souled, and earnest man, came hither, not as one of the company, nor by their invitation, but as a refugee for conscience, and to exercise a mission of love. After some lesser troubles at Plymouth and Salem, he involved himself in a strife, on three important points, with the government. He objected to the validity of the charter, to the freeman's oath, and to the power of the magistrate in matters of religion. Now, by questioning the charter, either as given by the monarch, or as ratified in fact by rights purchased of the Indians, he struck at the very root of all government, and brought the colony into peril of anarchy, while he opposed the universally recognized and only possible rule of international relations, which allowed discovery to be the first, and purchase a second, condition for the possession of a savage region. By contesting the freeman's oath, he claimed that the private property and the institutions established by the Massachusetts Company should lie at the mercy of any one who chose to come hither and refuse to comply with the terms on which a freeman's or voter's privilege might be enjoyed. By resisting the civil support of religion and the compulsory maintenance of ministers, he attempted to break the contracts under which the mutually pledged ministers and people had sought these regions. The Chronicles will abundantly illustrate these three points of controversy. We may question the wisdom of our ancestors in either matter, but there can scarce be a question whether they were right or wrong in holding to their own.

We would not detract one whit from the high encomiums which have been lavished upon the founder of Rhode Island; but we are concerned that his seditious and contentious spirit in matters of civil and mercantile contracts should not be represented as a protest of conscience against a band of persecutors. Had he been allowed perfect freedom, not only of judgment, but of conduct, according to his views on the three points just adverted to, there could have been no government in this colony, save such as might be set up from time to time by the will of a majority independently of their interest in the stock and expense of the enterprise. The patent obtained by the colonists gave them only a prior right over other foreigners, and they confirmed it here by actual purchase from the Indians. When Roger Williams was opposing the support of the ministry by taxation, he was asked, "What! is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" He replied, "Yes! from those that hire him." This reply has been quoted and commended as very apt and decisive on his side. But to us it seems evasive and not pertinent, for the simple reason, that the colonists had hired the ministers by stipulated contracts, and all who joined the colony, whether as servants or masters, became parties to its agreements. The trials of Roger Williams in his isolation and his wilderness journey have been treated with some little help of romance. But after all, how much did he suffer of actual privation, anxiety, or risk, more than others of the adventurers?

The last of the three most common imputations cast upon the fathers of Massachusetts is the general charge of what is called *cant*. They are often described, according to the sense in which Dryden uses the word *cant*, and according to its most general use, as making "a whining pretension to goodness," — as wearing sanctimonious visages, talking after a godly strain, measuring the worth of prayers by their length, and devouring widows' houses with craving appetites, while they forsook no sin of heart or life. Their detractors, indeed, have endeavoured to fix the meaning of the word *cant* as expressive of Puritan language and deportment. Now we should be willing to subject these their authentic writings to the severest scrutiny of the most zealous hater of cant in all its significations, and wait for any specimen which can be produced from them. The large mass of all the records

from their pens in the State archives, in public cabinets, and in church registers, have passed under our eyes; and if they have one striking characteristic common to them all, it consists in this, — that they are perfectly free from *cant*. Considering how much these men endured for their religion, that religion was to them their only bond of union, and that its services and interests were their all-absorbing concerns, we stand amazed at the entire freedom of their records from all obtrusive and offensive suggestions of their piety. Let their memorials be contrasted with certain newspapers, missionary reports, and statements of philanthropic operations and benevolent gifts of the present time, and we will leave all candid persons to judge whether there was more of cant in the piety, self-devotion, and trials of our fathers, than there is in the sentimental and coxcomb-like pretensions of boasted good deeds in this age of rioting plenty. There is undoubtedly such a thing as cant, but it is a self-detecting, self-exposing folly. It does not show itself in the records of the Puritans, — we do not believe that it constituted their piety.

We close with a renewed expression of our obligations to Mr. Young for all his labors in deciphering, collating, and illustrating the Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers. They had a full reward in their own day, because it was a reward of the kind which they desired, and with which they were satisfied. We love to pay them the only tribute in our power, — that of renewed epitaphs.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Arithmetic, in two Parts: Part I. Advanced Lessons in Mental Arithmetic; Part II. Rules and Examples for Practice in Written Arithmetic.* By Frederick A. Adams, Principal of Dummer Academy. Lowell: Daniel Bixby. 1846. 12mo. pp. 212.

To the late Warren Colburn belongs the high credit of first introducing into our schools, through his admirable First Lessons, the regular study of mental arithmetic. Of this excellent little manual, the author of the book before us justly observes, that so completely has it performed the work within its prescribed

sphere, that there is little reason to desire or to expect that it will ever be superseded. Mr. Colburn published also a Sequel to Mental Arithmetic, in which the principles and rules of written arithmetic were deduced from the solution and analysis of questions according to the method adopted in the former treatise. This Sequel was very well executed as far as it went; but it was not full enough for all the wants of the higher classes in our schools. It omitted proportion and progression, the "Rule of Three," and the doctrine of powers and roots. Mr. Adams has undertaken to supply these deficiencies, following mainly in the track of Mr. Colburn, but appearing fully competent also to mark out a path for himself. By this enlargement of plan, he has brought many useful problems in mensuration and mechanics within the scope of his work, and has extended the analysis and induction over much new ground, though many of the new problems are still left to be performed by arbitrary rules.

The first part of Mr. Adams's book consists of exercises in mental arithmetic, arranged under the different arithmetical rules. Where the principles have not been taught in the First Lessons, they are here carefully deduced from an analysis of a number of simple questions, following which are numerous and well selected examples. These examples pass gradually from simple to more complicated questions, so as to give the pupil a thorough training. In the second part, the different processes are arranged in the same order as before; and when the operations are complicated, distinct rules are given, illustrated by examples for practice containing larger numbers than were suitable for the exclusively mental operation. When the operations are simple, and sufficiently explained in the analysis and induction contained in the first part, a reference is merely made to that part, and the examples for practice follow, without any enunciation of a rule.

The author's reasoning and explanations are very clear, simple, and concise, his disposition of the different parts judicious, and his selection of examples well suited to exercise the mind of the pupil. As a whole, we prefer this work to any arithmetic we have seen in use. Still, there are a few things in it that we think susceptible of improvement. Among these are the modes of proving the sums in addition and multiplication. In the former case, we prefer the method of Lacroix to that adopted by our author; and in the latter, Mr. Adams's mode, strictly speaking, is no proof at all. The methods of multiplying and dividing by the factors of a number are nowhere taught in this work, though they are often found extremely convenient. The rule for reducing any number of pence and farthings to the decimal of a pound "by inspection," as it is usually called, is also omitted;

and the rule for expressing shillings as decimals is not explained so clearly as it might be.

Some other particulars might be pointed out, in which a slight alteration for the better might probably be effected. But, speaking generally, the deficiencies are neither numerous nor important; and we should not allude to them at all, except with a view to stimulate Mr. Adams to make his work still more full, and more deserving of the patronage which it merits, and will undoubtedly receive.

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2. — *Sermons.* By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church. Philadelphia: Mentz & Rovoudt. 1846. 8vo. pp. 301.

THE author of these sermons deserves well of our literary community. A clergyman of sincere and ardent piety, and zealously devoted to the pastoral charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia, he yet finds time for the assiduous cultivation of good literature, and in that capacity appears frequently, and always honorably, before the public. His occasional verses are very pleasing, from their religious feeling and purity and elevation of sentiment, as well as for their expression of warm domestic affection. He has published several anniversary discourses, which are uniformly characterized by a sound literary judgment, a generous enthusiasm in favor of high aims and purposes, a manly independence in the expression of sentiment, and a flowing eloquence of style.

This volume of sermons, whose beautiful exterior does honor to the Philadelphia press, is published, as the author states in a modest and appropriate preface, in compliance with the wishes of some friends, "in the hope that, by the blessing of God, they may do good." They are fourteen in number, and embrace a variety of subjects both doctrinal and practical. Like all sermons, they are to be regarded in a double aspect; first, as expressions of theological opinion, and secondly, as literary compositions. In their first aspect or capacity, we, of course, do not expect to deal with them, except to say, that, while the writer states his own views with great frankness and earnestness, he does so in no offensive or dogmatical spirit.

As literary compositions, they have some decided merits. Their style is glowing, animated, and stirring. The preacher is at earnest in his work. They flow from an ardent temperament, and have more of fervor and unction than is usual among our

New England divines. They will remind the reader more of French than of English sermons. We find in them vivid pictures, animated appeals, and warm exhortations, rather than elaborate expositions of doctrine, or arguments addressed to the understanding. The preacher is more solicitous to impress acknowledged truths than to maintain disputed propositions. The strain of remark and illustration is sometimes the more effective from its plainness and directness. The faults and short-comings of humanity are pointed out, without any circumlocution or paraphrase, in those terse and unmistakable terms which arrest the attention and cling to the memory.

The defects of the sermons are those to which compositions written for oral delivery are most exposed. The style is occasionally too exuberant, diffuse, and declamatory. Some of the paragraphs read coldly, and seem a little overdone; though with the aid of the voice, countenance, and gesture of an animated and impressive speaker, no such defect would probably have been observed.

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3. — *Tables of Bearings, Distances, Latitudes, Longitudes, &c., ascertained by the Astronomical and Trigonometrical Survey of Massachusetts.* Published agreeably to a Resolve of the General Court, by John G. Palfrey, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth, State Printers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 73.

In an article upon the trigonometrical survey of this State,* our readers were informed, that "the legislature had ordered to be printed and distributed to the different towns and clerks of courts the positions and details of the stations throughout the State, as determined by the trigonometrical survey, accompanied by such other matter obtained in executing the work as may be useful in laying out roads, and in the measurement of towns. The preparation of this work, requiring considerable labor and judgment, devolves upon Dr. Palfrey, the Secretary of State." This publication is now before us, and an enumeration of its contents will not be useless, if it helps to call the attention of surveyors, engineers, astronomers, and mariners to what may be in a high degree serviceable to them in their various pursuits.

In constructing the State map, Mr. Borden, "for greater accuracy and convenience," divided the State into five sections.

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* *North American Review*, Vol. LXI., pp. 467, 468.

For each of these sections there are four tables, in which are given the relative positions and distances of the primary and secondary points, the latitudes and longitudes of the same stations, and their bearings and distances from an assumed principal point of the triangulation. The explanations necessary to make these tables available to the most unpractised are supplied, together with examples of their use. The "three-point problem," which may be so advantageously employed in connection with these tables to determine the position of the observer when three sections forming a triangle are in sight, is also explained and applied. The primary and secondary lines are so numerous, and may be multiplied to such an extent by means of the third and fourth tables of each section, that a surveyor may now almost always find a known azimuth for determining the variation of the needle, and the local attraction, if any exists. The method of doing this is fully displayed.

In the introduction to this compilation, we find a formula for computing the bearings and distances where the latitudes and longitudes only are expressed, another for computing the latitudes and longitudes of points not heretofore calculated, and a general formula for computing latitudes and longitudes on the surface-sphere. As a necessary accompaniment to the second formula, tables are added containing the values, in feet and hundredths, for every change of minute in latitude, both on the meridian and on the parallels between 43° 1′ and 41° 12′. The values of the constants in the last formula are also given, by which any person is enabled to use it easily. Mr. Borden's determination of the figure and magnitude of the earth from the data afforded by the Massachusetts survey, and the comparison of these elements with those which M. Bessel deduced from the mean of ten trigonometrical surveys measured in different parts of the world, give additional scientific interest and value to this part of the work.

We were aware of the labor and judgment necessary to accomplish this work under the most favorable circumstances; and many unforeseen difficulties have increased both the care and responsibility of the editor. They have been overcome with so much success, that we believe, after careful examination, that no error of any importance is to be found in it, except the omission by the engraver of an important line from the south end of the base to Mount Lincoln.

Dr. Palfrey, however, in his "Advertisement," has repeated a statement once made in our own pages, and since found to be entirely incorrect. In the paper on the Massachusetts survey already referred to, we said that the base apparatus used by Mr. Borden had been adopted in the United States coast survey. The assertion

in both instances was made upon the same authority; and it was an authority quite sufficient, if we consider only the position of our informant, and his right or duty to be acquainted with the subject. Therefore, though we were misled, it was not in consequence of any carelessness or indifference. We improve the first occasion to correct the error, and to say, that, when Dr. Bache, the superintendent of the coast survey, publishes a description of the base apparatus designed and used by himself, it will be found to differ in many essential respects from the one invented by Mr. Borden. In saying this, we do not, of course, intend to compare the merits of the two plans.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Documents and Letters intended to illustrate the Revolutionary Incidents of Queen's County; with connecting Narratives, explanatory Notes, and Additions. By Henry Onderdonk, Jr. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 264.

Memoirs of his own Time, with Reminiscences of the Men and Events of the Revolution. By Alexander Graydon. Edited by John S. Littell. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 504.

The Life of Martin Luther, gathered from his own Writings. By M. Michelet, Author of the History of France. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 314.

Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams, edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury. By George Gibbs. New York: Printed for the Subscribers. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Writings of Hugh Swinton Legaré, late Attorney-General and Acting Secretary of State of the United States. Prefaced by a Memoir of his Life. Edited by his Sister. Charleston, S. C.: Burges & James. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

History of the Later Roman Commonwealth, from the End of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cesar; and of the Reign of Augustus; with a Life of Trajan. By Thomas Arnold, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 552.

Elements of Mental Philosophy; containing a Critical Exposition of the Principal Phenomena and Powers of the Human Mind. By Leicester A. Sawyer, A. M., President of Central College, Ohio. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1846. 12mo. pp. 432.

Collections of the New Jersey Historical Society. Vol. I. East Jersey under the Proprietary Governments; drawn principally from Original Sources. By William A. Whitehead. With an Appendix containing "The Model of the Government of East New Jersey in America," by George Scot, of Pitlochie. Published by the N. J. Historical Society. 1846. 8vo. pp. 341.

A Treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood. By Emma Willard. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 170.

Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs, a Romance. By Edward Maturin. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Life of Julius Cesar. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 1845. 16mo. pp. 161.

Arithmetic, in two Parts: Part I. Advanced Lessons in Mental Arithmetic; Part II. Rules and Examples for Practice in Written Arithmetic. By Frederick A. Adams, Principal of Dummer Academy. Lowell: Daniel Bixby. 1846. 12mo. pp. 212.

The Days of Old; a Centennial Discourse delivered in Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., February 22, 1846. By Matthew H. Henderson, M. A., Rector. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 8vo. pp. 64.

A Discourse on the Cambridge Church-Gathering in 1636; delivered in the First Church, February 22, 1846. With an Appendix, containing a Genealogical List of the Original Members of the Church at Cambridge. By William Newell. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 65.

Boston, a Poem. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 16mo. pp. 46.

Addresses at the Inauguration of the Hon. Edward Everett, LL. D., as President of the University at Cambridge, Thursday, April 30th, 1846. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 66.

The Memory of the late James Grahame, the Historian of the United States, vindicated from the Charges of "Detraction and Calumny" preferred against him by Mr. George Bancroft, and the Conduct of Mr. Bancroft towards that Historian stated and exposed. By Josiah Quincy. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 8vo. pp. 59.

The Phonographic Reader; and the Complete Phonographic Class Book, containing a strictly Inductive Exposition of Pitman's Phonography. By S. P. Andrews and Augustus F. Boyle. Boston: Phonographic Institution, 339 Washington Street. 1846. 12mo. pp. 60 and 132.

Histoire de la Louisiane. Par Charles Gayarré. Premier Volume. Nouvelle Orléans: Imprimé par Magne & Weisse. 1846. 8vo. pp. 377.

The Life and Times of Henry Clay. By Calvin Colton, author of the Junius Tracts, &c. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. IX. Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction. By W. Gilmore Simms. New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

No XVI. Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By an American. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 160.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, Foreign Series. Thiodolf the Icelander, and Aslaugas Knight. New York. 1846. 12mo. pp. 349.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany. The People. By M. Michelet. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 185.

Memoir on the Probable Constitution of Matter and Laws of Motion, as deducible from and explanatory of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By J. L. Riddell, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Louisiana. New Orleans. 1846. 8vo. pp. 32.

An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, Services, and Influences of our leading Men in the Origination of our Union. By Thaddeus Allen. Vol. I. No. 2. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 100.

A Retrospect, and other Poems. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 142.

The Scholiast Schooled. An Examination of the Review of the

Reports of the Annual Visiting Committees of the Public Schools of the City of Boston, for 1845. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 65.

Sketches of a Few Distinguished Men of Newbury and Newburyport. By S. Swett. No. I. Captain Moses Brown, U. S. N. Boston: Printed by S. N. Dickinson & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 23.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report and Documents of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, for the Year 1845. New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 107.

A Grammar of the English Language for the Use of Schools. By W. H. Wells, M. A. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 12mo. pp. 204.

The Knights of the Horseshoe, a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion. Wetumpka, Ala.: C. Yancey. 1845. 8vo. pp. 248.

Poverty, its Legal Causes and Legal Cure. Part I. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1846. 8vo. pp. 108.

Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, during his Visit to Canada in 1776, as one of the Commissioners from Congress. With a Memoir and Notes. By Brantz Mayer. Baltimore: Published by the Maryland Historical Society. 1845. 8vo. pp. 84.

Criticism on the Declaration of Independence as a Literary Document. By Mon Droit. New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 44.

A Plea for Peace: a Discourse delivered on Fast Day, April 2, 1846. By Daniel Sharp. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 24.

Memoir of Benjamin Banneker, read before the Maryland Historical Society, May 1, 1845. By John H. B. Latrobe, Esq. Baltimore: Published by the Society. 1845. 8vo. pp. 16.

Review of the Hon. John P. Kennedy's Discourse on the Life and Character of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. Baltimore: Printed by John Murphy. 1846. 8vo. pp. 32.

Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thompson, Esq., former Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 8vo.

Harold and Rosaline, with other Poems. By Albert Perry. Boston: Published by the Author. 1846. 16mo. pp. 216.

The Olneys, or Impulse and Principle. By Anne W. Abbot, Author of Willie Rogers, &c. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 146.

Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways, and their Privileges. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 16mo. pp. 360.

Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 184.

Poems. By Thomas Hood. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 229.

A Discourse delivered in Boston, June 1, 1846, before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. By Rev. George E. Ellis. Boston: Eastburn's Press. 8vo. pp. 31.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1846.

ART. I. — *A History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa.* By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 1846. 8vo. pp. 603.

THE enterprise, the history of which Dr. Alexander has presented so much at large, originated in a desire to benefit the colored race both in this country and in Africa, the slave as well as the free. It was meant to serve the free, by providing a home where they should not be oppressed by those associations of contempt and injury which hang round them here and prevent their rising; and to help the slave, by showing that his condition can be improved by emancipation, which is now doubted by many, and not without some reason. It was believed that there were those who held slaves from a feeling of necessity, and because they considered themselves responsible for their welfare, — retaining them in their service not from selfish motives, but from the sincere impression, that to dismiss them, under ordinary circumstances, would do them more harm than good. Such persons undoubtedly there are, quite as many as would be found, in the same relation, in any other part of the world. Notwithstanding all that is said, to the disadvantage of our country, of the glory which England has gained by her West Indian emancipation, no one believes that there would have been more freedom at this moment in Jamaica than in Louisiana, had it depended there, as it does here, upon the

masters. Those persons must be largely blessed with faith and charity who can look over the social condition of the British empire, and believe that the English are more alert than all the rest of the world in surrendering evils and abuses which they are interested to maintain. Here and elsewhere, there are some who, from reasons of humanity, desire to escape from the unnatural relation of master to slaves; others who deplore its effects on character, both in themselves and their children; others yet who live in dread of the consequences and changes which it may possibly bring. These all, acting from various and perhaps blended motives, are willing to surrender their charge, if they can be sure that they are removing them from a bad condition to a better. The colonization system is intended to answer this natural and reasonable demand.

But there is an impression in many minds that the plan originated in selfishness, and that the whole operation of the system is selfish from first to last. The best way to determine this point is to consider the character of those with whom it began; unless there is something which they could have expected to gain by it, there can be no ground for the suspicion. The well known divine, Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, first suggested it. Though, in his day, the relation of master and slave was not questioned as it is now, and it was not so generally admitted that man can buy no right to man, it was evident that the bondman was at the mercy of his lord, that they who have unlimited power will sometimes abuse it, and that, even if the slave should be humanely treated, it is only physical comforts which such kindness can supply, since, in order to reconcile him to his condition, his mind must be kept in darkness, thus closing the only window through which heaven's light can reach his soul. Dr. Hopkins thought, too, that the colored race might be made the means to carry light and civilization to their African brethren, who have always been so difficult to reach. Surely, no one can ascribe his zealous philanthropy to any mercenary designs. Some years after, Dr. Thornton, a native of Virginia, brought forward a similar plan, and published an address to the free people of color in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, inviting them to go with him to Africa to establish themselves in the land of their fathers. He failed for want of means; but what earthly end could he have

gained from it but labor and sorrow, had it succeeded to his utmost hope? Dr. Finley, of New Jersey, called the first meeting which ever was attended in this country to consider the subject; and he, Dr. Burgess, and Samuel J. Mills, who went forth to explore, and found his grave in a foreign land, were as far removed as any men can be from the suspicion of using philanthropy to veil self-interest and ambition. And it may be said in general, that those who have taken up this object have struggled against wind and tide, having no loud voices of encouragement to cheer them, and yet persevering against contempt and resistance, when it was impossible to account for their self-devotion, except by admitting that it came from the heart.

But it is said, that there are those who sustain this enterprise, not from any desire to serve the slave or the African, but simply with the view of making slavery safer and more permanent by removing the free colored people from our shores. Undoubtedly it was free men whom they expected to remove. It was not understood that any should be compelled to go; if they went at all, it must be by an act of freedom on their own part, by using the power of choice. Even had it been otherwise, had the slave been compelled to go, we cannot see the extreme cruelty of the operation; for we have the impression that slavery is a bitter state, and that whoever takes a man out of it to a land where he can breathe the air of free moral existence renders him a service, though perhaps against his will. When we see a man in the fire or the water, we may be forgiven if we do not ceremoniously ask his consent to draw him out; and if he should prefer remaining in either element, it should not be accounted inhumanity on our part, if we consulted his welfare more than his will. It may be, that some have exerted their power as masters in a last act by compelling their slaves to go; but if there have been such cases, we do not know them, and we apprehend that they are very few. That the system has been advocated by some Southern statesmen on the ground that it makes slavery safer and surer, we readily admit; but certain it is, that the men who hold extreme opinions on the subject, believing slavery intended as a permanent blessing, are among the most jealous enemies of colonization, because they feel that the whole matter is brought under review and made to agitate the pub-

lic mind in this form, when it could not be introduced in any other. If, therefore, colonization could be put down, they think that it would close the only avenue through which light can reach the minds of the masters, and prevent all discussion of the right of man to man.

There is no doubt that this is a correct impression, and in all these cases the question is not, with what views is an enterprise supported, but what is its effect likely to be. Every extended movement enlists a variety of interests and feelings; some, who are perfectly indifferent to it in one point of view, may be warmly interested when they see it in another. If one of its advocates presents it to one set of men as favorable to their interests and views, and to another set, having different interests and opinions, as favorable to theirs, it is an evident fraud and falsehood on his part; there is no excuse for his double-dealing. And so, if the appeals and reports of any association hold different language according to the point of the compass to which they are addressed, offering colonization to the South as a means to perpetuate slavery, and to the North as an instrument to undermine it, no man in his senses will undertake to excuse or defend them. The case is different, when the plan is simply presented, and each one left to judge for himself what purpose it will answer, and why it should have claims to his friendly regard. The reasons which have weight with them may be different; they may sometimes be directly opposed to each other; one advocate, who takes one view of it, may present that view, and another, at his side, or in a distant region, may hold forth an opposite doctrine, without any moral inconsistency or prevarication. In every thing else, there is the same contradiction. Some friends of temperance are in favor of restricting laws, while others, equally sincere, believe that these create more intemperance than they suppress. Some opposers of capital punishment deny the right to take life, while others maintain the right, but would not exercise it, because it gives a murderer the aspect of a victim. Thus it is that men travel in different paths to the same result; and it is no reproach to a cause, if it should be sustained from views and inducements various and even contradictory, since it has been so with every enterprise since the world began.

But while the scheme of colonization presents itself in

various aspects to different classes of its supporters, and we are not aware that its advocates lie open to any charge of perverting or suppressing the truth, though it is not seen alike by all, it is well known that a great prejudice has been exerted against it, and that, too, in a part of the country where it might have expected the warmest welcome. It was not so in the beginning; the friends of humanity and freedom in New England at first were deeply interested in it; it seemed to open precisely the way that was wanted, in which philanthropy could touch the subject of slavery without throwing off constitutional restraints, or calling up the fierce resistance of the masters. For a time, the only objection made to it was the poverty of its resources, and the vastness of the work which it proposed to do. This objection was met, by showing that all beginnings must be small; it is only by slowly and heavily piling one stone on another, that foundations are ever laid; that it was far better to make thorough, even if lingering, preparation for the work, than to have a multitude thrown into the new colony at once, without a mass to receive them in which their ignorance and barbarism could be melted down. Discouraging as such beginnings are, it is evident, in looking back on every such enterprise, that their hopelessness at first has been their greatest blessing, calling out patient hope, inspiring successive as well as strong endeavours, and giving the new elements time to ripen into consistency and hardness, to bear the weight that shall afterwards come.

As to the work which it proposed to accomplish, it was not supposed that mere efforts of private liberality would remove the vast slave population of the country, increasing every year, as it does, by tens of thousands. If the States interested would consent to the surrender, and the nation put its energy to the endeavour, no doubt it could be done; but no one ever imagined that a voluntary association, however extended in its numbers, or liberal in its contributions, could any more relieve this continent from its burden than they could dip the ocean dry. Still, there was something which was entirely within their power; they could make an experiment, to show, that, under favorable circumstances, the emancipated slave could throw off his degradation, expand to the full proportion of intellectual manhood, form an energetic and practical character, and learn to respect him-

self and command the respect of others ; yet more, that, with his powers thus drawn out, he could give to the world the example of a moral, well ordered, and free community, with wise laws, administered by efficient members, and not indebted to the white man for counsel or guidance; and, reasoning on common principles of human nature, it was believed that such a colony would send an inviting light across the deep, that slaves would hear of it and be earnest to go, that masters would feel that there they might safely send them, and thousands would find their way to it unaided and of themselves, as men always succeed in arriving at any destination which they strongly desire to reach. In all this there is nothing visionary. The slender resources of the colony, though a discouragement, have proved a blessing ; the corner-stone has been slowly and surely laid ; and the time is not distant, when it shall be a matter of attraction, and interest, and rejoicing to the colored race in this country and the world.

These objections, which met the plan in the outset, being answered, it was prosperous and successful for a time. But the subject of slavery was kept before the public mind, and inquiry began to be made concerning the foundation of the master's right to the slave. If the possession came by inheritance, the father could not transmit to the son a stronger claim than he had himself ; if he bought from the slave-dealer, the trader could transfer only his own title ; and this came originally from the African chief, who destroyed and plundered some village, that he might sell his wretched captives for gunpowder and rum. His only claim was that of the robber to the goods he had stolen ; so that, on looking into the validity of deeds, it became tolerably clear, that, if the slave was a man and not an animal, he had the best right to himself, — a right of which he could not be dispossessed by any act of power. By such processes of reasoning, the idea of the right to emancipation became familiar to the public mind ; and any thing which appeared to deny that right, or to assume that the slave was not in a condition to claim it or be the better for it, was looked on as an excuse for injustice and oppression. All at once, an attempt was made to persuade those who took a humane interest in the subject, that the colonization scheme maintained the unfitness of the slave to be free, and discouraged the hope that, under any circumstances, he could rise to the dignity and station of a man.

It was not easy to understand how this suggestion could gain credit, when the whole object of the society was to make him free, and to place him in circumstances propitious to the full development of his powers. To be sure, it went on the supposition that, as things are now, there is no place in this country where he can be situated thus. Go where he may, he encounters a cruel prejudice, which weighs him down like a millstone, excluding him from the honors and comforts of life, and reminding him, with perpetual insult, that he belongs to an inferior race ; a prejudice so deeply ingrained in the public mind, that many, who are kind and generous in other relations, are hard as the rock in this. Now, the question is, what shall be done for his relief? Shall he submit to these heart-breaking sorrows in silence, waiting till the time shall come for a general change in the public feeling, which may not come till long after he is in the dust? or shall he take advantage of a way of escape that opens, and relieve himself, by passing to a more favored region, where none can stand above him or trample him down? His master is desirous to send him to such a country, and he is desirous to go. Why should they not be gratified? What possible advantage can result to any one from keeping him in bondage, when he may as well be free? If it be said, that these cases of occasional release exert an influence adverse to the more extensive deliverance which might give the same blessing to greater numbers, it might be well to show how the manumission of one can, by any imaginable effect, be unpropitious to the manumission of all. It should be remembered, that sending the slave to Africa is in itself an act of emancipation ; and, so far from being predicated on the idea that he never can be a self-sustained and energetic man, the whole theory of colonization is founded on the idea, that it is only his present condition which debases him, and if that can be changed, he will be intelligent, energetic, and happy as any of the sons of men. It really affords almost the only mode of immediate emancipation, recommending it as wisdom in the master and justice to the slave ; and yet there are many, who, for no reason except that some one has told them so, will maintain to the death, that colonization and emancipation are inconsistent with and hostile to each other.

We are well aware, that the free people of color in this

country have now a great prejudice against expatriation. This, they say, is their native land, and why should they leave it? Ay, why *should* they leave it, if they can find an inducement to stay? Egypt was the native land of Moses and the Israelites; but their native air was not particularly good for their constitutions, and though they sometimes sighed for it in their discontent, they would doubtless have been sorry enough to have been taken at their word, and sent back again to the flesh-pots, cucumbers, and melons, not to speak of the brick-yards. We cannot see the especial fascination in any part of this country, which should make a separation from it so heart-rending. We apprehend, that, if our portion in it was like theirs, we should sound a retreat at the first opportunity, and without incurring the penalty of Lot's wife by looking back on the forsaken home. It passes our comprehension to discover what they can find here, in the way either of enjoyment or hope, that should be so difficult to resign. It is true, that better days may come in process of time; but meanwhile, it would seem as well to go to better days wherever they can find them, even if beyond the sea. But this is matter of taste; and if the colored citizens of America prefer their present condition, such as it is, no one asks them to leave it; they are at perfect liberty to remain to the end of time, if such is their pleasure.

But there may be those who see better prospects opening before them in other regions, who, even if the chance of improving their condition were less than it is, would gladly embrace it, being strongly convinced that any change must be for the better. There is no more reason why they should be forced to stay than why others should be compelled to go; and yet this constraint is imposed upon them, if they are deprived of this place of refuge. Should the colony be put down, they would be obliged to content themselves with what they have in this country, where, so far as we can understand, their portion and hope are as small and uninviting as ever fell to the lot of man. Now, while we should abominate the compulsion that forced any one to go, we cannot see that there is any less hardship in being required to stay unwillingly, as they must, if the wishes and predictions of many with respect to the colonies were made good. It is as a kind of emancipation that we are most interested in it; it has the advantage of being consistent with the law, acceptable to the masters, and,

as these considerations are not wholly disregarded by reasonable men, is more likely than any other form to be generally adopted.

There is a common impression, however, that these plans of colonization increase the prejudice against the colored race. Whether this impression is held by any in good faith, or simply given to others, it is not easy to say ; for how any one in his senses can trace such an effect to such a cause is more than we can tell. Undoubtedly, the scheme of colonization admits that there is such a prejudice ; none lament it or suffer from it more than the colored race themselves ; but to say that colonization excuses, defends, or has any tendency to maintain it, is very much like the popular faith of childhood, which ascribes the origin of the wind to the agitation of the tree. It allows and deplores its existence, we mean so far as our observation and sympathy extend ; there may be those who think the prejudice natural, and not to be overcome ; but this view of the matter is not ours. We look on colonization as the only means at present existing to place the colored man where he shall not be crushed down with its weight, and it is chiefly for this very reason that we wish it success, and aid it with our best endeavours. If the inquiry be made, why we do not give battle to this prejudice, we answer, it is not because we do not condemn and deplore it, but because we have never seen prevailing ideas and feelings suddenly changed by direct assault ; and we think it better in general to help out those who are struggling with the waters, than to dam the current, or wait for it to run by.

Besides these objections, which are made to any plan of colonization, and which one would think would have as much force in reference to the British provinces as in their African application, much has been said in opposition to the colonial settlements now existing. We are told that they are unhealthy, and that great sacrifice of life has attended the efforts to plant them. It is true, that, in former days, many have perished in consequence of being suddenly transferred to a climate the peculiarities and demands of which they did not know. But it would not be easy to find a region on this earth where people will not sometimes die ; had there been such, it would by this time have been tolerably well peopled by emigration, as well as by its own supply. But while it is true, that the common doom of mortality extends

to the African settlements, it is not easy to show that the waste of life is greater than, under similar circumstances, it would be in any other land. We find, when the facts are known with respect to the death of many enterprising travellers, that they became sick in consequence of thoughtless exposure to the nightly chill. So, in the colonies, while insufficient preparation was made to receive the emigrants, and physicians had not learned the proper treatment of local diseases, there was as much sickness and loss, perhaps, as at Plymouth in the earlier days. But as the settlements extend their accommodations, and medical men make themselves acquainted with the complaints which at first were new to them, the danger disappears, and the prudent are in as little danger as in their American home.

Another objection to Liberia is, that the inhabitants have not devoted themselves as much to the cultivation of the soil as might be desired. It is undoubtedly true, that this employment is more favorable to a healthy moral state than any other, though less attractive to indolence and ambition. As was intimated in the foundation of the Hebrew commonwealth, men engaged in agriculture are more likely to have that social equality, and that independence of feeling, which exert propitious influences to make and keep them free. But while any friend to a young republic would desire and recommend this employment for the great body of the people, it is obviously impossible to force it upon them ; they will, according to the common experience of human nature, turn their attention to the pursuit which promises immediate gain. If traffic and commercial advantages are within reach, these will at first prove most attractive ; they will bring with them tastes not the most favorable to content, industry, or moral improvement and elevation. It is not till the sorrowful experience of many shows that every one cannot succeed in these pursuits, and that many blanks will be drawn to a single prize, that the quiet culture of the soil will be estimated as it deserves. But there is a stage of social progress in which the common illusion on this subject passes away. We may now see in New England how many are withdrawing themselves from the dusty and crowded paths of common life, from unprofitable trade and thronged professions, where the chances are many to one against them, to seek a subsistence in those agricultural pursuits, which, if less gainful in

respect to wealth, are more apt and sure to yield returns of the higher treasures of character, mind, and heart.

There are some, too, who have the impression, that the Liberian experiment has been a failure ; that the inhabitants are neither prosperous nor happy ; that the tone of morals is low among them ; and, although some of them have become wealthy, that the greater number are poor and degraded, having gained nothing, but rather lost, if that is possible, by their translation to Africa. If this were so, it would be conclusive evidence against their power of rising ; so far as it went, it would show that they are wholly unfit for freedom, and need to be under the authority of others ; it would confirm all that the despisers of the colored race have said of their natural inferiority and their necessary dependence ; for one cannot imagine how the experiment should be tried under more favorable circumstances, and if it has not succeeded, there is no hope that it would prosper if tried again, in this land or in any other. But so far from finding this depressing view of Liberia confirmed, on examination, the weight of testimony is entirely on the other side. Some disappointed persons, doubtless, there have been ; some white men who have left the colony in disgust, and published unfavorable representations of it. But on looking into the matter, it does not appear that they were so sick of Liberia, as the colony was of them. The colored persons who have abandoned the undertaking became disgusted at finding that they must exert themselves there as at home, and that, unless they labored for their subsistence, they must suffer even more than in this country, since there was no master on whom they could lean.

But by far the most fluent and sweeping testimony against the colonies has been given by those who never saw them, and who have no light whatever on the subject, except what a predetermined and deadly hatred gives. On the other hand, evidence is given in favor of Liberia by the officers of our navy, by masters of trading-ships, by residents who have returned, and by more colonists than one can number, — men who could have no motive to mislead the public, and whose characters forbid the suspicion of falsity. These all bear witness to the moral habits and social order of the people, their prevailing activity and intelligence, the abundance of talent and energy which they manifest, and their rapid ad-

vance in all the improvements of civil and domestic life. The churches and schools are well attended, the Sabbath is observed more faithfully than in any city of our land, the courts of justice are in steady and successful operation, the interests of the mind are properly regarded, and religion holds a place as high in the general respect and affection as in any part of the world. Really, no one, who is not determined never to believe, can resist the conviction, that all the promises and predictions of the founders have been made good. Considering the materials of which the colonies necessarily consisted, it is wonderful that they have come forward in civil and moral strength so soon. Neglected by friends and resisted by angry opposers, they have laid the foundations of an enlightened and powerful state, and the walls are already rising. We cannot understand how it is, that any, who wish to prove that the colored race are capable of manly action and self-sustaining energy, should reject the evidence which this history affords them. They may look in vain in other directions to find any testimony so satisfactory and convincing; and if they say that they need no such testimony, they must remember that others do, and that their doubts and sneers can only be answered by showing what colored men have done. Where can such illustration be found in successful action, except in a field like this?

One of the greatest recommendations of the system of colonization is the effect it will have on the continent of Africa, not only by affording a starting-point and place of protection for missionaries, which otherwise they could not find, but still more by its tendency to suppress the slave-trade, that most accursed of all sins and evils, which nothing else hitherto has been able to reach. The British government has exerted itself, apparently in good faith and feeling, to put an end to these horrible adventures; but it is freely confessed, that their maritime power, great as it is, can hardly reach this traffic, and that it has continued to thrive and grow under all efforts to put it down. So long as the gain of such voyages is great, wretches will be found everywhere to fit out vessels for the trade and to man them, and if they are detected and pursued, their living cargoes, which might have testified against them, are drowned in the depths of the sea. But while the fleets of great nations are baffled in their endeavours, these small colonies, composed of colored men

having sympathy for their brethren, are able to say and to maintain, that the slave-trade shall not pollute their ground; their influence with the natives goes far to prevent their engaging in it; and the avenues of fair and innocent commerce which they open withdraw the natives from violence and blood. It is made clear, by successful experiment, that where such colonies are established the slave-trade cannot come. Since every other attempt to suppress it is hopeless, and this is the only one which promises any success, every one who wishes to put an end to it must rejoice in the prosperity of these settlements, and give his willing aid to extend them. The only objection that can be made is, that they are not strong enough for the purpose, and this should be a reason for enlarging their means and numbers, and thus giving them more power for the work.

The history of this enterprise, as it is here recorded, is one of great interest even now, though the results of the movement are as yet but imperfectly developed. Before its consequences can open upon us, it must have reached its full stature. It has not yet passed through its childhood, or at most its forming state. But enough already appears to make it certain, that it will maintain its existence; that it will be a strong and flourishing republic, and, like other republics, with all its faults, it will be a refuge for the oppressed; that it will have power to drive the slave-trade from its borders, and to send the light of humanity into the darkness of the continent, where it stands, like sunlight on the edge of a black cloud, giving promise that the shadow shall pass away. They who are disposed to ascribe its origin to selfishness should remember that it was commenced by private liberality, not that of slaveholders, but principally of those who could derive no advantage from it beyond the gratification of their benevolent feeling. Some of the States, also, have taken measures to establish colonies for themselves, and it is to be hoped that others will follow their example. But the national government, somewhat embarrassed perhaps by the relations in which it stands, has done nothing for it which is entitled to the name of patronage; and pert and conceited officers of other nations have shown a disposition to tyrannize over it, by the exertion of brief authority in some unreasonable ways, which it is hoped that their superiors will disavow. The streams of private charity have been largely and liberally flowing, and

efforts the most constant and unwearied have been made by its disinterested friends. No popular enthusiasm has lifted and borne it onward, but everywhere it has been sustained by the thoughtful convictions of the wise and good. More than once, it has encountered a tempest of resistance which would have destroyed it, had it been less firmly set in the conscience and affection of its supporters, — but which, as it is, has given it a deeper root, a mightier bough, and a richer depth of foliage, to shelter those who sit under its extending shade.

Any one who associates the idea of selfishness with colonization would do well to consider how many martyrs have laid down their lives for it, — martyrs not precisely of the kind so popular just now, who stand at a sufficient distance from all danger, and abuse the sinner, instead of endeavouring to influence him to give up the sin, — but of the more genuine sort, who hold comfort, safety, and life itself in light esteem, if, by surrendering them, they can be of service to the cause of man. Samuel J. Mills, before alluded to, was a man of this description ; he poured his full heart into every work of love. His most earnest desire was to preach the gospel to the Africans, and it was with a view to this work that he became an explorer in the service of the society, and contracted the disease of which he died. He found much to encourage him in the intelligent views which some of the natives suggested. One of them remarked, that it would be well to have the direction of the enterprise in the hands of colored men, since the neighbouring tribes would dread the encroaching spirit of the whites much more than that of their own kin. Another said, that, as soon as a colored man capable of the trust could be found for a chief of the colony, he ought by all means to be placed at its head ; — precisely the course which the directors have thought it wise to pursue.

The next of these devoted men was Samuel Bacon, an Episcopal clergyman, who interested himself in the subject, and was employed by the government as agent to take care of slaves delivered from the slave-ships. The emigrants who went with him were most of them taken sick with the acclimating fever ; his strength was exhausted by his unwearied attendance upon them ; his spirit was severely tried by their jealous and unreasonable upbraidings ; he found himself deceived by a native on whose faithfulness he thought he could

rely. But while all things seemed to be against him, and the prospects of the enterprise were dark and low, he declared that his faith in colonization was strong as ever, for he had actually seen Africans landed in America suffering as much and in the same manner as the emigrants there ; while the surprising fertility of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the commercial advantages, the great abundance of fish and wild animals, seemed like an invitation to the scattered children of Africa to return to their home. As for himself, he had counted the cost of the service, and had made up his mind to die in it, if necessary. It was not long before he was weighed down with anxiety and labor. In the sickness which followed, he had neither medical attendance nor proper care ; and it was not long before he died, with a resigned spirit, and with unbroken confidence in the cause for which he had left his native land.

Another of these martyrs was Dr. Randall, of Maryland, a physician of great promise, who had been elected to a professorship in Columbia college. After the death of Ashmun, he felt it to be his duty to devote himself to the object in which he had been interested before, and therefore, against the remonstrances of his friends, he resigned all prospects of success and honor at home for the sake of rendering service to his race. Unfortunately, his zeal outran his strength. He exposed himself to the sun by day and the damps by night in a fatiguing journey, and, thinking more of his duties than his dangers, he became a victim, not so much to the climate, as to his earnest desire of doing good. Mr. Erskine, also, a colored Presbyterian divine from Tennessee, went out with his family to preach the gospel to the Africans, but was soon taken from his field of labor, after having followed his wife and daughter to the grave. Dr. Anderson, of Maryland, was another who left bright prospects and warm friends at home to labor in the service of humanity abroad ; but very soon after he landed in the colony, he was called from his difficult station to his eternal rest.

Many such examples there have been, to show how much generous self-devotion has been manifested in this cause. It may seem like a needless waste of life, but almost all these physicians bore witness, that the unrelenting fever was not more alarming in Liberia than in our Southern States. And as for the expenditure of life, it seems to be ordered by

Providence that such shall be the history of every similar adventure. The loss of such friends becomes a gain to the enterprise, from the spirit which it awakens in others; and there can be no loss to those who, with true philanthropy, lay down their lives, a willing sacrifice, in the cause of humanity and of God.

But this interesting cause, besides affording examples of great self-sacrifice, has called into its service some men of extraordinary power as well as philanthropy, who, in a larger field, would have been admired for their talent and energy, and in their small circle manifested high gifts, and made efforts which will hereafter be remembered with honor and applause. The first of these was Mr. Ashmun, who went to Liberia in 1823. Educated for the ministry, he was wholly untrained for business and war, and was thrown at once into the midst of danger which threatened the existence of the colony. Its means and resources, inadequate at the best, were all in disorder, and he had no time to arrange them before the blow should fall. Much of the public property had been consumed by fire; the emigrants were not properly sheltered, though the rainy season had set in; defences there were none, and not three dozen persons were able to bear arms. He was worn down with sickness; after nights of delirium, he was compelled to spend the day in labor; and his wife, who had come to share his fortunes, was rapidly sinking by his side. Certainly such a state of things was enough to fill the strongest and most experienced with dismay. But instead of yielding to depression, he proceeded to arrange the public affairs, providing for responsibility and order in every department. He erected buildings for the emigrants and the public stores; he himself planned fortifications and superintended their erection, while he armed and disciplined the few soldiers that the small settlement was able to supply. So far from finding at home rest and relief from his multiplied labors, nothing can be more affecting than the account of the death-bed where his wife lay, in a miserable hut, which could not be ventilated, with the rain falling through the thatched roof upon her pillow and bed, and he, scarcely able to support his own weight, was leaning over her, while she expressed her perfect and contented resignation to a Heavenly Father's will. Surely the imagination cannot conceive a state of things which would make a heavier demand on the energies of the mind and heart.

At length, the whole force of the neighbouring tribes was concentrated in a powerful assault upon the colony. This was bravely and successfully resisted. Again they came on with greater violence and numbers, while the ranks of the defenders were thinned and their strength exhausted with watching by night and labor by day. Again they were repulsed with fearful slaughter. But the ammunition of the colony was exhausted, the provisions nearly gone, the wounded suffering every thing for the want of surgical skill. Still, his confidence never failed, for it was reposed not in any human resources, but in the favor and blessing of the Most High. Neither was it disappointed; for the cannonade of the last engagement was heard at midnight by the crew of a British vessel, which *happened*, as men say, to be passing, though there is no such thing as chance. Major Laing, the traveller, who was on board, inquired into the cause of the firing, and when he found the little colony struggling for existence against all the tribes of the coast, generously supplied them with the means of future resistance, and, what was better, exerted a mediating influence with the assailants, which resulted in a friendly treaty and an honorable and lasting peace.

All this, one would think, was enough for one man; but after all he had done for the colony, Mr. Ashmun was suffering from the jealousy of the society at home; in some way or other, injurious reports had reached them and awakened suspicion. At the same time, the colonists were in a state of open mutiny, which it required all his energy to keep down. But he could not be driven from his post of duty by violent resistance or unmerited reproach. By inflexible faithfulness, he compelled the rebellious to submit to his authority, and his employers to do justice to his name; and it was not till his character stood not only clear but highly honored, and all acknowledged the cause to be more indebted to him than to any other man, that he returned to his home, not to enjoy his honors, but to die almost at the moment of reaching his native land.

Eleven years after the death of Ashmun, the colony was happy in securing the services of another remarkable man, Thomas Buchanan, who was appointed by the government as agent for taking charge of the recaptured Africans. The several colonies were now united into a sort of federal association, called the commonwealth of Liberia, of which he

was the executive head. From a timid and despondent condition, it had grown into firmness and strength, and what it wanted was a clear mind to arrange all its elements and resources, and a powerful character to make its influence felt and understood. Buchanan's first act was to seize a vessel under American colors, which hovered on the coast in such a manner as to give the impression that it was a slaver. This was a bold step, and exposed him to serious consequences, if he should have mistaken her character; but when he considered the detestable effect of the trade upon the races near him, he did not shrink from the most determined acts of duty. He also directed a slaver, who had established himself at Little Bassa, to leave the place. The colony claimed jurisdiction there, though its right to the soil was questioned. An English trader, at the same time, established a factory there, and when he was ordered to leave it, insolently refused. Encouraged by this example, the slaver, who had promised to depart, determined to remain, and carried on his vile business more openly and largely than before. Mr. Buchanan took with him a military force to the spot, and after a sharp engagement destroyed the factories, seized the goods, and compelled the native chiefs to give up the slaves who had been carried into their countries to escape his reach. These vigorous proceedings against the slave-trade exasperated some of the native princes, and Gatoomba, one of the most powerful of their number, made an attack on some of the more exposed settlements, one of which was defended in a remarkable manner by three brave and resolute men. Finding that both colonists and natives were to suffer from this marauder, who was so savage and daring that two peaceful envoys who were sent to him were murdered in cold blood, the governor marched with a force against him, broke up the foundations of his power, and deprived him of the means of carrying on his work of cruelty and death again. A more perplexing difficulty arose within the colony, from the claim of the Methodist mission, which had been permitted to receive its supplies from home in goods that were admitted without paying duties. He was willing that all articles intended for the personal use of the missionaries should be imported thus, but would not consent that they should enjoy an unrestricted privilege, which might throw the whole trade of the colony into their hands. In all these cases, some of which were severely trying, he bore himself

with a manly decision, which commanded universal respect and confidence. But just at the moment when the colony was receiving the greatest benefit from his services, he died. He had had time, however, to prepare the way for delivering over the chief authority into the hands of colored men, to whom, on all accounts, it is desirable that it should in future be confided.

It is still more interesting to contemplate the examples of colored men who have distinguished themselves in this history, because they prove the truth of the leading principle of the enterprise, which is, that color does not strike inward, — that, place the African in favorable circumstances for putting forth his energies, and he will not be found wanting in any respect, either in activity of mind, or in strength and determination of heart. The most distinguished illustration of this truth — we do not speak of the living — was Lott Carey, who had so strongly impressed Mr. Ashmun, no common observer, with a sense of his merits, that, when he returned to his own country, he left his office in Mr. Carey's hands, earnestly recommending him as his permanent successor. This person was originally a slave in Richmond, Virginia, rather corrupt and profane in his habits, till, at the age of twenty-six, he became a Christian believer. Feeling the disadvantages of his ignorance, he learned at that age to read and write, and, as he had much natural eloquence, he addressed his brethren with great force on the subject of their religious duties. Meantime, he became so trustworthy and efficient in the tobacco-warehouse where he was employed, that he was soon able to buy his own liberty and that of two children, and the salary paid him for his services was eight hundred dollars a year. But prosperous and respected as he was, he determined to go where, as he said, he should be "estimated according to his deserts and not his complexion." He felt bound, also, to use his advantages to do something for his suffering race.

After he had been ordained as a preacher according to the usage of the Baptists, he proceeded to Liberia, where, retiring as he was, he soon made his real character felt, and was treated with the respect which he deserved. At the time when most of the colonists were in favor of breaking up the settlement, and retreating to Sierra Leone, on account of the dangers which beset them, he declared his fixed

purpose to remain, and thus encouraged them by his firm example. When they had no physician among them, he undertook to do his best, and, by means of his good sense and experience, he was able to inspire full confidence in his patients, and, in a very extensive practice which was thus forced upon him, he met with great success. The only exceptionable part of his history was his joining the seditious persons who set Mr. Ashmun's authority at defiance and seized the public stores. But when the governor publicly represented to them the true character and tendency of their proceedings, Mr. Carey came forward at once, openly confessed his error, and ever after was among the friends and supporters of law. All this while, he did not neglect his original mission, but gave his attention to the establishment of schools and churches, and particularly interested himself in teaching the recaptured slaves. He felt himself under obligation to Africa also, and went far into the interior, founding places of instruction, where the natives could be taught the language and religion of the colonists, which many of them were earnest to know. His death was occasioned by an explosion of gunpowder, while he was preparing to assert the rights of the colony, and drive off a slaver who had established himself within a few miles' distance; and even the loss of Ashmun was hardly more felt than his. During the six months of his administration, he had borne himself with great dignity, inspiring respect at home and abroad. He was perhaps more welcome to the settlers than any other person could have been, because he was a living example to show that the colored man was equal to every trust of duty or of honor. Happily the same confirmation is now afforded by Governor Roberts, whose able and satisfactory management of public affairs most of our readers know; and who we hope will long be spared to the community over which he so well presides.

If such examples can be found among those who were born in bondage, and therefore were most unfavorably situated for cultivating and bringing out the powers that were in them, who can doubt that the coming generation will afford innumerable more? The atmosphere one breathes is very important to the health and strength of the physical nature; it is a sort of miracle if the system reaches its full vigor and proportions in a corrupted air, and such cases

prove much more than if found in a different condition. When we find men formerly slaves conducting the public affairs of the colony, filling the places of trust and honor, firmly maintaining its rights, bravely defending its borders, managing its correspondence with Europeans in such a manner as to inspire respect and confidence, and, what is more, showing that the intellectual and religious interests of the people are near their hearts, it seems to us to afford volumes of eloquent pleading in behalf of the slave, and to establish the fact, that such a field of action and improvement is one which the colored race are blind to their own interests not to prize. They may say that they know their own interests best; it may be so; but men, before now, have mistaken what was good for them, when they thought they saw it clearly. We do not perceive that their color gives them any better means of judgment than others possess; and to us it seems clear, that, in disowning Liberia, they indulge a suicidal prejudice, which their children, if not they, will remember with sorrow in future days. We do not say that other places may not be better, but we do say that this commonwealth fully answers the purpose for which it was founded, by showing that the colored race can be efficient, self-sustained, respected, and happy, without needing the aid or counsel of white men, and in a republic entirely their own.

How it is that the free colored race can look with complacency on their condition in any part of this country is more than we can understand. True, it may be better at some future day than it is now; we hope and trust that it will. But we speak of it as it is now, and surely there is no immediate prospect of a change for the better; and we cannot comprehend why they should wish to detain those who are desirous to make the experiment of other influences and a more favored land. No community, one would think, can afford a better home for the free colored man than Boston; and yet, in comparison with Liberia, what story has Boston to tell?

"By an authentic document in the nature of a report rendered this year [1837] to the 'Boston Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race,' we are enabled to run a statistical parallel between the people of the colony of Liberia, in Africa, and the free people of color in the city of Boston, in

America. In Liberia, more than one in every four of the inhabitants are church-members; in Boston, less than one in every seven of the colored people are church-members. In Liberia, there are five hundred and eighty pledged members of temperance societies; in Boston, there is not one, as appears from the tabular view. In Liberia, every child of sufficient age, of the families of the colonists, was at regular school; in Boston, the proportion was so small and so uncertain as to be really not comparable. In Boston, a primary school for colored children had to be discontinued for want of scholars; in Liberia, fifteen schools could not satisfy the people, clamorous for the education of themselves and their offspring. In Liberia, the inhabitants support, both by their pecuniary and by their literary contributions, an ably conducted paper, — they can not only generally read, but can generally write and compose in a correct and manly style, as our quotations therefrom abundantly testify; in Boston, scarcely any of the adults were able to read, 'and of children so reported some discount must be made.' In Boston, 'a majority of all classes of them attend public worship very irregularly'; in Liberia, the people are a 'peculiarly church-going people, nor could love or money influence any of them to labor on the Sabbath.'" — p. 543.

Some may think that the colored persons would not be the better for connection with the churches; some of their friends have been exceedingly busy to bring the church into disesteem with them, and thus have done fatal injury to those whom they probably meant to serve. But to the eye of common sense, the fact just stated tells very much in favor of the home beyond the sea.

In Boston, the colored race are diminishing,* and the number of unmarried persons is great, a fact which bodes no good to the coming generations. In Liberia, the inhabitants are increasing, and the state of society is encouraging in every respect of prosperity and morals. Now, it seems to us, that, if we were of their number, and the lines had

* Mr. Lemuel Shattuck's able report on the census of Boston taken in 1845 contains a table, on page 43, from which we borrow the following facts. In 1742, of the whole population of the city, 8.39 *per cent.* were colored persons; in 1800, they were only 4.7; in 1825, 3.29; in 1835, 2.24; and in 1845, but 1.61 *per cent.* In 1840, the whole number of colored persons in Boston was 1,988; in 1845, the number was reduced to 1,842; yet, in these five years, the *total* population of the city had increased from about 85,000 to 114,366, or 34.54 *per cent.*

fallen to us in our Northern capital, we should strike our tent with all possible expedition, and proceed to a more genial home. If we were reminded, that we were born in America, we should answer, that it was quite sufficient for us, and we should take care to die in some more friendly and favored land. This, however, is matter of taste and opinion, which each one must determine for himself; but we lament to say, that, as the prejudice against them grows out of the memory of their bondage, even if slavery should come to an end to-morrow, it must be a long time before the impression of their inferiority and all the associations connected with it would be done away.

We recommend this work to those who desire to know something of one of the most remarkable enterprises of the age. It is true, its history is young, and the events here recorded have been passing before us; but we think very little of such incidents as they are served to us piecemeal in the public prints; it is not till we see the whole movement at a single view, that we can understand its greatness, or form any conjecture as to its results in a future day. It has yet much to contend with; as our government cannot take it under its full protection, it must depend in a great measure upon the sense of honor and right which prevails among the nations of the earth. We wish it could place more ample confidence in this moral sense; but, if the conscience of nations is weak, there is nothing which any one of them could gain by injury to Liberia, and this is a guaranty on which it can more safely rely. Sometimes a small naval officer may glory over it, in the wantonness of power which has been committed to his unworthy hands; but it is hoped that such airs of importance will be prevented, if not censured; they cannot be permitted without reproach to the nation which allows them. Our own officers have done themselves great honor by the kind and manly interest which they have manifested in the colony, and the open testimony in its favor which they have been ready to give. We hope that it will be strong enough to work out its own results in peace. Prejudice itself cannot well point out any harm which it can do; while there is good reason to hope that it will afford a refuge for the oppressed, and be the means of making to injured Africa some late atonement for its numberless wrongs.

We say again, then, that we support this enterprise as a measure of emancipation. We look upon it as allowing the claim of the slave to be free, urging on his master the duty of releasing him, and expressing full confidence that he can be enlightened, happy, and free, when removed from the operation of that prejudice which here weighs him down. So far from admitting that the prejudice in question has any foundation in truth and reason, we think it baseless and unjust; and we see no means so efficient to remove it, as to give the slave a chance to show the world what his energies, exerted for himself, can do. If we could see or imagine a way in which colonization would prolong the existence of slavery, it is the last thing in which we should be interested; but while we do not doubt the sincerity of those who ascribe this effect to it, we cannot trace the steps of their reasoning, nor understand the state of mind in which these impressions are welcomed as true. To our apprehension, it is clear, that whatever keeps this subject before the public mind, without exciting bad passions, is favorable to the progress of truth. It is well known that this form of emancipation is tolerated and practised where no other would be possible. If any one sends his slaves to Liberia, it is a declaration on his part either that it is his duty to surrender them, or that he thinks they can be better off elsewhere than in the house of bondage. In both cases, his testimony is favorable to the cause of freedom; others will be influenced by it; and thus a sense of the value of liberty, and the right and capacity of the slave to enjoy it, will gradually make its way from heart to heart. All may not travel up to this conviction in precisely the same way; but this is of little importance, if they only arrive at the truth, that every man should be his own master, and that all have a right to be free.

ART. II. — *Sermons preached upon Several Occasions.* By ROBERT SOUTH, D. D., Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. A New Edition, including the Posthumous Discourses. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 4 vols. 8vo.

No explorer of the thorny tracts of theology can ever forget his exhilaration of spirit on first reading the sermons of Dr. South, the shrewdest, sharpest, bitterest, and wittiest of English divines. His character, formed by a curious interpenetration of strong prejudices and great powers, and colored by the circumstances of his age and position, is one of the most peculiar in English literature, and, as displayed in his works, repays the most assiduous study. In some points he reminds us of Sydney Smith, though distinguished from him by many striking individualities, and utterly opposed to him in political sentiment and principle. He is a grand specimen of the old Tory; and he enforced his Toryism with a courage, heartiness, and wealth of intellectual resources, to which the warmest radical could hardly refuse admiration and respect.

South was born in 1633. He was the son of an eminent London merchant. In 1647, he was admitted a king's scholar at Westminster, at the period when Dr. Busby was master of the school. On the day of the execution of King Charles the First, or, to use his own words, "on that black and eternally infamous day of the king's murder, an hour or two before his sacred head was cut off," the Doctor prayed for the king by name, while reading Latin prayers at the school. In 1651, he entered Oxford, at the same time that John Locke was admitted, — the future champion of the divine right of kings, in company with the future champion of freedom. In 1655, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and wrote a copy of Latin verses congratulating Cromwell on the peace made with the Dutch. Although this was a college exercise, and the theme probably selected for him and not by him, it must have been a most galling recollection in after years, when he was writing down the great Protector as an "execrable monster," and comparing him to Baal and Beelzebub. At college he seems to have been a severe student, both in the acquisition of knowledge

and in the training of his faculties for the gladiatorial contests of professional life. He was ordained by one of the deprived bishops, in 1658; and soon won the good-will of the Presbyterians by a sermon directed against the Independents. In 1660, he was made University Orator, and in July of the same year he preached his celebrated discourse, The Scribe Instructed, before the king's commissioners, who met at Oxford soon after the restoration, for the visitation of the University. South at this time was twenty-seven years old; and the sermon, in respect to style, arrangement, and strength of intellect and character, is one of his greatest and most characteristic productions, and indicates both the bias and energy of his mind. It especially displays that masterly arrangement of his matter, that thorough comprehension of his subject, and that vitality and vividness of expression, which have given his sermons with some a place in literature even higher than in divinity.

The object of the discourse is to set forth the qualifications of the Christian preacher, and to show by ridicule and argument the absurdity and wickedness involved in assuming to be a minister of the word without competent ability, knowledge, and preparation. He especially insists on intellectual qualifications, and their improvement by habitual exercise. Defining divinity as "a doctrine treating of the nature, attributes, and works of the great God, as he stands related to rational creatures, and the way how rational creatures may serve, worship, and enjoy him," he asks if a doctrine of that "depth, that height, that vast compass, grasping within it all the perfections and dimensions of human science, does not worthily claim all the preparations whereby the wit and industry of man can fit him for it?" He opposes levity and stupidity as the two faults of most sermon-mongers, — those who put their prayers in such a dress as if they did not "supplicate, but compliment Almighty God," and those who lie "grovelling on the ground with a dead and contemptible flatness," passing off dulness as a mark of regeneration. The most splendid part of the sermon is the passage relating to the eloquence of the Bible, in which South enforces the duty of the minister to employ rich and significant expression in conveying the truths of the gospel. As he fears that this may bring down the opposition of such as call speaking "coherently upon any sacred

subject an offering of strange fire, and account the being pertinent even the next door to the being profane," he adduces Scripture authority for magnificence of language, and boldly pronounces the Bible a system of the best rhetoric, as well as a body of religion.

"As the highest things require the highest expressions, so we shall find nothing in Scripture so high in itself, but it is reached and sometimes overtopped by the sublimity of the expression."

The passions he deems to have been more powerfully described by the Hebrew than the heathen poets.

"Where do we read," he asks, "such strange risings and fallings, now the faintings and languishings, now the terrors of astonishment, venting themselves in such high amazing strains, as in Psalm lxxvii.? Or where did we ever find sorrow flowing forth in such a natural prevailing pathos, as in the lamentations of Jeremy? One would think that every letter was written with a tear, every word was the noise of a breaking heart; that the author was a man compacted of sorrows, disciplined to grief from his infancy, one who never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in a groan."

He pounces upon Politian, for saying that he abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear they would spoil his style, and calls him a blockhead as well as an atheist, — one who had "as small a gust for the elegancies of expression as the sacredness of the matter." There are few clergymen who would not find the reading of this sermon profitable, and few parishioners who would not be grateful if its advice were more generally followed.

No one could have heard or read this discourse without perceiving that a powerful and daring character was rising in the church, — one who could enforce and defend his doctrines and discipline with all the energy of a fanatic and all the acuteness of a philosopher. South was soon after made domestic chaplain to Clarendon. In January, 1662–3, he preached before King Charles the Second, at Whitehall, on occasion of the anniversary of the "execrable murder of King Charles the First, of glorious memory," his celebrated sermon, Pretence of Conscience no Excuse for Rebellion. This is a perfect shriek of loyalty; and although South's discourses are all more or less sprinkled with bitter allusions to the political and religious conduct of the

Parliamentarians, it is in this sermon that his zeal and rage rise to their most portentous excesses. He loses here that quiet command of his hatred, which makes the gibes and jests directed against the Puritans in The Scribe Instructed so galling and effective. He dedicates the sermon to the "never-dying memory" of Charles the First, and adds, as a precious piece of history, that he was "*causelessly* rebelled against, inhumanly imprisoned, and at length barbarously murdered before the gates of his own palace, by the worst of men and the most obliged of subjects."

The sermon itself is well worthy of the dedication. The fiery spirit of the preacher throws off at times splendid specimens of vehement rhetoric,

> "that bound and blaze along
> Their devious course, magnificently wrong";

but the whole sermon seems at this day rather a caricature than a panegyric of the monarch;—a man sedulous of propriety rather than virtue, whose misfortune it was to embody all the characteristics of political crime but its energies, and who, in his dealings with his adversaries, trusted to systematic falsehood as the means by which in the end he could "feed fat the hungry grudges of his smiling rancor and his cringing pride." Charles is often represented, or rather misrepresented, as the perfection of kings and men. But South tells us, that he was a David, a saint, a king. He had so many excellences, that he would have deserved a kingdom, had he not inherited one. His genius was so controlling, that in every science he attempted he did not so much study as reign. His writings have such a commanding and majestic pathos, that they seem to have been written with a sceptre instead of a pen. He was pious beyond expression; as eminent for frequenting the temple as Solomon was for building one; could defend his religion as a king, dispute for it as a divine, and die for it as a martyr. If ever the lion and the lamb dwelt together, it was in his royal breast. He was, indeed, a prince whose virtues were as prodigious as his sufferings, and "a father of his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son." It is but justice to say, that Charles the Second had not at this time fully developed his large capacities for knavery and licentiousness, nor attempted to barter away the rights

and interests of his people to pay the expenses of his debaucheries.

The persons who arrayed themselves against Charles the First were the most unnatural and godless of traitors. In the first stage of their rebellion, they invented the "covenant," like those who are said to have made a "covenant with hell and an agreement with death." This was the most solemn piece of perjury, the most fatal engine against the church, the bane of monarchy, the greatest snare of souls, and mystery of iniquity, that ever was hammered out by the wit and wickedness of man. The king was murdered by the refuse of his people, the scum of the nation, — that is, by what at that time was the uppermost and basest part of it. Like Actæon, he was torn by a pack of bloodhounds. The difference between being conquered and slain by another king, and being killed by infamous rebels, was the difference between being torn by a lion and being eat up with vermin. His sufferings it is no blasphemy to compare with Christ's, though his murderers were worse than the Jews. With devilish ingenuity, they proposed various ways of putting him to death, all methods which either their malice could suggest, or their own guilt deserve. After his death, they tried to assassinate his fame and butcher his reputation, — to such a height of tyranny did the remorseless malice of these embittered rebels rise. They searched his dead body to see if it was not infected with some disgraceful disease. But such maladies were confined to his murderers, to such men as Clement and Peters. The body of Charles had none of the ruins and genteel rottenness of modern debauchery. It was firm and clear like his conscience ; he fell like the cedar, no less fragrant than tall and stately. All who opposed Charles are treated by South with remorseless severity. Sir Harry Vane is that worthy knight who was executed on Tower-hill ; Milton is "the Latin advocate, who, like a blind adder, has spit so much venom on the king's person and cause."

It is curious, in reading this sermon, and some of Milton's prose, to note the extraordinary virulence and remorselessness with which the paper wars of the time were conducted. Controversialists represented each other more as fiends than men ; and mutual denunciation foamed into madness. South writes with the rage and impatience of a man who would sweep, if

he could, the enemies of church and king to perdition, with one wave of his pen. He says, "I do well to be angry." Milton's rage is deeper and more condensed, and prompts more awful denunciations. Thus, at the end of the sublime prose hymn which concludes his early work, Of Reformation in England, he prays that those "who, by impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them), shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, where, under the despiteful control, the trample and spurn of all the other damned, that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them as their slaves and negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most underfoot and downtrodden vassals of perdition." The whole royalist body, in the modest excesses of their rhetorical execrations, could not have gone beyond this determined and terrible invective. There is nothing in South's writings which approaches it in stern and superhuman, if not inhuman, severity.

In November, 1662, South preached at St. Paul's his sermon on Man created in the Image of God. This we deem, on the whole, his greatest production ; it stands, with that of Chillingworth on the Form and Spirit of Godliness, in the very front rank of sermons. It is, perhaps, the best and fairest expression of South's mind, considered apart from his inveterate prejudices, and indicates the capacity of his intellect and imagination in the region of pure thought. In this discourse, he draws a portrait of the ideal man, as he supposes him to have existed in paradise, and states what constitutes perfection in the understanding, will, passions, and affections. The vigor and clearness of thought and expression in this noble treatise on human nature would alone be sufficient to place South high in the sliding scale of English prose-writers. There runs through the discourse an air of majestic pathos and regret, arising from the contrast between the real and the ideal man. Several sentences remind us of Pascal. South, too, exalts the dignity of human nature, while mourning over its fall. We may, he says, "collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the build-

ing by the magnificence of its ruins." "And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise."

A man who had thus signalized himself both by his powers and his loyalty could not escape notice and preferment. In 1663, he was made prebendary of Westminster; in 1670, canon of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1677, he accompanied, as chaplain, Lawrence Hyde, the son of Clarendon, sent by Charles the Second as ambassador to Poland. On the 30th of April, 1668, we find him returned, and preaching at Oxford. In his sermon on Christ's Promise the Support of Ministers, he has some remarks which seem directed against Jeremy Taylor. He recommends plainness and simplicity of speech to the minister, and, alluding to St. Paul's mode of teaching, he says, — "Nothing here of the 'fringes of the North Star'; nothing of 'nature's becoming unnatural'; nothing of the 'down of angel's wings,' or the 'beautiful locks of cherubims'; no starched similitudes, introduced with a 'Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion,' and the like. No, these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the Apostles, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms, that he who believed should be saved, and that he who believed not should be damned." There is a good deal more about gaudery, frisking it in tropes, fine conceits and airy fancies, shooting over men's heads while professing to aim at their hearts, — all of which might seem to have been levelled at Taylor, by one whose energetic and fiery spirit could ill brook the "process of smoothness and delight" by which the sweet poet of theology would draw men into heaven. South, also, in this sermon, darts with his usual practical acuteness on the motives which animated many of the opponents of the church in their dolorous complaints. When they desire to get the clergy under their feet, then the clergy are too high and proud. "When avarice disposes men to be rapacious and sacrilegious, then forthwith the church is too rich." And when, by gaming and revelling, these same men have disabled themselves from paying their butchers, brewers, and vintners, "then immediately they are all thunder and lightning against the intemperance and luxury of

the clergy, forsooth, and high time it is for a thorough reformation."

In 1681, South preached before the king, at Westminster, his sermon on All Contingencies directed by Providence. In this discourse, he referred to the impossibility of foreseeing the tremendous results of small things on the stability and happiness of states; and, after giving two instances drawn from history, he exclaimed, — "And who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House with a threadbare, torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected, that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?" Charles laughed heartily at this, and said, turning to Hyde, — "Odsfish! your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death." It was the misfortune of South to preach his doctrines of passive obedience, and God's particular care of kings, in the reign of a good-natured rascal, who had not a single quality of majesty to sustain the theory of the divine by the example of the monarch. South seems to have been ambitious rather to be the champion of the church, than to enjoy its high and lucrative offices. He repeatedly declined preferment. In the reign of James the Second, though he disliked the measures of that monarch relating to Popery, he would not oppose him, and, when pressed to sign the invitation to the Prince of Orange, steadily refused. After the revolution, he rather submitted to the new government than acknowledged it. He might have had one of the vacant bishoprics, had he pleased; but he felt too strong a sympathy with the nonjurors to step into any of their late offices. The rest of his life was spent in the same unwavering devotion to the church which had characterized his youth and manhood. He opposed all measures to produce a union of dissenting Protestants, that involved the slightest sacrifice of the forms and ceremonies of the church. He died July 8, 1716, after a long life of intellectual labor. His biography is to be read in his sermons. In them are chronicled the results of his studies, the opinions he entertained of men and measures, the thoughts he grasped in contemplation, the passions he felt in actual life; and on them is impressed the undeniable marks of the daring, straightforward character of the man.

In both his life and writings, South presents himself as a man of more than ordinary dimensions. His understanding was large, strong, and acute, grappling every subject he essayed to treat with a stern grasp, and tearing and ripping up, with a peculiar intellectual fierceness, systems and principles which contradicted his own. He possessed a constant sense of inward strength, and whatever province of thought he willed to make his own always yielded to his unceasing and unwearied effort. Difficulties and obstacles, in conception or expression, instead of daunting him, only seemed to rouse new energies of passion, and set his mind on fire. Many sentences in his works seem torn from his brain by main strength, expressing not only the thought he intended to convey, but a kind of impatient rage that it did not come with less labor. He wrote probably from his own consciousness, when he represented study as racking the inward and destroying the outward man, as clothing the soul with the spoils of the body; "and like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but consumes the scabbard." And again, in another connection, he calls truth a great stronghold barred and fortified by God and nature, and diligence, the understanding's laying siege to it. "Sometimes it thinks it gains a point; and presently again it finds itself baffled and beaten off; yet still it renews the onset; attacks the difficulty afresh; plants this reasoning and that argument, this consequence and that distinction, like so many intellectual batteries, till at length it forces a way and passage into the obstinate inclosed truth that so long withstood and defied all its assaults." To great sharpness and penetration of intellect, which pierced and probed whatever it attacked, he joined a peculiar vividness of perception, to which we can give no more appropriate name than imagination. In almost every subject which he treats, he not merely reasons powerfully, but he sees clearly; and it is this bright inward vision of his theme that he most warmly desires to convey to the reader. Like every truly great thinker, he thinks close to things, without the intervention of words, and masters the objects of his contemplation before he seeks to give them expression. His style, therefore, has singular intensity, vitality, and richness. It expresses not only the thought, but the thought as modified by the character of the thinker. In this respect, he is among the most original of writers.

His commonplaces never appear echoes of other minds, but truths which he has himself seen and proved. The strange and strained conceits, the harsh metaphors, which, when tried by general principles of taste, must be conceded to disfigure many of his sermons, are still legitimate offsprings of a mind passionately in earnest to fix and express some "slippery uncertainties," some fugitive and elusive thoughts, whose bright faces shone on his mind but a moment, and then flitted away into darkness. The coarse expressions and comparisons in his writings are also indicative of his impatience at all coquetry with language, and his disposition to give things their appropriate garniture of words. If the expression disgusts, the object of the preacher is attained, for disgust at the expression is naturally transferred to the thing which he desires to make disgusting. Thus, when he wishes to indicate the disproportion between the pleasures of the thinking and the eating man, he represents them to be as different "as the silence of Archimedes in the study of a problem, and the stillness of a sow at her wash." Again, when he desires to make graphically evident that pleasure is merely a relative term, and consists in the suitableness of objects to varying conditions of character, — that what is pleasure to one man is pain to another, — he declares that "the pleasures of an angel can never be the pleasures of a hog." His works would furnish numberless instances of the same felicity of vulgar allusion. Indeed, he lived among a generation of sinners, whose consciences were not assailable by smooth circumlocutions, and whose vices required the scourge and the hot iron. South vividly perceived the baseness and contemptible nature of sin, through all the gilded shows in which it was incased, and could draw from natural objects no images which he thought too foul and hateful to picture it to the imagination.

The intensity of feeling and thinking which burns throughout South's writings has no parallel in English theology. It resembles the unwearied fire of the epic poet. If it had been allied to a shaping and fusing imagination, like that of Milton, the Puritans would not perhaps have produced the only great poet of that age. As it is, we doubt if, in the single quality of freshness and force of expression, of rapid and rushing life, any writer of English prose, from Milton to Burke, equalled South. In him, this animation is not confined to particular

passages or sermons, but glows and leaps through the whole body of his writings. His vast command of language, and his power of infusing the energy of his nature into almost every phrase and image, would make his sermons worthy the attention of all students of expression, even if they were not fascinating for their brilliant good sense in questions of social morals, and the vigor of intellect brought to the discussion of controverted points in theology and government.

The wit of South is bountifully sprinkled over his sermons, and it is by this quality that he is most commonly known. He uses it often as a gleaming weapon of attack and defence. It is, however, no light and airy plaything with him, but generally a severe and masculine power. It gleams brightest and cuts sharpest, when its possessor is most enraged and indignant. Though sometimes exhibited in sly thrusts, shrewd innuendoes, insinuating mockeries, and a kind of raillery, half playful and half malicious, it is more commonly exercised to hold up adversaries to contempt and scorn, to pierce iniquity and falsehood with shafts that wound as well as glisten, or to evade logical dilemmas by lightning-like transference of an analogy of fancy for one of the reason. In many cases, it makes his understanding play the part of a partisan, on subjects where it is abundantly able to act the judge. So fertile was South's mind in ingenious turns, quirks, and analogies, that an epigram often misled him from his logic ; and to fix an unanswerable jest upon an opponent was as pleasing as to gravel him with an unanswerable argument. Thus, the Puritanic party were continually putting forward the phrase *liberty of conscience* as the object of their struggles. A mind like South's would evade the justice of such a plea somewhat in this wise. Conscience would suggest piety and honesty. Now among the Puritans were many notorious hypocrites and sharpers. The cry of conscience, of course, would be with them a mere disguise for selfish objects. Consequently, what the Puritans wanted was not liberty *of* conscience, but liberty *from* conscience. The inward delight following such a dexterous turn of words, embodying a principle but partially true, would prevent South from pursuing the subject farther, or rescuing his argument from the fallacy into which it had been seduced by epigram. Most of his sermons bearing upon dissenters and republicans swarm with sophisms of a similar character, in which there is just enough truth to give

a practical application to the shining edge of the wit. A party, however, which had all its badges and watchwords so caricatured or distorted, would find it more difficult to gain proselytes, than if the falsehood of its principles had been demonstrated by unimpeachable arguments.

Yet, with all his understanding, learning, and wit, South was a fanatic and a bigot in every thing which concerned church and state. To the dominion of a few contemptible maxims, which we can hardly conceive the feeble intellects and abject spirits of Charles's courtiers to have honestly admitted, did this independent, dogmatic, fierce, and defying controversialist surrender his splendid talents and accomplishments. It is difficult to believe that his mind voluntarily submitted to this slavery, though there is no evidence that it was not self-imposed. The only explanation we can give is, that his nature early received a strong bias, by the pressure of external circumstances, towards the royal cause. He was naturally exceedingly sensitive to the ridiculous side of things, and naturally impatient and choleric. To a man thus constituted, a prejudice imbibed against the persons connected with a cause is equivalent to a hatred of the cause itself; and when this prejudice deepens into a principle, large powers of intellect more readily subserve than oppose it. Now, South saw the ridiculous and selfish side of Puritanism and its affiliated political doctrines, with the keenest glance. He had frequented the conventicles in his youth. All that was grotesque, presumptuous, ignorant, cruel, senseless, and hypocritical, in the different sects of the time, he had seen embodied in appropriate persons. The "blessed breathings," the "heavenly hummings and hawings," the various transparent veils through which hypocrisy is visible to the eye of wit, were familiar to his mind. He must gradually have formed the opinion, that the whole movement with which these were accidentally connected was one of mingled knavery and folly, and could end only in the destruction of social and religious order. If, instead of imbibing his first impressions of civil and religious liberty at the time of Cromwell, he had lived in an earlier day, and been one of those who met at Lord Falkland's house, with Selden, and Chillingworth, to discuss the constitutionality of the latest act of the king, or the sanity of the latest foolery of Laud, his mind would never have been forced into the vassalage of such degrading errors as it

ultimately defended. As it was, however, the man of intelligence scoffed at the narrowness, the man of learning at the ignorant fanaticism, and the man of wit at the costume and affectations, of the enthusiasts whom he daily met, without considering that their cause was the cause of English liberty, and their madness the result of ecclesiastical tyranny. With these impressions of the Puritans, it was natural that he should be shocked at "such a pack of incendiaries" assuming to be ministers of the gospel, and, as it appeared to him, preaching schism, lecturing men into sacrilege, praying them into rebellion, beheading princes, and overthrowing a church and monarchy which seemed strong with the strength of a divine right. At the restoration of Charles the Second, it was natural, too, that he should be drunk with loyalty, in common with other men of a less fiery temper and less determined prejudices. That he was honest in his bigotry, there can be little doubt. His sermons are the heartiest compositions of the time. He continually gives evidence of a spirit which would not hesitate to fight or die for the wretched principles he esteemed. In some way or other, he had connected the office and person of king with the most awful objects of his reverence, and, as a reasoner, became utterly insane when their sacredness was brought in question. Dogmatic and authoritative by nature and education, he hardly comprehended the meaning of toleration in matters of religion. Against every thing which militated with the doctrines or ceremonies of his church, he hurled his anathemas, or shot his sarcasms. Socinians and atheists he considered identical, and he wonders, in one of his discourses, that the diabolical impiety of the former, in their notions about the future state of the wicked, had not been visited with condign punishment at the hands of civil justice. Popery and puritanism were also identical. "They were as truly brothers as Romulus and Remus. They sucked their principles from the same wolf." The courage with which he uttered his extreme opinions was of that kind which would have sustained him at the stake. "Were it put to my choice," he says, "I think I should choose rather, with spitting and scorn, to be tumbled into the dust in blood, bearing witness to any known truth of our dear Lord now opposed by the enthusiasts of the present age, than, by a denial of those truths, through blood and perjury wade to a sceptre, and lord it on a throne." He speaks of

bad men as those who blaspheme God, revile their prince, *and the like*, — placing these sins on a level. In almost every case in which he refers to Charles the First and the Parliamentary party, he utters hardly a word of history. He can see nothing but perfection in the king, nothing but villany in those who opposed his treachery and tyranny. Faction and rebellion, by which he means opposition to the monarch, he denounces as the worst of sins in his own age, — an age which he confesses to be supernaturally expert in all sin's excesses and inventions. In his sermon on Education, a sermon which contains many admirable and comprehensive ideas, he makes undeviating loyalty to the king one of the chief doctrines to be woven into the minds of youth. Still, on all subjects where his political and religious bigotries do not warp his judgment and blind his perceptions, the capacity of his mind for the investigation of truth is splendidly shown. It would be easy to condemn his fanaticism by principles gathered from his own writings, when his mind had free scope, and was not haunted by the ghostly names of church and king. The wonder of the reader is, as he peruses South's clear exposure and energetic denunciation of the various forms of sin and error, that a man so skilled in detecting the slightest departure from virtue should have been so incapable of applying his principles to the acts of his bosom's idols.

The depravity of morals and manners during the reign of Charles the Second has never been depicted with more force of coloring than by South. Here none of his hatreds interfered to bias his mind, except his laudable hatred of sin and wickedness. Never were debauchees and criminals exposed to a more merciless storm of ridicule and execration, than when he poured on them the flood of his mingled contempt and wrath. His invective lights on every rank and degree beneath royalty, and there are sentences in his sermons, which, if not aimed at the king, seem to strike him none the less. Thus, he says, "A corrupt governor is nothing else than a reigning sin ; and a sin in office may command any thing but respect." Again, he declares it a "strange and shameful thing to have vice installed, debauchery enthroned" ; and it is this very strange and shameful thing which shocks every student of the reign of Charles. It is, however, upon the dissolute nobility, statesmen, and men of wit and pleasure about town, that our stern

divine expends most of his sarcasm and denunciation. His sermons swarm with severe and pointed rebukes of these. The scandalous and enormous impiety, the unparalleled wickedness, of his age are constant subjects of his virtuous honor and his epigrammatic rage. If we take his description of the time as accurate, we should adopt an opinion regarding the "blessed restoration" of Charles the Second by no means flattering to monarchy. We will give, mostly in his own sharp words, gathered from different portions of his writings, what South himself taught as the character of his age.

Blasphemy, irreligion, and debauchery were the prime characteristics of all men of wit and fashion. Their ambition was to reach daring heights in sin. They were such as broke the mounds of all law, such as laughed at the sword of vengeance which divine justice brandished in their faces; and laid their hearts open, like broad and high roads, for all the sin and villany in the world freely to pass through. Vice walked about with bare face and brazen forehead, looking down with scorn upon virtue as mean and contemptible. Practised sinners threw off the restraints of religion as pedantry, narrowness, and the infusions of education, affecting a superiority in villany to the fops, their ancestors, and, not content with distinguishing themselves as laborious drunkards, dexterous cheats, or sly adulterers, were earnest to set off all other sins with the crowning perfection of complete atheism. So confident were men in sin, that it was as if they had come to dare and defy the justice of Heaven, to laugh at right-aiming thunderbolts, to puff at damnation, and, in a word, to bid Omnipotence do its worst. The age groaned under a company of lewd, shallow-brained puffs, wretches who seemed to have sinned themselves into another kind of species, and who made contempt of religion the badge of wit, gallantry, and true discretion. These fellows bore a peculiar stamp of impiety, and appear to have formed a kind of diabolical society for finding out new experiments in vice. They laughed at the dull, inexperienced, obsolete sinners of former times, and scorning to keep within the common, beaten road to hell, by being vicious only at the low rate of example and invitation, they aimed to search out other ways and latitudes, to oblige posterity with unheard-of inventions and discoveries in sin. Some persons were so unspeakably bad, that the Devil him-

self could neither make nor wish them worse. Parents set the worst example to their children; and many children of high families were not so much born, as damned, into the world. Sin, by being impudently defended, and confidently practised and countenanced by the noble, fairly got the victory over virtue. It rode on successfully and gloriously, lived magnificently, and fared deliciously every day. Nay, so far were men from sneaking under their guilt, that they scorned to hide or hold down their heads for less crimes than many others have lost theirs for. The example of the great takes away the shame of any thing they are observed to practise, though never so foul and shameful. No man blushes at the imitation of a scarlet or purple sinner, though the sin be of the same color. A vice *à la mode* will look virtue itself out of countenance, and out of heart too. Men love not to be found singular, especially where the singularity lies in the rugged and severe paths of virtue. So, in this age of grown and improved debauchery, the countenance given to vice by the nobles corrupted all classes. Places of honor were allotted to the base and wicked; one to a murderer, a second to an atheist, a third to a parasite. The great objects of the politician were plunder and official station. His maxim was, that, however fond priests may talk, there is no devil like an enemy in power, no damnation like being poor, no hell like an empty purse. All sacrifice for general objects he considered a piece of romantic melancholy unworthy a shrewd man, who was to look upon himself as his prince, his country, his church, nay, as his God. If he were called a traitor and a villain, he looked upon such terms as the mere declaimings of novices and men of heat, whose whole portion and inheritance is a freedom to speak. Women, in their shamelessness, at last became ashamed of nothing but to be virtuous or to be thought old. If they were asked the reason of their assuming such reckless liberty, they would reply, it was the mode; "the genteel freedom of the present age, which has redeemed itself from the pitiful pedantry and absurd scrupulosity of former times, in which those bugbears of credit and conscience spoiled all the pleasure, the air, and the fineness of conversation." The king's mistresses were openly visited by the great and the honorable. All possible courtship and attendance was thought too little to be used towards these infamous and odious women, who were fit to be

visited by none but God himself, who visits after a different manner from the courtiers of the world.'

Literature, also, was deeply tainted by the corruption of the times. Bad authors abounded, the Devil's amanuenses, and secretaries to the Prince of Darkness, who provided monstrosities of impiety and wickedness, which the people devoured, with the fire and brimstone flaming round them, and thus as it were digested death itself, and made a meal upon perdition. The sins of these infamous authors outlived themselves; for a bad writer sins in his grave, corrupts others while he is rotting himself, and has a growing account in the other world, after he has paid nature's last debt in this; and, in a word, quits this life like a man carried off by the plague, who, though he dies himself, yet does execution upon others by a surviving infection. In such traders for hell as these the nation abounded; wretches who lived upon other men's sins, the common poisoners of youth, equally desperate in their fortunes and manners, and getting their very bread by the damnation of souls.

This is the representation South gives of his age, mostly in his own nervous language. He compares the monstrous increase of vice to the breaking of a sea upon the land, and affirms it too powerful to be within the reach of human remedies; to be entirely remediless, "unless the great Governor of the world, who quells the rage and swelling of the sea, and sets bars and doors to it, beyond which the proudest of its waves cannot pass, shall, in his infinite compassion to us, do the same to that ocean of vice which now swells and roars, and lifts up itself above all banks and bounds of human laws; and so, by his omnipotent word, reducing its power, and abasing its pride, shall at length say to it, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.'"

In all his sermons relating to life and practical duty, in exposing the delusions of the passions, in ripping up the "concealing continents" of vice and error, in lashing sin and assisting struggling virtue, in the sharp analysis of all those thoughts and feelings which tend to deaden the conscience, South is eminently powerful, brilliant, and excellent. He is never misled by any sentiment or sentimentality from the direct path of virtue and truth. He calls every thing by its right name, and uses as little toleration to sin as to dissenters. His sermons on Covetousness, Education, Shamelessness in

Sin, Envy, the Misapplication of Names, Hypocrisy, Resignation, Prayer, Fasting, and many others, are full of admirable thoughts, expressed with a never-flagging life, directness, and splendor of language. His writings teem with important truths, sharpened into epigrams or maxims. Thus, speaking of the heart, he says, — "None knows how much villany lodges in this little retired room." In exposing the sin of intemperance, he quaintly remarks, — "The conscience cannot stand up, when the understanding is drunk down. He who makes his belly his business will quickly come to have a conscience of as large a swallow as his throat." In another connection he remarks, — "It was the sop that slid the Devil into Judas, and the glutton that ushered in the traitor." Pride he defines to have been the "Devil's sin and the Devil's ruin, and has been ever since the Devil's stratagem ; who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw." He is full of sly allusions to his time. Grub Street, with its squalor and bailiffs, was probably in his mind, when, in speaking of extemporary prayers, he remarked, God does not require us "to beg our daily bread in blank verse, or show any thing of the poet in our devotions, but indigence and want." At times his comparisons are arguments. Thus, he says finely of innocence, that "it is like polished armor ; it both adorns and defends." In referring to dunces occupying prominent situations, he tells them, — "If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs." Again, he states the emptiness of fame, in a fine allusion : — "Those that are so fond of applause while they pursue it, how little do they taste it when they have it ! Like lightning, it only flashes upon the face, and is gone ; and it is well if it does not hurt the man." It is rare that we see a great truth more pertinently expressed than this : — "Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk, and behave itself poorly." Joy, when perfect, he remarks, does not break out in violent eruptions, but "fills the soul, as God does the universe, silently and without noise." In his sermon on Resignation, he anticipates Byron's line on man, —

"Degraded mass of animated dust," —

calling the human being, as opposed to the divine, an "aspir-

ing lump of dirt"; and again, "a pitiful piece of animated dirt." To be angry under the dispensations of Providence he declares the height of folly as well as wickedness. "A man so behaving himself is nothing else but weakness and nakedness setting itself in battle-array against omnipotence; a handful of dust and ashes sending a challenge to all the host of heaven. For what else are words and talk against thunderbolts; and the weak, empty noise of a querulous rage *against Him who can speak worlds, who could word heaven and earth out of nothing, and can when he pleases word them into nothing again?*" In a sermon on Education he speaks of some schoolmasters as executioners rather than instructers of youth, and remarks that "stripes and blows are fit to be used only on those who carry their brains in their backs." He calls the hypocrite a "masquerader in religion, as ever still dodging and doubling with God and man, and never speaking his mind, nor so much as opening his mouth in earnest, but when he eats or breathes." Of the old, impotent, silver-haired sinner, "the broken and decrepit sensualist, creeping, as it were, to the Devil on all four," he says that he is "a wretch so scorned, so despised, and so abandoned by all, that his very vices forsake him." The covetous man he probes in this wise: — "The cries of the poor never enter into his ears; if they do, he has always one ear readier to let them out than the other to take them in. He is a pest and monster, greedier than the sea, barrener than the shore." And further on he says, — "God may smite thee with some lingering, dispiriting disease, which shall crack the strength of thy sinews, and suck the marrow out of thy bones; and then what pleasure can it be to wrap thy living skeleton in purple, and rot alive in cloth of gold, when thy clothes shall serve only to upbraid the uselessness of thy limbs, and thy rich fare stand before thee only to reproach and tantalize the weakness of thy stomach, while thy consumption is every day dressing thee up for the worms?"

Several of South's sermons are devoted to peace. In these he gives a masterly reply to all the arguments urged in favor of duels and revenge. Of the successful duellist he says, — "How fares it with him in the court of conscience? Is he able to keep off the grim arrests of that? Can he drown the cry of blood, and bribe his own thoughts to let him alone? Can he fray off the vulture from his breast,

that night and day is gnawing his heart, and wounding it with ghastly and amazing reflections?" One of his most magnificent images, conveyed with a rolling grandeur of expression, is devoted to the illustration of the seeming strength a revengeful spirit acquires from resistance. "As a storm could not be so hurtful, were it not for the opposition of trees and houses; it ruins nowhere, but where it is withstood and repelled. It has, indeed, the same force, when it passes over the rush, or the yielding osier; but it does not roar nor become dreadful, till it grapples with the oak, and rattles upon the tops of the cedars." Every one will confess that these extracts are in a higher strain of rhetoric than is commonly heard from the pulpit. They are not, however, isolated beauties, culled from a wide waste of verbiage and triteness, but characteristics of South's general style of thought and expression. His sermons are full of them; every page sparkles with wit, or glows with eloquence.

In reading the writings of a man evincing so much reach of thought and strength of nature as South, we cannot but be impressed with the injustice done to his talents, and to those of many other English divines, in the scale of precedence established among English authors. Thus, almost every commentator on English literature refers to Dryden's prose works, as evincing the relative perfection to which style had arrived in the age of Charles the Second. Men like Fox and Canning have expressed a fanatical admiration of his choice of terms and his powers of composition. Fox would not admit a word into his history of James the Second which had not been sanctioned by the use of Dryden. Yet, if any essay of Dryden be compared with a sermon by South or Barrow, both his contemporaries, no practised eye could fail to discern its inferiority in force, clearness, compactness, and richness of diction, as well as in depth and fertility of thought. We can account for this superior reputation enjoyed by a really inferior prose-writer, only by supposing that mere men of letters are indifferent to theological literature, and imbued with a prejudice that sermons afford little scope for originality, eloquence, wit, and the exhibition of striking traits of individual character; and this prejudice we conceive to have arisen, in no slight degree, from the pious dilutions and debilities served weekly in this age from so many pulpits, by persons styled ministers of the gospel.

It receives no support from Taylor, Chillingworth, Hall, South, Barrow, Butler, Newman, and Channing, — men separated from each other by as marked peculiarities as distinguish any celebrated poets and essayists, and from whose sermons alone an argument might be drawn for the vigor and versatility of the human intellect, and the exhaustless wealth of expression contained in the English language. Their purely literary merit places them far above many popular writers, who have had the luck to obtain a full recognition of their talents, by studiously disconnecting them from virtue and religion.

This indifference to the treasures of thought and expression which lie unworked in the mines of old English divinity we deem an evil of some magnitude, as it indicates a decline in the standard by which theological literature is now tried. It is very easy to say, that this indifference is to be attributed to sin and worldliness in men; but those most likely to urge this explanation had better decide first how much of it is due to mediocrity and dulness in preachers. It seems to us that theology is fast falling behind the other professions, in regard to the character and intelligence demanded in its professors. Depth, comprehension, a large knowledge of life, skill in dissecting evidence and motives, a general force of being which never yields to moral or intellectual timidity, are not now insisted upon as necessary to the clergyman. The toleration awarded to feeble sermons is the sharpest of all silent satires on the decline of divinity. Forcible men, men possessing sufficient vigor and vitality to "get along in the world," rush almost universally into the other professions. Law and politics, in this country, draw into their vortex hundreds of scholars who ought to be preachers of God's word both to law and politics. If a youth of education does not evince enough understanding to sift evidence or tear away the defences of a sophism, — if he lacks sufficient nerve to badger a witness or amputate a leg, his parents think him eminently calculated for that other profession, whose members are to scatter the reasonings of Hume and Diderot, to smite wickedness in high places, to lay bare the baseness of accredited sins, to brave with an unflinching front the opposition of the selfish and the strong, and to dare, if need be, all the powers of earth and hell in the cause of justice and truth. This, we need not say, is

all wrong. If the powers of darkness and delusion are strong in all the strength of bad passions and sophistical vices, let them be opposed by men whose spirits are of the "greatest size and divinest mettle"; by men who have the arm to smite and the brain to know; by men whose souls can thrid all those mazes of deceit through which sin eludes the chase of the weak in heart and the small in mind. Without force of character, there can be no force of impression. Words never gush out with persuasive or awful power from a feeble heart. Timidity, learned ease, a command of certain forms of expression, faith in terms, are characteristics of too many men, whose mission is to save souls by courage, activity, and power of conceiving and expressing truth. Since the clergy have lost the hold upon the mind given by superstition, have they sustained their legitimate influence by mental and moral power? Dry and dead matter of fact, or thin dilutions of transcendental sentiment, are the last things to effect this object, and yet they seem the first things which our modern soldiers of the cross grasp with their trembling fingers. The object, indeed, requires, that a good portion of the mind and genius of the land should be enlisted in the ranks of theology. We want neither ignorant fanaticism nor intelligent *nonchalance*.

This tameness of spirit is fast extending to doctrine and practice. A spurious toleration and liberality have supplanted the old earnest zeal. We live in an era of good feeling. The word unmentionable to ears polite burns the fingers of those who should launch it at sin. The meaning attached to the phrases of God's wrath and justice shocks our modern sensibilities. Sorrow and love are the two aspects under which the Deity is now contemplated. The terrors and threatenings of the law are hidden in a rose-colored mist of rhetoric. The great object of the age is to remove every thing from the surface of society which offends the eye of refined taste. Spiritual sins have been withdrawn from the front rank of transgressions, and sins of the senses promoted to their place. Every person of stern force of character rides over the clergy. A man who gets inflamed with any earnest thought speeds from his denomination, to rave men into some new heresy. As it would be intolerant to say that he was presumptuous or infidel, he is to be treated with the utmost politeness, or with a mild and whining

opposition; and even this inoffensive ineffectiveness of admonition, this chiding in the nerveless terms of a canting toleration, does not prevent its object from setting up as a martyr, and expending his inward agonies constantly in the public ear. The difference between the ancient and modern martyr is the difference between being raked and scathed by "balls of consuming wildfire," and being gently peppered by popguns. To escape the imputation of bigotry, preachers slide softly into the opposite stupidity of indifference. The effect which inward sin has in shaping opinions few hardly dare to analyze. A strong, hardy, wholesome zeal, intimating a living belief in the importance of any particular set of doctrines, and a thorough-going force of soul in their promulgation, careless of the melodious whine of the mild, and the more dissonant yell of the bad, — this is becoming disgracefully rare.

It is easy to calculate the effect of such timidity and weakness on the literature of theology. The mediocrity of sermons cannot be laid to their subjects. Nothing can be clearer than that divinity affords the widest scope for the most various powers and accomplishments, and presents the strongest motives to their development and cultivation. In the literature of every age, theology should assert its grandeur and power, in masterpieces of thought and composition, which men of letters would be compelled to read, in order to deserve the name. Eloquence on almost every other subject is but a species of splendid fanaticism. It exists by detaching from the whole of nature and life some special thing, and exaggerating it out of its natural size and relations to produce a transient effect. But to the preacher, philosophy and eloquence are identical. His task is to restore the most awful of all realities to its rightful supremacy, — the dominion it enjoys according to the Heaven-ordained laws by which the world was made. The written and spoken literature, which is the record of this eloquent wisdom, should be characterized by the first and greatest merit of composition, vitality. It is this vitality, this living energy, this beating of the brave heart beneath the burning words, which gives immortality to every thing in literature that survives its generation. Strange that it should be most wanting in those compositions where it would be most naturally sought! There is more of it in many a speech by

some political enthusiast, thrown off to save a party measure, than in many a sermon by some clerical icicle, intended to save a human soul. Sydney Smith, at the commencement of the present century, described the current sermons of his own church as being chiefly distinguished by decent debility; and we have repeatedly waded through sermons, on the most kindling and soul-animating themes, without being able to realize that the writer had any soul. Heaven and hell, righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come seemed to excite in him no more inspiring emotions than might have been raised from meditating on the mutations of trade. As it is unfortunately impossible for dulness at this day to shield itself from criticism, by tossing the names of scoffer and atheist at the critic, we humbly suggest that it would be wiser to elude the charge by infusing more energy and unction into the thing criticised. And we know of nothing more calculated to produce this desirable effect, than the study of a few sermonizers like South, and a hearty emulation of their learning and power; and in all discourses, on all subjects, to recollect that "no man's dulness can be his duty, much less his perfection."

Art. III. — *Carolina Sports, by Land and Water; including Incidents of Devil-Fishing, &c.* By the Hon. William Elliott, of Beaufort, S. C. Charleston: Burges & James. 1846. 12mo. pp. 172.

In returning through South Carolina, a few years since, from a long journey in the Southern States, after some adventures by flood and field that might make a book, if we were disposed to write travels, our early associations and happy recollections of college life were suddenly roused by the appearance of the author of the book before us on the opposite side of the dinner-table at a hotel. Although five-and-twenty years had passed away, since we looked up to him as one of an advanced class at Cambridge, distinguished by his rank as a scholar, and equally so by his readiness at all manly exercises, his fresh and vigorous appearance brought to memory the remark of John Randolph of Roa-

noke, when, late in life, he revisited the scenes of his collegiate course. He said that every thing appeared to him much as it used to do, except that two elm-trees on the college green seemed not quite so large as he remembered them to have been when he was a boy. We are not sure that Mr. Elliott looked quite as old as he appeared formerly to us, when at Cambridge. He was too far our senior for personal acquaintance in those days. But that was not necessary to fix a lasting impression of him. A very learned person lately remarked, that the wisdom of man had never appeared so imposing to him as it did in the class that was senior when he entered college; and many people, like ourselves, could probably, from their own experience, apply a similar remark to all human greatness and glory. Reminiscences of this nature, to be sure, are by no means reciprocal in character. When looking back on those who have followed in our rear, the exclamation most natural is that of wonder that the unformed freshman should ever have grown up to wear the grizzled head and furrows of advancing years.

However, be all that as it may, we were highly pleased at the incident; and knowing that we must be mutually acquainted with many estimable and accomplished people, we resolved not to part without claiming recognition. The advance was cordially met; and among a deal of agreeable talk that followed, Mr. Elliott gave an interesting account of an adventure in which he had shortly before been engaged, having taken the lead in an encounter with a sea-monster that had been supposed to be almost fabulous, and one quite as deserving of wonder as a sea-serpent would be, if we were sure that there were more like him in the ocean. We opened this book with eagerness, in hopes of finding the same story in it. It is related at length; and the reader shall have it in the author's own words, though we may be obliged to curtail the language a little to leave room for some other extracts. It seems that Mr. Elliott has amused himself by furnishing from his experience as a sportsman descriptions of this sort for newspapers and magazines, and the articles from his pen have been brought together for publication in the present form. A part of the first one will serve as an introduction. He writes under the name of Piscator.

"I am an hereditary sportsman, and inherit the tastes of my grandfather, as well as his lands. Whoever has seen the beauti-

ful bay on which they are seated (known on the map as Port Royal Sound) with its transparent waters stocked with a variety of sea-fish, while the islands that gird it in abound in deer and other game, will confess that it is a position well calculated to draw out sporting propensities.

"There is a fish, which annually visits this bay from May till August, — described by Linnæus as of the genus Ray, species Diodon. It is called by Dr. Mitchell (not without reason, from the bat-like structure of its flaps or wings) 'the Vampire of the Ocean.' It is known with us as the 'Devil-fish.' Its structure indicates great muscular power. It has long, angular wings and a capacious mouth; but the greatest singularity of its formation consists in its arms (or horns, as they are called), which extend on each side of the mouth, and serve as feeders. Its size, with us, is from fourteen to twenty-five feet, measured across the back transversely. Its longitudinal measurement is less. Valliant describes this fish as reaching the size of fifty feet on the coast of Africa; but Valliant was a *traveller!* I am a sportsman merely, and claim no charter to exceed the truth. I must own, then, that the largest I have seen and measured was but eighteen feet across the back, from three to four feet thick as it lay on the ground, had horns, or feeders, three feet in length, curiously articulated at the ends so as to resemble the fingers of the human hand when clenched, and enjoyed an amplitude of mouth sufficient to admit of its receiving two aldermen abreast, had it relished such a quintessence of turtle.

"It is the habit of this fish to ply these arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost closeness and obstinacy whatever body it has once inclosed. In this way, the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings and overset, by the Devil-fish having laid hold of the grapnel. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a shoal of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would sometimes, at flood tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water fence; the firm posts of which they would clasp and struggle to uptear, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings. This bold invasion of his landmarks my grandfather determined to resent." — pp. 7 – 9.

How he had his revenge we shall not stop to tell, because that, it seems, is matter only of tradition; and we pass to the account of what the author did himself. Modern sportsmen, far from attacking, had been, it seems, "content to be let alone by the Devil-fish."

"It was during the month of August, 1837, that, attended by my children, and by several friends, whose inducements were change of air and the benefit of sea-bathing, I made an excursion to Bay Point, a small summer settlement, situated at the north-eastern outlet of Port Royal Sound. There, for the first time, I witnessed the sporting of these sea-monsters on the surface, and conceived the idea of taking them with the harpoon.

"In crossing from Bay Point to Hilton Head, on a visit, I saw eight Devil-fish, one directly in the track of my boat as I spanked away under a press of sail. He thrust up both wings a foot above the surface and kept them steadily erect, as if to act for sails. I liked not the *cradle* thus offered me, and veered the boat so as just to miss him. He never budged, and I passed so near as easily to have harpooned him, if the implements had been at hand.

"The Devil-fish (in numbers thus unusual) had doubtless run into the inlet to escape the gales; for, from repeated observations, I am persuaded that fish are provided with an instinct, by which they are forewarned of convulsions in their proper element.

"The sight of these fish disturbed my rest, and I felt uncomfortable, until I found myself planning an attack, and providing myself with the needful apparatus. A harpoon two inches wide in the barb, between two and three feet in the shank (a regular *whaler*), was turned out from the work-shop. Forty fathoms of half-inch rope were purchased and stretched. To one end the harpoon was firmly attached; the other, passing through a hole cut in the bottom of a tub in which the rope was carefully coiled, was to be fastened to the forecastle. An eight-oared boat was inspected, new thwarted and new thole-pinned; and a clete nailed firmly on the forecastle to support the right foot of the harpooner. A day was fixed, and friends and sportsmen were invited to repair to the field of action; but the weather was unpropitious, and but two boats appeared.

"At six o'clock, on the 16th of August, we started from Bay Point on our cruise for Devil-fish. In my boat, manned by six oarsmen and a steersman, I was accompanied by my son, a youth under eighteen. In the second boat were G. P. E. and W. C., Esqrs., with a crew of four men. The armament of the larger consisted, besides the harpoon, of a lance, hatchet, and rifle; that of the smaller boat was two bayonets fixed in long staves (the line for a second harpoon having been swept away by the tide). We stretched away before a fresh northeaster, for the Bay gall on Hilton Head, and then struck sail and made all snug for action.

"We rowed slowly along between the Bay gall breaker and the shore, on the early ebb, expecting to meet the Devil-fish on their

return from Skull Creek, the scene of their high-water gambols. The smaller boat, with outspread sails, stretched off and on, traversing the same region, but on different lines. No fish were seen. The ebb was half spent, and we began to despair. I landed on the beach at Hilton Head, yet kept the boat afloat and two hands on the look-out. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, 'There!' cried our look-out man. I followed the direction of his hand, — it pointed to Skull Creek channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it, — it was a Devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts, — the oarsmen spring to their oars, — the red flag is raised to signal our consort, — and we went roaring on in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface.

"The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to any one; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the clete, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarce breathed while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and brief. 'There he is behind us!' Our oarsmen backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking around us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow, — his wing only is visible, — on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. The staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern, belly up. We dashed at him wherever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. 'Forward!' the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist, — I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second, before it disappeared beneath the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when, ho! the line stopped short!

'Is it possible? I have him, — the Devil-fish is struck!' Out flies the line from the bow, — a joyful shout bursts from our crew, — our consort is lashed to our stern, — E. and C. spring aboard, — and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

"Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank, — the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like, — reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. We drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him. I found *that* was no fun. Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness as we moved along under this novel, and *yet unpatented*, impelling power!"

A lance is plunged into him, but "it is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron is found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff broken in the socket.

"He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; a bayonet is plunged into his body; another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye, — the blade remaining buried in his body. A second is driven in, and that is snapped off in the blade. At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. The tide was now flood, — the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean water. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. 'Row him ashore, boys.' The Devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. 'Force him, then, to the surface.' He popt up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and, bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform, — quite *hors de combat.* Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat; the fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope, — he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears, Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton Head again approaches; but it is the *eastern face*

of the island that now presents itself. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and *this* is done against wind, tide, and oar! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds, and show itself in our faces; our means of assailing so powerful an antagonist were too inadequate; nothing remained but to bowse on him once more, and endeavour to despatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and, after giving him a long run to weary him to the uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion, — and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared sticking out from the *belly* of the fish; the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings, — nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature. After a moment's pause, to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the centre of this white mass.

"The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn round the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea, — and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon tore out! An instant before, I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish; the next, it was held up in air, in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost! I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment only, a faint hope revived; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body, — it might hold him! 'Clear my line, boys!' Alas! the weight of the fish is too much for my tackle, — the line flies through my hand, — is checked, — the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice by which it entered, — *and the fish is gone!* We spoke not a word, but set our sails, and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea, yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

"Yet, keenly as we felt our disappointment, there is not one of us who would willingly have been *elsewhere*, — and the pleasurable excitement of our three hours' run will be remembered to the end of our lives." — pp. 13 – 20.

The account is closed with a threat of another attempt, which was soon carried into execution. On the day appointed, "three boats appeared at the rendezvous at Bay

Point, fully equipped for the sport, and commenced a cruise full of exciting incident and eminently successful." The whole was planned and conducted under the auspices of Mr. Elliott; but the description of the sport, in which he is spoken of as Piscator, was written by another of the party.

"We were now moving leisurely along the Hilton Head shore, looking out for our foe in one of his old haunts, about a large trunk, which rose, black with age and barnacles, some ten or fifteen feet above water. Not a sign of him was discovered. We looked in the direction of Skull Creek, but he was obviously not there, for the surface was as quiet as if he had never ruffled it. A glance towards the sea at our backs gave us as little satisfaction. In the mean time, it was evident, from the water-marks on our left, that the flood was far advanced, and that the bank would soon be too deep to reach him, if he came fishing upon it. Impatience was visible in every countenance.

"'The day is fine enough,' said P.; 'they ought to be hereabouts, for the boys saw them only yesterday.'

"'I have my doubts,' said another, 'as to every thing the rogues tell us, especially if a Devil-fish is in the matter. You know their superstition.'

"'Ah! gentlemen,' exclaimed a third, rising from his seat, and gaping with ennui, 'this comes of taking things too late; you should have followed my advice, and have come out earlier. As it is, I see we shall have no sport.'

"'Look on your right!' shouted a voice from the other boat.

"The whole party were, in an instant, on their feet. There they were, to be sure. One, two, three; only a few hundred yards from us, rioting and tumbling fantastically over each other's wakes.

"'Where is the harpoon?'—'the rifle!'—'the rifle!' exclaimed several voices at once.

"'Gentlemen, do be quiet,' said P., as he leaped on the forecastle, catching up, at the same time, the harpoon, which lay on a coil of rope ready for use. 'I have seen some of this service before; pray go aft, and let me have a clear swing.'

"A few brisk strokes brought us in the midst of the playground of the Devil-fish, over a bank two or three fathoms deep. No part of their bodies was, however, to be seen; nothing but their broad, dingy flaps, their coppered edges glancing to the sun, as they rose and sunk in graceful parabolas through the turbid brine. All besides was dark: it was not possible to know where to strike. Their motions, too, were so rapid and disorderly, and withal transiently perceptible, that it required our utmost efforts to

shift our boat into available positions. But our *facile princeps* — the master-spirit of fishermen — was at the bow. An opportunity at last offered, and away went the harpoon, and, in a twinkling, the smallest fish disappeared: he had felt the touch of its keen edge, and instantly took fright. Another followed his example, leaving the bank in possession of one, who now seemed concerned only to show how swiftly and nimbly he could acquit himself. Instead of emerging, as before, at intervals of a few yards, he took reaches of twenty or thirty at a time, — not one of them on the same line with another, — gyrating, as he went, into the most fantastic attitudes. At last, the surface was all quiet: every one held his breath. A heavy whirl appeared at the head of the boat, — what did it mean? But Piscator knew, and the harpoon once more took flight, and, descending five or six feet into the water, stood quivering there for a moment, and then vanished, with the velocity of light.

"'*Habet!*' shouted a sort of linguist (who was always boring us with his scrap Latin, to make amends, it was supposed, for his bad English), as he grasped the line, and huzzaed, until the shore resounded with the music of his lungs. And it was but too true. The Devil-fish, after his other frolics, had vaulted entirely on his back, and came floating on the tide stomach upwards; his white form reflected along the surface for several yards. A mark so palpable could hardly escape the stroke of our weapon: it entered his abdomen about the middle, and cut its way right down nearly three feet into his vitals. The line was clear for him to the extent of thirty fathoms; but, after running fifteen or twenty, he went plumb to the bottom, defying every effort at removal. At length he gave way, and, after much tugging, rose loggishly to the top, — but daylight inspired him with new strength, and he bounded off again at the height of his speed. Our man of particles was now in a sore dilemma. This 'learned Theban' had been rude enough to throw the line so carelessly about his feet, that there was every prospect of his being speedily caught in its flying tangles, and ducked soundly for his pains. What was he to do? A leap or two heavenward showed that would not answer; so, clearing the forecastle at a bound, he lit in the body of the boat, with no other harm done than some commotion among the rigging, a cry of wonderment from the oarsmen, and sundry ejaculations of thanksgiving to Providence from himself. The line now slacked, and the Devil-fish was obviously giving out. He yielded freely to the hand, and, as the last scene in the drama approached, the boats gathered around to witness his expiring struggles. The line swayed, and up he rose, his huge goggles peering out upon us, while his antennæ dangled heavily about, in

token of the extremest exhaustion. One more effort at escape followed: but it was too late, — the lances were ready, and soon consummated the work of death; after which, we all joined in merry procession towards the shore. We drew the Devil-fish on the sands, and found him, on measurement, to be fifteen feet in width." — pp. 24–27.

This was a memorable day in the history of the Devil-fish. After striking another, which finally escaped, Piscator with his party went at a late hour to the assistance of their consort, then made fast by the harpoon to a third of great power, which had defeated all attempts at capture.

"We threw ourselves on the course of the other boat, some forty or fifty yards ahead.

"'Where is the Devil-fish?' shouted P.

"A sign with the hand directed us some distance beyond, where we saw indistinctly the wings of the Devil-fish, shooting alternately out to the height of a foot or more. We were soon over him; but, with all his skill, P. could not reach his body. Stroke after stroke failed. The rocking of the boat, and the exhaustion of the oarsmen, under their constant exertions to keep up with him, made things still worse. Was he to escape from us, after all? 'Strike, Sir, for the black side of his wing'; but the advice was not wanted, for the harpoon was already deep in him. As before, the Devil-fish now went directly for the bottom; but we were in the channel, and that resource could not avail him. He played about for some time, but we finally succeeded in bringing him up within six feet of us, where we pierced him with our lances until life was gone. But no force could lift him higher. By this time another boat had come from the Point to our aid, which, with the two we had already, it was thought, would be quite sufficient to take our fish ashore. The sails were set, and the oars put out to the number of eighteen; — the wind, too, was as fair as could be wished, — still there was no headway. The Devil-fish was, indeed, unmanageable; and but for the force of the wind counteracting the outward tendencies of the tide, we must have been inevitably swept to sea, or have cut him loose to save ourselves. Darkness, in the mean time, had set in. The night was advancing, and we were yet almost stationary. Our friends on shore, alarmed at our situation, set up lights for us, which, owing to their dispersion, did more to confound than guide us. The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the Devil-fish, as he now and then emerged on a bed of fire to the surface. At nine o'clock, we ran aground upon a

shoal, which proved to be Egg Bank. We were now at a stand, and a council was called. It was impossible to get the Devil-fish over the bank, for the tide was not high enough; and the roar of the breakers behind us, added to the rising of the wind, informed us too plainly that we could not safely remain where we were. Perhaps the Devil-fish might be anchored: but no anchor was to be had; no buoy, — not even a barrel, by which he might be designated the next morning. The resource left us was a hard one; but there was no choice, — we must abandon him, — we could do no more. Before taking leave of him, however, we drew him up into three feet water.

> 'Jacet ingens littore truncus,
> ——— et *sine nomine* corpus.' ?

There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water. We cut out our harpoons, pushed our boats through a neighbouring swash, and, in a few moments, found ourselves surrounded by the welcoming eyes of beauty.

"It is not to be inferred, from the concluding passage of the narrative just quoted, that the fish was eight feet in depth, — but merely that, grounding in three feet water, such was his depth that a portion of his back, equal to eight feet in diameter, was still left above water. I know not that I ever witnessed any thing more strikingly picturesque than the appearance of the Devil-fish just before he stranded. The night was dark, — the sea brilliantly luminous, — the breakers were roaring a short distance from us, and the ground-swell, that at intervals lifted us up, admonished us that we were in shoal water. Looking behind us, we beheld the Devil-fish, which we had in tow, mounted up on the crest of an advancing wave. His wings outspread, — his dark outline distinctly marked, and separated from the surrounding waters by a 'starry belt' of phosphoric fire, — he seemed to our excited imaginations like some monster Vampire, hovering above our heads, and threatening to crush us beneath his wings! There was scarcely time for apprehension before he grounded, and that in water sufficiently deep to keep our boats afloat.

"To leap into the sea, — to mount his back in triumph, and shout a wild huzza! were impulses that we all felt and obeyed. Our next thought was to secure our retreat to the shore. We were embayed among the flats: the wind was rising, — the tide falling. If we grounded, and were caught in that situation by the next flood, our boats would be beaten to pieces, and we should have but small chance for our lives! The manner of our extrication has been already told." — pp. 32 – 34.

Dr. De Kay says :—

"The Sea Devil, or Oceanic Vampire, as it has been not inaptly named, is known to seize the cables of small vessels at anchor, and draw them for several miles with great velocity. An instance of this kind was related to me, by a credible eyewitness, as having occurred in the harbour of Charleston. A schooner, lying at anchor, was suddenly seen moving across the harbour with great rapidity, impelled by some unknown and mysterious power. Upon approaching the opposite shore, its course was changed so suddenly as nearly to capsize the vessel, when it again crossed the harbour with its former velocity, and the same scene was repeated when it approached the shore. These mysterious flights across the harbour were repeated several times, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and suddenly ceased." — p. 57.

Mr. Elliott adds : —

"The same thing happened about fifteen years ago, in one of the inlets on the coast of Georgia. A trading-vessel lay at anchor, and, while her crew were on shore, one of these fish seized the cable and dragged her off, anchor and all, to the consternation of the sailors, who pursued their retreating bark for some miles in their boat, and regained her, when the Devil-fish had contrived, or seen fit, to disengage himself from his prize." — p. 58.

These animated descriptions are followed by one of "Drum-fishing." These fish derive their name "from the noise they make, resembling the tap of a drum, which is so loud, that, in calm weather, and in the afternoon, which is their favorite time for *drumming*, it may be heard at the distance of several hundred yards from the river."

"It is the largest *scale* fish in America. It measures ordinarily three feet in length, and weighs from thirty to forty pounds. It is beautifully marked on the sides, by broad, dark, transverse stripes, alternating with silver, — or else exhibits an uniform bright gold color, which fades, soon after it is taken, into the hues already described. I give you the *medium* weight and size of the fish, not the extreme. I have taken one which measured four feet six inches in length, and weighed eighty-five pounds. Out of twenty taken by me on a particular day, during the present season (April), there were three weighing from sixty-five to seventy pounds each. The smaller-sized fish are excellent for table use, — their roes, especially, are a great delicacy; the larger are only valuable when salted and cured like codfish, from

which when dressed they are scarcely distinguishable in flavor. The planters of this vicinity are skilful fishermen and much devoted to the sport. They succeeded in taking, during the last season, at least twelve thousand of these fish: and when I add, that, except the small number consumed in their families, the remainder were salted and distributed among their slaves, not in lieu of, but in addition to, their ordinary subsistence, you will perceive that this is a case wherein the love of sport and the practice of charity are singularly coincident."— p. 62.

"The unpractised sportsman, who supposes that their bite will be in proportion to their size and strength, will draw up many a naked hook, before he draws a fish. They approach cautiously, and almost as if they expected a snare. As soon as you feel him certainly at your hook, jerk with your utmost strength, and draw quickly upon him, until you have fixed the hook in his jaws. The instant he feels the smart, he dashes off with all his force: and this is the critical moment, — for if you resist him too forcibly, he breaks your tackle, or tears out your hook; and if you give him slack line, he darts towards you, and shakes the hook out of his mouth. 'A just medium (as Sterne says) prevents all conclusions.' *In medio tutissimus ibis.* You must give him play, keeping your line tight, yet not overstrained, preserving an equable pressure, — managing your line with one hand, and keeping the other in reserve, either to draw in rapidly when the run is towards you, or to regulate the velocity when the run is against you and severe. By degrees, the efforts of the fish relax, and he is drawn to the surface. At sight of the sun, he makes a final effort to escape, and plunges till he has reached the bottom. The fatal hook still adheres to his jaws, and when he reappears exhausted, on the surface of the water, it is only to turn on his back, and resign himself to his fate. A barbed iron, fastened to a wooden staff, is then struck into him, and you lift your prize into the boat. Generally speaking, you are occupied five minutes in taking a fish: but if the tide be strong, and the fish large, your sport may last fifteen.

"There is great uncertainty attending this sport; the patience of the fisherman may be severely tested: sometimes you have the mortification to hear them drumming beneath your boat, while they stubbornly refuse to be taken, — rejecting untasted the most tempting baits you can offer: at other times they are in better humor. As a general rule, with five lines in your boat, you may count on fifteen or twenty fish as the result of a day's sport. Occasionally, you have memorable luck; — sixty-three were taken during the present season by a boat with seven lines, and I once knew a boat with ten lines to take as many as ninety-six; the

best success I have met with, personally, was to take forty, to three lines; — eighteen fish fell to my share of the sport; my two oarsmen took the remainder. *Thirty* fish were all that the boat could conveniently contain; — her gunwale was but a few inches above the water, and we slung the *ten* (which were *de trop*) along-side, by a rope. In this situation we were attacked by sharks. These 'grim companions' would range up along-side, and make a rush at them to cut them off: and we were compelled to beat them off with boat-hooks. A little more boldness in their attack, and we must have fallen victims; for a single blow from their tails would have filled our overloaded boat, — as it happened we were unattended by any other boat which could have rendered assistance, and were full three miles from shore. In the sport of this day, my gloves were torn into shreds by the friction of the line, and my fingers so blistered by the severity of the play, that I was incapable of renewing my sport for several days." — pp. 62 – 65.

The account of Bass-fishing is particularly agreeable for the graceful touches, which disclose a nice perception of the dispositions both of fish and men, and indicate the kindness of good-fellowship in sport. It is important, it seems, for the fisherman to "take his drop" with great accuracy, where the action of the water has left irregular masses on the rocky bed, "amidst whose crags and crannies the sea-weeds grow and shell-fish congregate," and where "the larger fish repair for subsistence." Mr. Elliott gives his instructions with a precision worthy of the chief topographical engineer among fishermen.

"Let him row over from Bay Point towards the Hilton Head shore, — putting the last hammock (an umbrella-shaped cedar now marks the spot), on the south-western end of Edings' island, in line with the most northwardly point of the same island; and extend the chord of this arc, until he opens the first woods of Chaplin's island, beyond the Bay Point beach. Dropping his anchor at the precise intersection of these two lines, he has the best ground, probably, in the whole Southern country; where he may, in their proper season, take black-fish, sheepshead, bass, and drum in abundance, and, occasionally, *all of them on the same day.*" — p. 67.

Here follows a graphic sketch of the residence of a distinguished statesman and gentleman of the old school.

"A third line was formerly drawn in confirmation of the above: it was by placing the last pines on Hilton Head beach in

range with the mansion-house of Gen. C. C. Pinckney, on Pinckney island. But this mansion no longer exists: it was swept away in one of the fearful hurricanes that vex our coast! To this spot that sterling patriot and lion-hearted soldier retired from the arena of political life, to spend the evening of his days in social enjoyment and literary relaxation. On a small island, attached to the larger one, which bears his name, and which, jutting out into the bay, afforded a delightful view of the ocean, he fixed his residence. There, in the midst of forests of oak, laurel, and palmetto, the growth of centuries, his mansion-house was erected. There stood the laboratory, with its apparatus for chemical experiments, — the library, stored with works of science in various tongues; there bloomed the nursery for exotics; and there was found each other appliance with which taste and intelligence surround the abodes of wealth. It is melancholy to reflect on the utter destruction that followed, even before the venerable proprietor had been gathered to his fathers! The ocean swallowed up every thing: and it is literally true, that the sea-monster now flaps his wings over the very spot where his hearthstone was placed, where the rites of an elegant hospitality were so unstintedly dispensed, and where the delighted guest listened to many an instructive anecdote and unrecorded yet significant incident of the revolutionary period, as they flowed from the cheerful lips of the patriot." — pp. 67 – 68.

While the ocean has swallowed up that beautiful abode, and the head of that magnificent old man who adorned its hall has been laid low, the advance of time, with the irresistible changes it has brought, has swept away the old school to which he belonged. The memory of that order of men who were reared in it still rises in the thought of the South Carolinian, and he occasionally drops an expression of regret, that the colony, to which he owes his birth as an American, should ever have taken part in that contest (for the rights of others, as he thinks, rather than her own) which made her one of these States. As he believes, she had no grievances that called very urgently for redress. It was from friendly regard, he thinks, and sympathy for her sister colonies, that she took part in the dispute. And what, he asks, has she gained by it?

We do not know or suppose that Mr. Elliott entertains any such views; but that they have found favor in South Carolina during the excitements of the last twenty years, we have good reason to believe. The change, by the way, is

not altogether peculiar to any part of this country; for we hear regrets from the other side of the water for departed stateliness in the modes of life. But it is worth a moment's reflection to imagine what would probably have been the result, — especially in reference to one subject, to which allusion is so directly made in this book that we ought to take some notice of it, — if South Carolina had decided on a different course, and had kept clear of the struggle for independence.

Let us suppose her leading men to have foreseen something of what has followed: that her aristocracy of gentlemen was to disappear with the laws of primogeniture; that the favored colony of England, after the contest should be over, was to become one of a cluster of States who would, in her view, get the advantage of her, and that her graceful performance of the duties of loyalty was to be exchanged for what they would then have considered as vulgar squabbles about the nullification of laws that she deemed to be unjust; that, concluding it likely to be a bad bargain for them, even in case of success, they had addressed the English ministry in language something like this: — "We cannot take arms against our neighbours and friends, but *we* make no complaints. Suffer us to be passive spectators only of the approaching contest, and we are content to remain as we are. Deal with the other colonies as you please; but do not require us to fight them." We may easily believe that the ministry would have agreed to this, and have answered, — "Be it so. Remain quiet and obedient, and we will manage the fight without your aid."

The revolutionary war would have proceeded. The result would probably have been the same as it proved to be, without the aid of South Carolina, efficient as that was; and she would have remained in the enjoyment of all her privileges as a loyal colony, under the direction and care of a governor by royal appointment; while the States that were formed about her would have managed their own concerns. Affairs would have gone on accordingly, to the entire satisfaction, for aught we know, of the liege subjects of the crown throughout this province of South Carolina, until that period, some fifteen years since, when the government "at home" must have spoken very nearly as it did to the colonies of the West Indies: — "You have among you a certain 'in-

stitution' which is offensive to the age. It is imputed as a disgrace to the British name, and we so regard it. We must rid ourselves of the stigma that is attached to it. If you require laborers of African blood for the cultivation of any part of your grounds, hire them and pay them. But that peculiar institution must be abolished. Here are twenty millions of pounds sterling, which we appropriate to compensate for its abolition. Your share of it is ready. You may take it or leave it. But complaints are idle, and we will have no words. Whatever may be said of the wise and patriarchal use of slavery, its abuses are intolerable to humanity. This must be the end of it among you."

As the permanence of slavery is supposed at the South to be important to the prosperity of that region, for reasons that are hinted at by the author, an imperial edict of this character would probably have been thought to place the colony on a footing of great disadvantage in comparison with the States in that neighbourhood. Without favoring in any way the supposed designs of abolitionists, we think differently as to the comparative advantage that would ensue in any community from the extinction or continuance of the system of slave labor. But, however that may be, abolition, come how it might, would appear to the present leaders of South Carolina as an event earnestly to be deprecated. And while they are disposed somewhat to disparage the value of the Union, it is as well to present for consideration the inevitable consequences of the only alternative that would have remained to her, if she had not become one of us. In the case supposed, she would probably have stood, in the end, an humble applicant for "annexation" to this Union on which she now is thought to look so coldly.

But let us turn from these surmises of difference on grave matters to more attractive subjects. The book contains spirited sketches of the wild-cat hunt, the deer hunt, and other sports of the woods, from which we should be glad to make extracts ; but we have hardly room to do more than to thank Mr. Elliott for the interesting account which he has given of Southern sports in the forest. Veteran as he is becoming now, may he still live to share in the excitement of his favorite recreations as long as he desires ; and when Hilton Head and the waters of Port Royal sound shall cease to know him, may some descendant, worthy of

such parentage, survive to recount his exploits, and especially that which follows here. We commend it to the cautious consideration of all those who are inclined to wade into an investigation of the habits of sharks.

"I used to push over from Bay Point at early flood, — land on the inner side of the bank, — and, leaving a few oarsmen to take charge of the boat, walk over to the sea-side of the bank, with a servant or two to carry bait and lines, — and, wading out into the surf waist-deep, toss my line into the breakers in quest of bass. I was usually armed with a light spear; for as the clear, transparent wave came rolling in from the deep, — and as the pearly fragments of sea-shell passed glittering by you with the flux and reflux of the tide, — objects were occasionally encountered, as brilliant, perhaps, but by no means as pleasant to look upon: the eyes and jagged spines of immense sting-rays, buried in the sand, and lying in wait for their prey! One incautious step, and your leg may be transfixed by the venomed weapon! Sometimes, indeed, the bass would approach close to your feet, in couples, and gaze upon you, seemingly, with curiosity and alarm! You might perceive their pectoral fins in rapid play, as if they panted; while, at the lightest movement of your arm to hurl your spear, they vanished in an instant, and left your weapon buried innocently in the sand. On one delightful day, I was tempted to wade deeper than usual into the sea, which was beautifully clear. I passed along the narrow ridge of a reef, which extended eastwardly to a considerable distance from the main bank, while a swash of some depth lay close within. I had unsconsciously remained, until the advancing tide had covered the highest parts of the ridge full waist-deep. Behind me stood my servant 'Cain,' with my spear and a wicker-basket of bait. An exclamation of terror from him made me turn, — when I beheld, but a few yards distant, between us and the shore, and intercepting our retreat, a large shark, close on the side of the ridge, head on for us, and waving his tail backwards and forward, with a deliberate sculling motion! 'My spear,' said I, — 'keep close to me, and shout when I do.' 'Great God,' said Cain, (his eyes almost starting from their sockets,) 'another one!' I looked, and saw, *not one*, *but two other sharks*, lying behind the first, all in line, and in the same attitude! Doubtless the bait in the wicker-basket had attracted them, — the advancing tide had carried them the scent, and these grim pointers had paused to reconnoitre, before they rushed on their prey! If they attacked *us*, we were gone! Not a moment was to be lost! It was one of those frequent cases in which we find

safety in audacity. Repeating my order to Cain, and grasping my spear in both hands, I rushed upon the leading shark, and struck it down violently across his nose, — shouting at the same time at the top of my voice, — while Cain, in a perfect agony of fear, gave a loud yell and fell at full length in the water! The manœuvre succeeded; the sharks ran off for deep water; and we took the crown of the ridge, nor looked back, until we had accomplished the one hundred and fifty yards over which we had to wade before we regained the bank!

"To be devoured by sharks is one of the last deaths that I should choose. At this distance of time, I do not think of the adventure without a shudder. The sea is still as transparent as on that day, — the sea-shells still as bright, — the graceful bass still pants, as he glides doubtingly by, — but these things tempt me not to renew my sport. My mind reverts to other objects: the jagged barb of the stingray, lying in wait for his prey, — and the outstretched jaws of the all-devouring shark, in which I had so narrowly escaped being engulfed! Who can endure the thought of being sepulchred in the 'maw and gulf of the ravening salt-sea shark'? Not I! — I speak it in all sincerity. This was *my* last essay, — and I henceforth leave to younger and more adventurous sportsmen the pleasures and perils of *bass-fishing in the surf!*" — pp. 73, 74.

ART. IV. — *Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, MDCCCXLII., with the Inaugural Lecture, delivered in December, MDCCCXLI.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. Edited, from the second London Edition, with a Preface and Notes, by HENRY REED, M. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 428.

THE readers of Stanley's Memoir of Dr. Arnold will remember the intense interest which the delivery of these Lectures is said to have excited, the unprecedented fulness of the audiences which they drew, and the bright expectations entertained with reference to succeeding courses on

single departments of modern history. For all this we can account only on one of two grounds: either Oxford lectures had become unspeakably dull and stale, so that a living man in a professor's gown was the greatest of novelties; or else Dr. Arnold's person and elocution must have added vastly to the impressiveness of his written discourses. In speaking thus, we would by no means disparage these lectures in the esteem of those who have not read them. Our own expectations may have been raised too high. We yield to none in admiration of Dr. Arnold's life and spirit. We deem him even a *great* man, in the best sense of the word; that is, a man of singularly extensive and well-earned influence, and of very large powers of usefulness. His letters show a mind at once comprehensive and versatile, profound practical wisdom, and, above all, the most prompt and loving sympathy with every mode of human experience and with every phasis of society. But his great strength lay in his sympathy. It was this that gave nerve to his style and vigor to his thoughts. A case in hand, a social emergency, a critical posture of circumstances, uniformly called out and concentrated all his resources of genius and learning. Subjects, however remote or ancient, which could be brought to bear on existing questions, grew beneath his pen, and, though jejune at first sight, were made profitable for reproof and instruction. It was manifestly with this utilitarian aim, that he gladly accepted the professorship of Modern History, hoping to hold the torch of earlier experience to all the great political and social problems of his own day and country. This practical purpose made him weary of more general views, and would have fitted him to treat particular historical epochs with peculiar interest and power. But he was not ready to do this; and besides, he thought it necessary in his introductory course to lay out the whole ground, its dimensions and divisions, and the means and modes of exploring it. We therefore trace in these lectures a perpetual passage from general and abstract views to applications of the lessons of history to his own country, and *vice versâ*, according as his official consciousness and his utilitarian instincts by turns preponderated. Then, too, he wrote this course in an exceedingly short space of time, and in the midst of thronging and engrossing avocations. And he never wrote even with a legitimate degree of regard for his own reputation, and was therefore liable to discharge care-

lessly and perfunctorily such portions of his literary labor as had not immediate practical results in view.

The Inaugural Lecture defines history and modern history, and displays to great advantage the author's powers of accurate conception and minute discrimination. The remaining lectures in the volume point out with great clearness and copiousness of illustration the leading points of inquiry, and the great moral ends to be held in view in the study of modern history, and exhibit the range of materials for this pursuit, the order in which they should be employed, and the kind of instruction to be derived from them respectively. The edition before us is enriched by illustrative extracts, principally from Dr. Arnold's other writings, and is one of the too few instances in which an American reprint can proffer substantial grounds of preference over its English prototype.

As we have in former numbers devoted a large space to Dr. Arnold's life and writings, and as we may yet see fit to call the attention of our readers to his edition of Thucydides, the crowning literary labor of his life, we shall offer no further comment on the work before us; but will beg leave to quote from the Inaugural Lecture a couple of sentences, which may serve as a text for the residue of this article.

"Modern history appears to be not only a step in advance of ancient history, but the last step; it appears to bear marks of the fulness of time, as if there would be no future history beyond it. For the last eighteen hundred years, Greece has fed the human intellect; Rome, taught by Greece and improving upon her teacher, has been the source of law and government and social civilization; and what neither Greece nor Rome could furnish, the perfection of moral and spiritual truth, has been given by Christianity." — p. 46.

This statement has in it a germ of truth; but it is vague, superficial, and inadequate; and so, to our eye, are most of the multiplied attempts to expound the theory and to trace the steps of man's intellectual, social, and moral advancement. The tendency of humanity towards perfection is an idea so universal among all nations and individuals sufficiently enlightened to speculate on the future, that we might almost believe it innate, and implanted by the Author of our being to aid its own realization. Yet, when we essay to verify this idea by history, we find ourselves perplexed and

bewildered. At first sight, civilization, art, and science seem rather to have *transferred* their seats, than to have enlarged or enriched them, in successive ages. The early arts and greatness of Egypt have been disinterred from her sepulchres. The monuments of Etruscan taste and skill exhibit marks of high culture and refinement on Italian soil, long before the foundations of Rome were laid. Renowned names and deeds come up from the remotest depths of antiquity to rival more recent fame; and long-buried cities and empires contest the palm of magnificence, splendor, and prowess with those that now make the glory of Christendom. The migration, on the path of the ages, of all that constitutes national greatness is a salient historical fact, which renders the proof of progress exceedingly difficult. But a small portion of the human race at a time has ever pretended to civilization and refinement; and new spots of earth have been lighted by the torch handed over or snatched from countries left in darkness. Who now will place before us Thebes and Memphis, Athens, Corinth, and Rome, vast and beautiful as they are after the spoliations of lengthened centuries, that we may compare them with the capitals that now give law to art, science, and poetry? Who will bring back for us in their full strength and richness those great minds whose isolated remains still enter into all liberal culture and are reproduced in all generous literature, that we may measure them side by side with the picked men of our own day, the finished circle of whose intellectual activities and achievements lies before us? How many Homers, Platos, Horaces, have the last ten centuries produced? Where are the forms of art to vie with the Parthenon? Where is the eloquence that can sway at will the waves of a fickle populace, like that of the great Athenian? Manifestations of art, forms of greatness, have indeed changed. The spirit of our own age, the genius of modern civilization, has few features in common with that of earlier times. And who is to settle for us the doctrine of equivalents? Who can pronounce with authority, that the elements, which now constitute the cultivation, refinement, and grandeur of Europe and America, surpass in intrinsic worth the very different, but no less numerous and imposing, elements that were to be traced in Egyptian, Persian, or Athenian civilization? We must beg the question at the outset, if the comparison of these elements respectively be our only means of answering it.

There is, however, a line of investigation which we may follow more successfully. There is always some single principle that underlies every state of society and form of culture. There is always one ruling idea which gives its tone, and form, and impress to an age; and our present attempt will be to trace the succession of these ruling ideas, and the growth of our race in that succession.

In the infancy of society, mere *physical strength*, mere bone and muscle, was deemed the most noble and precious endowment of humanity. This estimate grew from the first recognized exigencies of man's condition. He found himself in a world which was to be subdued, before it could be used. Giant forests blocked up his path, — a stubborn soil resisted his first rude husbandry, — intractable beasts disputed inch by inch his lordship over nature. Ages elapsed before the invention of such tools and weapons as made the weak man equal to the strong. Under such circumstances, no wonder, that, in the words of Scripture, "a man was famous, according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." The stalwart frame and sinewy arm were the first patent of nobility. He, before whom the forest fell the fastest, — he, who could pluck the lamb from the wolf's teeth, — he, on whose cabin-rafters the last won bear-skin was never dry, — easily gained the first place in men's hearts, and left an imperishable name. Of this state of things the Hebrew scriptures, the earliest authentic records of the race, afford us abundant testimony. The names and exploits of men of remarkable bodily size and strength are written out with scrupulous fidelity. For several generations of Noah's posterity, we have a mere catalogue of names, with Nimrod, *the mighty hunter*, alone made the subject of special notice. The only element of Samson's greatness was his enormous power of limb. Lame in counsel, fickle in purpose, at once puerile and dissolute, with no title to pre-eminence beyond the brute force that he could wield, he yet "judged [or ruled] Israel forty years." Saul's athletic proportions are named as his sole qualifications for the throne: "There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upward, he was higher than any of the people." David commended himself, first to the confidence of Saul by killing the beasts that preyed upon his father's flock, and then to that of his countrymen collectively by the keen aim and Herculean mus-

cular power that sank the pebbles from the mountain-brook in the Philistine's forehead. We have, in the second book of Samuel, a list of the grandees of David's court, arranged according to the magnitude and daring of their single-handed feats of strength. We might select from the list, as illustrating what in those early ages constituted greatness, the description of Benaiah, who under Solomon united the congenial offices, which the needless fastidiousness of later ages has disjoined, of commander-in-chief and executioner in detail. "He slew," we are told, "two lion-like men of Moab; he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow; and he slew an Egyptian, a goodly man; and the Egyptian had a spear in his hand; but he went down to him with a staff, and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear. These things did Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, and had the name among three mighty men."

Authentic profane history reaches not back so far as the age of David; but the same features of the early ages, which the sacred record preserves in distinct outline, are portrayed in exaggerated forms in classic fable. The earliest sons of earth were the Titans, who in war with Jupiter piled Ossa upon Pelion, and leafy Olympus upon Ossa. With them we have also the vast Cyclopean monsters, and Briareus with his hundred-armed brethren. From the same mythological antiquity comes down to us the story of Hercules, — the ideal of isolated man in his fullest physical development, but destitute of self-control, of practical wisdom, of the power of combining his energies with those of other men, and of all lofty mental and moral attributes. Though Homer belongs in part to a higher stage of progress, we yet find in the Iliad very numerous traces of this merely physical standard of merit. His Achilles, with now and then a softening touch of magnanimity and tenderness, generally appears an invincible, invulnerable, bloodthirsty man-butcher; and many of the characteristic epithets attached to the names of his heroes denote only different modifications of brute force. Many of his battle scenes in the Trojan war are mere conflicts between man and man, the interest being of the same kind with that which attaches itself to a modern wrestling match between two nearly equal champions.

The pyramids and other massive monuments of Egypt tell a like story as to her early standard of greatness. Unsightly,

misshapen structures, as many of them are, they could not have been piled up with any architectural design, but must have been intended simply to astonish and confound posterity by the inconceivable amount of labor expended in their construction.

The earliest employments, for which physical strength was coveted and prized, were probably aggressive only on inanimate nature and savage beasts. But, with the pastoral habits and the roving husbandry of those rude ages, there must soon have sprung up collisions between different families and tribes, at first about the use of pastures and of wells, and then from the habit of quarrelling and the transmission of enmities from generation to generation. But in those primitive times, the rights of soil and of water were contested on the spot by the weapons which nature gave, reinforced by the knotted club alone. Those wars, unlike the modern, were decisive; the victorious party remained in possession, while the vanquished were not left in a position to negotiate. As the tribes, at first composed of collateral branches of the same family, grew into nations, wars were conducted by greater numbers, but still for many centuries in essentially the same mode. Tactics, stratagem, and military discipline were unknown. When large bodies of men fought with each other, it was by a promiscuous rush and mutual onslaught. But often the armies were only the lookers on, while the fighting was reserved for mere handfuls of men, or for single champions on either side. This last was the case between the Philistines and the Israelites, when the two hosts faced each other day after day on opposite mountains, while Goliath daily challenged the Israelites to produce a man who should decide the conflict with him alone. Many such duels are on record in the earliest periods of profane history.

But war gradually grew into an art, then into a science. In the process of time, there were invented weapons which demanded more skill than strength for their successful use, — weapons, too, which depended for their efficiency on the artificial arrangements and concerted movements of those who wielded them. Fortifications also began to be constructed, to defend the weak against the strong and the few against the many; and hence the siege, with its complicated tactics, its heavy machinery, its alternate feints, assaults, circumvallations, mining and scaling, often took the place of tumultuous warfare on the open field. Success in war then demanded a higher

order of talent than before. A strong man was no longer of necessity a great one. Hercules would probably have never left the ranks. To plan campaigns, to arrange supplies, to ascertain the capacity of places and positions, to inspire confidence and courage, to furnish in one's own character rallying-points for the enthusiasm of thousands, to be at once careful and long-sighted for the future and prompt and keen for the present emergency, to be no less sagacious than brave, no less prudent than resolute, — these were the functions demanded of the general, as the art of war developed itself. And in the supreme homage which now began to be paid to *military talent* we trace the first marked stage in the progress of society. And a very important stage this was ; for military talent, though employed for an end on which humanity frowns and to which true religion lends no sanction, was still talent, and not mere muscle ; it was mind and soul, and was connected with many commanding virtues and lofty manifestations of character. The supremacy of military genius lasted from the early days of Greece down to the Middle Ages. For that whole period, the great commander was the great man, and victory the surest avenue to fame.

The Grecian states were military aristocracies ; and deeds of arms, conquests and defeats, constitute almost the only epochs in their history. No man, who had not served in the armies, was deemed worthy a place among men ; and of those who distinguished themselves in other departments, most, like Socrates, had received an honorable discharge from the toils of war. Only in Athens did literature, philosophy, and pure art win largely on the popular esteem ; and even there they occupied the second rank and discharged a servile office. The great Attic historians were chiefly chroniclers of the wars of Greece. Poetry was most prized as embalming the fame of heroes, and keeping the laurels of victory green. Art transmitted in enduring marble the exploits of Marathon and of Salamis, or expended her highest efforts in honor of the tutelar Minerva, — the goddess much more of war than of wisdom. The state of the Grecian mind as to letters may be judged from the relative estimation in which Homer's two great epics were held. Immemorial tradition makes the Iliad his masterpiece ; and modern scholars therefore deem themselves bound to regard it with unlimited admiration, and to trace marks of servility in the very features of

the Odyssey that give it its greatest naturalness and beauty. But the youth who brings to both a mind untrammelled by the prescriptive authority of great names reads the Iliad, while he revels in the Odyssey ; and if, instead of having been always known and commented upon, they had both been just now disinterred from age-long oblivion, and placed side by side for the unbiased verdict of modern Christendom, we doubt not that the Odyssey would bear the palm. It is evidently the fruit of riper genius, — it is richer than the Iliad both in incident and in character, — it is full of those portraitures of common life, of those touches of unsophisticated nature, that never grow old, — it unfolds the varied workings of passion, love, hatred, curiosity, fidelity, devotion, in an endless diversity of scene and circumstance, — it domesticates us with its heroes, and, from the swineherd to the king, gives us a series of speaking likenesses, which, once beheld, hang forever in the picture-gallery of the imagination. But the Odyssey was undervalued, almost despised, in the land of its birth, while the Iliad was the great national epic ; and for this reason chiefly, that the latter was the story of arms and battles, — the former, of inglorious disappointments, wanderings, and shipwrecks.

Conquered Greece was still the home of art and science, *provincial* Athens was still the literary capital of the world ; but, when conquered and provincial, no longer honored. The Romans, who borrowed thence all their art and learning, and much of whose choicest literature is only free translation from the Greek, despised the Greeks as a mere nation of scholars, and hardly deigned to speak of them except as *Græculi*. Rome, indeed, was the most purely and entirely military state of which we have any record. Its brief intervals of peace were but armed truces. It staked its very existence on conquest. Vanquished cities and provinces raised its corn, paid its revenue, fed its populace, clothed its armies. Its most honored men were skilful and successful military leaders ; and their civic virtues, when enumerated by Roman historians, are simply sketched as a background for the warrior's portrait. The kings, and afterwards the consuls, were supreme commanders in war, and, with rare exceptions, were elevated to office for their high military endowments ; and when the republic fell, the title attached to the purple and the throne was not that of simple royalty, but, what was

deemed an infinitely higher object of ambition, *Imperator*, — the degree which, in the days of the republic, had been conferred on eminent generals after distinguished victories. The magnificent historians, the renowned poets of Rome, were mere hangers-on in the train of honored military leaders or sovereigns, and sought not the world-embracing glory that they have found, but merely tolerance as eulogists and flatterers of a prowess which they could only praise without emulating. Cicero (who perhaps was deficient in that personal courage which with the Romans was the soul of virtue, and whose military career, though reputable, failed of the honors of a triumph, and won him no durable fame), unaware that his philosophy and eloquence would do more for his name with posterity than a thousand conquered cities, labored on no point so perseveringly and strenuously as in the endeavour to convince his fellow-citizens that his unarmed defeat of Catiline's conspiracy was virtually a high military achievement, entitling him to a place among the laurelled commanders of the republic. His dragging in of this topic on occasions the most irrelevant, his reiteration of it with the most indelicate egotism, show conclusively that he regarded military fame as alone worthy and immortal.

The northern nations that overran the Roman empire had the same standard of glory. Nay, among some of them, it was deemed infamous to die a natural death by the act of God ; so that the surviving leader of a hundred battles, when he found himself sinking by nature's kind decay, carved the characters of his rude war-song with his own sword in his own veins, and shed in suicide the blood which his enemies had spared.

These nations transmitted their spirit to the new European states that sprang from the dissolution of the western empire, in none of which could a pacific monarch keep his throne, or an unwarlike subject win an honored place. From the nations thus formed came the institutions of chivalry, designed and adapted solely to cherish and reward military skill and prowess, which gave their type to the whole of the Middle Ages. There was no title or office to which the knight might not aspire, by virtue of his science or success in arms. Monarchs were not complete in dignity, till the honors of knighthood had decked the sceptre. In every European kingdom, the noble once knighted was his monarch's peer ;

and the instances were by no means few, in which insurgent nobles were, not fought against as rebels involved in the atrocity of civil war, but contended with and treated with on terms of equality, by their nominal sovereigns. Literature now awoke from her age-long slumber in the songs of the Troubadours, whose lays were of deeds of valor, and of love and beauty as the prize of the brave alone. The crusades, seconded, indeed, by religious fanaticism and by national antipathies, are to be regarded chiefly as a fierce and desperate outbreak of the military spirit. They could not have been conducted as they were for two centuries, with immense apparatus and at the most appalling sacrifice, for the mere purpose of defending pilgrims and rescuing the holy sepulchre. But Europe and its broils presented too narrow a theatre for all the restless and ambitious spirits that sought glory in what was then the only avenue to glory ; and the vast field of Oriental warfare was therefore laid open and kept open by multitudes who were determined not to die without the insignia of command and of victory. The armies of Christendom then bristled with innumerable heroes, each aspiring to deathless renown. But the very weight of their names broke down the car of fame. They trod one another into oblivion. They gorged, far beyond repletion, the universal appetite for heroism, and thus prepared the way for a new standard of greatness and a new stage in the progress of humanity.

The habits of command on the one hand, and of submission on the other, generated by centuries of war, extended themselves into the ensuing period of repose. Those who had been leaders in the field retained the allegiance and homage of their followers. War, essentially aristocratic, had introduced broad marks of distinction between those in command and those under command ; and these marks had been in numerous instances transmitted for more than one generation, the knight or captain training his son for honorable posts in the profession of arms, while the common soldier bequeathed to his son the undistinguished toils and burdens of the field. The termination of the crusades left the military commanders all over Christendom possessed of controlling authority and influence, and the objects of universal veneration ; and, in the general weariness and exhaustion after long strife, and willingness to court repose at all hazards, they were enabled to secure in perpetuity for their families such titles, immunities,

and privileges, as constituted them a distinct order from their fellow-citizens. At this era, noble birth presents itself as the prime object of general esteem and deference. *Hereditary rank* was revered and worshipped, as physical strength and military prowess had successively been before. This was a step in advance of preceding times ; for in families surrounded by the advantages of fortune, in men born to fill a large and honored place, there were likely to be combined many of the traits and acquirements most deserving of esteem. In point of fact, though in the light of our own day the feudal barons present many repulsive points of character, we yet can trace in them the outlines of many great and beneficent virtues, — of magnanimity, hospitality, truthfulness, and sincere though blind religious reverence. The halls and castles of the hereditary aristocracy became also the nurseries of all the arts and refinements of modern social life, and radiating points for forms of civilization that were to extend through whole communities.

We shall not, of course, be understood as intimating that the idea of hereditary rank had its origin in the Middle Ages. Did we say this, all history would bely us. From the earliest times, the reigning monarch always transmitted his sceptre to his son, *if he could ;* but he generally left him in a condition to enforce his claim, and hereditary succession seems to have been tolerated rather than revered, except in Judea, where the expectation of the Messiah in the royal line of David kept his race sacred even in dethronement and exile. In all other kingdoms there was a frequent change of dynasty, and a long reigning family always became unpopular. We find, also, the germs of an hereditary aristocracy in the patrician families in Rome ; but one could always cut his way into the patrician ranks by the sword ; in the best days of the republic, a man of ignoble birth might, by preëminent merit, enrol himself among the oldest names in the senate ; and under the emperors, there was no patrician privilege, immunity, or office, which was not open even to the emancipated slave. Hereditary rank, as an indelible characteristic of persons and families, had its origin in the northern nations, and seems not to have been invested with its full sacredness and power till the feudal ages, when persons of royal and noble descent seem to have been regarded as formed of a

purer clay and endowed with a more celestial spirit than the mass of serfs and subjects.

But this state of things lasted only till it had served its purpose. It kept society in quietness, till new, more powerful, more beneficent elements were brought into action. Hereditary rank, indeed, is still recognized in every kingdom in Europe, but the glory has departed from it. It is no longer revered as of divine appointment, or of intrinsic worth; but for the most part suffered for the security of ancient institutions, or to feed harmless vanity. Royal families are kept on the throne, not now as God's chosen and anointed, but to prevent the commotions that might attend the election of monarchs, and to preserve from the rush of greedy aspirants an office which may long retain its pomp and glitter, but which, because hereditary, has in many monarchies been constrained to yield increasing portions of its power to ministries, that do the people's bidding, or resign. In France, the landmarks of hereditary nobility were swept away by the revolution, and the few surviving representatives of ancient families share the doubtful honor with multitudes that care not to name their grandfathers. In Germany, Italy, and Spain, the titles and the pride of the nobility remain, but often, under circumstances of outward depression, distinguished from plebeian penury only by laziness and ill-temper. In England, the oldest nobles now part their once serried ranks to admit on equal footing the aristocracy of wealth and talent, raised from the most obscure parentage and the humblest walks in life.

But we must return to trace the next stage of social progress. In the age immediately following the last crusade, the cities of Europe were small, poor, of almost no political significance, their population little advanced in the arts of life, their strong men and available resources exhausted by incessant drafts for the support of war. The baronial castles were centres of far more influence than the most populous cities, and the name of a citizen had only plebeian and servile associations connected with it. But with peace industry awoke. The useful arts were stimulated into rapid growth. Manufacturing skill and enterprise increased with amazing rapidity, especially in Flanders, Germany, and France. The mariner's compass, too, in the fifteenth century, converted commerce from a paltry and precarious coasting-trade

into an annual circulation of the wealth of empires. Sails whitened every sea and girdled every zone. The stormy Cape of Good Hope was doubled; the New World rose to view from the vast waste of waters; and the treasures of both Indies were poured into the lap of Europe. The useful and lucrative pursuits of manufactures and commerce were of course despised by the titled aristocracy, and thus fell into the hands of private citizens, chiefly in what are now the great cities of Europe; and by the wealth and power which flowed in upon them through these channels, the commons, from mere retainers upon titled greatness and loiterers for the crumbs of royal or aristocratic favor disdainfully bestowed, became at once a separate estate, prepared in substantial influence to vie with the nobility. As they grew rich, the cities were enabled to secure for themselves, by purchase or negotiation, important immunities and privileges, — corporate rights and powers, that defended them from the encroachments of the nobles and the oppression of the crown, — corporate rights also for separate guilds and crafts, adapted to the protection and advancement of every form of industry.

From that era, almost to the present time, wealth has manifestly been the chief object of pursuit and desire throughout the civilized world. And this must be regarded as an onward step in the progress of the race. Not that wealth is in itself any more venerable than strength, or prowess, or noble birth. But, so far as its acquisition is left free, it is the representative of many civic virtues, and of many reasonable and worthy objects of desire. It cannot be obtained without intelligence, enterprise, industry, and thrift. It can hardly be enjoyed, without encouraging art, skill, and science, and diffusing substantial good at every stage of its circulation.

The era of Mammon-worship has been an era of unprecedented improvement in all that contributes to the outward comfort and beauty of life. It has stimulated inventive genius, completed the division of labor, brought machinery to a point of perfection which cannot easily be surpassed, levelled mountains, filled up valleys, founded vast empires in the wilderness, united continents, and woven, with its steam-driven shuttles, bonds of common interest, neighbourhood, and fraternity between the most distant nations. It is manifest, that, in the generations next preceding our own, wealth has been the chief medium of extended civilization, the mainspring

of enterprise and effort, the arbiter of the destiny of Christendom. The merchant princes of Europe have held the balance of the nations. The great commercial cities have given law to the world. The Rothschilds would have lost power, had they emptied their coffers, and taken their choice of thrones.

Nowhere has wealth wrought such miracles as in Great Britain. The Reform Bill, in itself a revolution hardly less important than that which exiled the last of the Stuarts, was merely a victory of pounds sterling over ancestral titles and entailed honors. The vast Eastern possessions of England have been won and kept far less by British arms and diplomacy than by British gold. The old nobility has sustained its magnificence only by frequent alliances with plebeian wealth, and by engrafted scions from the counting-room and the banking-house.

In this country, unless the pursuit has been of late relaxed, the universal scramble has been for wealth. This passion glowed even in the bosoms of the stern, iron-hearted Puritans, and the more fiercely, because it was the only earthly fire left burning. Their ascetic morality frowned on all amusement and relaxation, — on all the appliances of taste and elegance. They suppressed the forthputtings of fancy, and clipped all beautiful plumage from the wings of genius. They cast out every other idol from the temple, but left the colossal image of Mammon, "the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not." It would seem as if the whole force of desire, enthusiasm, and ambition, ready to leap out in a thousand directions, had been pent up at all except this single vent, and here poured forth with overwhelming speed and power. British enterprise early saw, in the cupidity of the colonists, a rivalry to be suppressed by no gentle means ; and it was to this one point, the binding down in poverty of provinces that would be rich, that the whole machinery of British usurpation and oppression was directed. Emigration from New England has diffused throughout the country this indomitable spirit of gain, insomuch that foreigners, however discourteous, have hardly been chargeable with injustice in styling our republic a *plutocracy*. This state of things has left in our language one singular vestige of itself, which will no doubt long survive it, in that heathenish phrase (we are glad to find that it is not wholly an Ameri-

canism), by which we call a man *worth* as much money as he owns, — by which Fulton is said to have been worth nothing, and that comical old fool, Timothy Dexter, to have been worth half a million.

Meanwhile, a new principle of greatness has been cherished in the bosom of wealth, and has now, we trust, superseded it, so as to characterize the present age. We refer to *intellectual greatness.* This, indeed, has been wanting in no age, and in none unhonored ; but it has not, until our own day, been generally regarded as the supreme good. In former times, the most liberal culture of mind and the loftiest genius were neglected and despised, when not allied to rank or wealth. Milton selling the first edition of Paradise Lost for *five pounds ;* Otway choked by the godsend of a penny roll, after protracted fasting ; Goldsmith mining, with unsurpassed felicity, every vein of intellectual wealth, and yet dying of desertion and want, are but too faithful memorials of what literary destiny has been. Parasitic plants used to be the only ones from the garden of the Muses, that would flourish under a European sky. Mere literature or science would not keep a man's soul and body together, much less raise him to honor in his lifetime, though it might build him a splendid sepulchre. In order to live, he had to be a laureat, a sycophant, a caterer for aristocratic fancies, a pensioned flatterer of royalty, or, if none of these, his publisher's submissive drudge and man-of-all-work ; and even at his best estate, he had to be looked down upon with lordly patronage by men unutterably his inferiors.

The modern revival of industry found the civilized nations of Europe barren of domestic elegance and comfort ; and many generations of growing wealth were occupied in perfecting the physical enjoyment of the prosperous classes of society. How great a work this was, and how essential in many of its departments, our readers may judge, by remembering, that, within the period referred to, it has been deemed gross prodigality for one of the peers of the British realm to have his dining-room strewed with fresh straw and litter every morning, as is the practice now in good stables. But since the wants of the body had been thoroughly cared for, and the last refinement of luxury reached, men, rich men all the world over, have bethought themselves that they had minds also, higher tastes that craved gratification, powers that de-

manded culture, susceptibilities which a whole universe of beauty and grandeur could only stimulate, not fill. Knowledge, art, literature, science, have now become universal, absorbing, paramount needs of civilized man; and those who supply the most urgent needs of an age are always its great men. The homes, the burial-places of artists, poets, scholars, are now everywhere shrines for pilgrimage. When asked for the list of great men in any country, we hardly let our minds rest on the commanders, the titled heads, or the *millionaires*, but fill the catalogue with those who, by pencil or chisel, pen or tongue, have given new impulses to the minds of their race, and left memorials of themselves, that can perish only when taste dies out, and sensibility expires, and mind sheds its powers as the autumnal forests their leaves. The aristocracy of the world is now an aristocracy of intellect. The gifts of mind are deemed the best gifts. Every one, possessed of any ambition, wishes to be known as a person of large, or sound, or well-furnished intellect; and the reproach of ignorance, weakness, or folly, is dreaded as the deepest possible stigma.

But these strong intellectual tendencies, while they are to be rejoiced in so far as they go, still leave us much to desire. It is to be feared, that, in the general reverence now paid to intellect, the affections are undervalued, the moral life held in low esteem, the greatness of a pure, true, loving heart depressed far beneath its true place in the regard of society at large. We may trace alarming moral deficiencies in the spirit of our times. Ours is not an age of reverence. Its great men, its strong men, are too often mere Titans, children of the earth, who renew their vigor from their parent soil, and not by converse with a higher sphere of being. There is too much of self-reliance, too little of faith and trust. Even philanthropy, instead of laying one hand on the eternal throne, and with the other scattering gifts for men, with suicidal madness divorces herself from the altar, and welcomes to her service those that blaspheme as cordially as those that pray. This is an age of skepticism, — not, indeed, of avowed and scoffing infidelity, but of feeble faith in whatever transcends the scope of the individual's own senses and intuitions. Men are too prone, in the pride of intellect, to imagine that they have in their own minds the metes and bounds of eternal truth, and need no teaching

from without. There is a prevalent reluctance to receive truth on authority, no matter how venerable, or how distinctly marked by the attestation of Heaven.

But there is a higher life in reserve for our race. There is a higher style of greatness, which men will soon learn to recognize and revere. It is *moral greatness*, — the life of the affections, — the life of reverence, faith, and love, — the life of God in the soul of man. This alone can finally satisfy human desire ; for man's aim has always been after the absolute and the perfect, and in the life of the affections only is this to be reached. How wide a contrast, as to man's power of attainment, is there between mental and moral greatness ! Our growth in knowledge is growth in conscious ignorance. The dimensions of truth enlarge before us faster than our conceptions of it. Perfect knowledge, perfect wisdom, are unknown terms this side of heaven. But in moral goodness we are bidden and encouraged to be perfect, — to be the followers of God, — to leave no possible virtue or grace of character out of the scope of our effort or our hope. How strikingly is the contrast between the absolute and permanent worth of mental and moral greatness respectively brought out by the history of those periods when both of them have been undervalued ! The wisest men have always been outgrown in a few generations, and the ignorance of men who filled the world with their renown becomes the laughing-stock of school-boys. We look down upon ancient wisdom as men used to look up to it, and future children will learn in their infant schools what is known only to the greatest minds of the present day. But a good man the world never outgrows, never looks down upon. Socrates and Antoninus Pius, Elijah and Daniel, St. Stephen and St. Paul, fill as large and high a place in the world's eye as if they had just died. Fénelon, Howard, Oberlin, will seem to the end of time to have reached as lofty a moral elevation as that on which they stand to our view. The stars in the galaxy of moral excellence never grow dim, nor can they be outshone.

This last stage of progress, this final era of humanity, yet remains, — the era when there shall be recognized no form of greatness apart from moral goodness, — when art, science, genius, poetry, shall draw their inspiration from heaven, and shall be but ministering spirits to faith, hope, and

love. And though we discern only the faint dawn of this era, we are not without its authentic record. Far back in the world's rude infancy, when strength of limb was enough to make a man great, there were written predictions of a golden age to come, when the love of God should be the all-pervading principle, when men should learn war no more, when the waste places of humanity should rejoice, and the wilderness blossom. It is for these days, foreshown in visions from heaven to those ancient seers, that our earnest expectation now waits. It is to roll them on that every true man should gird himself with inward strength, that he may do his part in writing out in the annals of soon coming generations the brightest pages of prophecy.

We have, as we proposed, enumerated several forms of greatness, as having successively occupied the brightest place in the general esteem. We do not, of course, mean to intimate that these forms of greatness have not all existed in every age. Of both mental and moral greatness we find in the remotest antiquity specimens on which we look with the most profound reverence. The true question, however, is not how *we* look upon those great men, but how they were regarded by their contemporaries. The present age has, perhaps, no greater minds than those of Socrates and Seneca; but would Socrates, in our day, in the intellectual capital of the world, be made to drink the hemlock, or Seneca be left the choice of dying by another's steel or his own, simply because they made a free and noble use of the powers that God had given them? The moral stature of the prophets and the apostles may never be surpassed; but has not the day for ever gone by, when, for their very goodness, in civilized communities, men can be sawn asunder, beheaded, and crucified? The progress which we have sought to trace consists, not in individual instances of character, but in the general sentiment of civilized man; and we have endeavoured to take each successive age, and not our own, for our point of view.

The view now presented suggests an answer to the question, whether civilization will be permanent in its present seats. In the ages that have gone, it has often changed its seats, — indeed, from the earliest times, has moved perpetually in a westward path. What assurance can Europe have that the same mysterious law may not transfer her glory to

the New World? What assurance have we, that, if we reach the summit of civilization and refinement, we may not afterwards sink as low as Egypt, Persia, and Greece have fallen, while new empires on our Pacific shores kindle their altars from our waning fires? We reply, that, with every stage of progress, civilization embraces more and more individuals, extends to a larger and larger portion of the community, and of course is less and less liable to be exterminated or transferred. When strength of limb was the standard of greatness, there were few great men, and no civilization. Military eminence was within the reach of many more, yet of but a limited number; for the common soldiers must always bear an overwhelmingly large proportion to the leaders. But military talent depends on successful exercise both for its culture and its glory. Conquest annihilates it, and with it the forms of civilization for which it serves as a nucleus. Now this simple statement tells the story of all ancient and buried civilization. It was military in its source, its style, its nutriment, and its aims. It clustered around the place of arms. It shed its fullest light on laurelled heads; and when they were laid low in hopeless defeat, the civilization, of which they had been the centre, perished with them. In the history of the earlier nations, we find that in every instance the conquest of the nation preceded its marked decline in civilization, and preceded it by so brief a space of time, as to establish an undoubted relation of cause and effect. Hereditary rank, the next order of greatness, admits a still larger number within its pale; yet family distinction has necessary and rather narrow limits, beyond which it would be too cheap to be either prized or honored. When wealth comes in as the ruling object of desire, there is room for more numerous and more miscellaneous competitors, though the harvest is small compared with the multitude of the reapers, and the poor will probably always outnumber the rich. The aristocracy of mind admits a still broader and more generous competition. And in the substitution of these two open and easily attainable forms of aristocracy for the more exclusive standards of greatness that preceded them, we see the reason, why, since the Middle Ages, civilization has remained and grown in the same seats, though its seats have often been swept by conquering armies, ground by oppression, harassed by chronic misrule. Ger-

many and the Netherlands have passed through political fortunes that would in ancient times have crushed out all traces of civilization; yet there has been in those countries a constant growth in all the elements of individual and social well-being, because no change of master or form of tyranny has been able to subdue the wealth-creating spirit of industry and enterprise, or to suppress the birth of genius and the onward march of intellect.

But hitherto the world has seen only aristocracies; and that of mind, though more free and noble than any other, is still to a certain degree exclusive. Its prizes are not for all sincere and meritorious aspirants. Of the honors that many seek many must fail, whether for lack of native power or of adequate opportunity. But when moral greatness is the object of universal admiration and desire, then, and not till then, shall we witness a truly republican condition of society; for of moral excellence, of eminent goodness, no seeker can fail. A more than human teacher declared, "In my Father's house are many mansions,"—yea, an open and honored place for all that enter in. It is a civilization founded on moral culture, on the life of the affections, that must yet be the great levelling principle in human society, equalizing all conditions of life, ennobling all lawful avocations, encircling with its zone of the kindest sympathies the loftiest and the lowliest dwellings.

There is hope for the speedy advent of this millenial condition of society in the fact, that the several principles of greatness that have been revered in successive ages have supplanted one another, each with more and more rapid footsteps than the preceding. For the first half of the world's history we trace no higher principle than brute force. The ascendency of the military spirit marks the next two thousand years. But the reverence of birth, of wealth, of intellect, have succeeded each other by much shorter intervals; and moral greatness is even now, we trust, fast winning the ascendency. In abounding irreverence and skepticism we may yet discern the dayspring of a brighter era. With the accumulated power and awakened energy of Christendom, concentrated, as it is beginning to be, on moral objects and for philanthropic ends, years may do the work which centuries have done. Christian benevolence already belts the globe. Art lends its fire-wings; science its eagle vision; wisdom its age-gathered

treasury. We will hope, then, that an early posterity may witness the entire supremacy of faith, truth, and love.

One topic more, and we have done. In the attempt to trace the uninterrupted progress of mankind, the Dark Ages, unfortunately so called, are always a stumblingblock ; and our work would be incomplete, did we not offer a few hints towards the interpretation of their phenomena. We regard these ages as the most progressive period of the world's history. To make this clear, we will ask our readers to look with us for a moment at the vaunted civilization of the Augustan era, which was rotten to the very core, — its literature grossly licentious, — its domestic forms and manners vile, — its whole basis and framework utterly vicious and depraved. Forms of impurity, that have no longer a name, were practised without disguise, sanctioned by the most venerable examples, surrounded with all the fascinations which art, taste, and song could bestow. Virtue was a mere forensic word, — goodness a forensic idea, connected with a man's allegiance to the state, his courage in war, or fidelity in public trusts. There were no words to describe, no standards to measure, what we call personal worth, private character, home virtue. Causeless divorce and foul lusts deformed the households of those deemed Rome's best men. Justice, too, had left the Roman courts, once inflexible in their integrity ; and the forensic monuments of the age under review only indicate an overwhelming mass of private fraud and wrong, sustained by the forms of law and endorsed by its mercenary ministers. Nor ought we, in the moral portraiture of this era, to omit its favorite amusements, — the mortal conflicts of gladiators and doomed men with savage beasts, which were frequented, not by the populace alone, but by the rank, wealth, beauty, fashion, refinement of the Imperial City ; were given as public entertainments by the most illustrious and the best men, in seeking or acknowledging the favor of the people ; had grouped around themselves associations of the highest dignity and glory ; and were deemed essential portions of the public administration.

Christendom sank into the Dark Ages (so called) with these corruptions still clinging to its skirts. It emerged from them with the germ of almost every social idea and institution that now blesses the world. The providence of God, in the destruction of the western empire, annihilated this festering

mass of sin, with which Christianity could not have contracted alliance without stain, and left Europe for a season without literature or art, without established manners or customs, to recommence under higher and Christian auspices the organization of domestic and social life. And these ages have seemed dark, because during their lapse the foundations of almost every department of human society had to be laid anew, and were laid so deep as to elude the eye of the superficial observer. But during these ages, so often vilified, the homes of Europe grew into being, with the fair sisterhood of virtues which alone can make them blessed; and the arts, supposed by many to have been slumbering, because they were no longer busy about the shrines of vile divinities, were employed in carrying domestic architecture rapidly forward towards its present standard of refinement, comfort, and beauty. The marriage contract, with the numberless rights and interests dependent upon it, was placed upon its present firm tenure. At the same time, the barbarous code of ancient warfare was greatly modified by the infusion of sentiments of justice and humanity, unknown to any earlier age. The rights of enemies were defined and held sacred. The foe that surrendered was spared; and the lives, and often the effects, of the unarmed and helpless were held sacred. The mock fight of the tournament, rude indeed, but seldom fatal, took the place of the bloody sports of the old world. The institutions of chivalry, which bear date in these ages, embody many of the highest and most worthy principles, such as delicate respect for female character and virtue, kindness to the sick and helpless, hospitality to the stranger, courtesy to the brave, forbearance to the fallen. Hospitals, too, were everywhere established, and many munificent public charities, still existing, were founded. Of many of the monasteries of those times the Good Samaritan might have been prior, without losing character. Vast contributions, too, were going forth from Christendom for the redemption from the piratical states of Barbary of poor and unknown captives, whose only claim was, that they were brother-men and fellow-Christians.

We have said these things, only to indicate, not to complete, a course of argument by which our theory of the unintermitted progress of humanity may be relieved of the chief historical difficulty that seems to lie in its way. It is a theory which we embrace with the whole heart, and earnestly com-

mend to our readers. And if mankind be thus passing ever onward to a nobler state and a higher destiny, let the race have our favoring efforts, our sincere godspeed, — our voice and arm ever on the side of justice, freedom, progress, and humanity.

Art. V. — *Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books.* Nos. IV., IX., and XII.

1. *The Wigwam and the Cabin.* By W. Gilmore Simms, Author of The Yemassee, Guy Rivers, &c. First and Second Series. New York. 1845–6. 12mo.
2. *Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction.* By W. Gilmore Simms. First Series. New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

The author of The Yemassee, Guy Rivers, Life of Marion, and a good many other things of that sort, is a writer of great pretensions and some local reputation. We remember to have read, in some one of the numerous journals which have been illustrated by his genius, an amusing explanation from his pen, addressed to persons who had applied to him for information, of the difference between author and publisher, — the object of it being evidently to tell the public that he was often written to by persons who, being anxious to get his works, very naturally fancied that he was the proper person to obtain them from, and to let the applicants know that the trade part of the book business was in quite different hands. We were struck by the ingenuity of the announcement, and grateful for the information thus condescendingly imparted. We availed ourselves of it to procure some of the volumes, which we proceeded forthwith to read and inwardly digest. Both of these processes were attended with no ordinary difficulties ; but we believe we were uncommonly successful at last.

The author of these novels means to be understood as setting up for an original, patriotic, native American writer ; but we are convinced that every judicious reader will set him down as uncommonly deficient in the first elements of orig-

inality. He has put on the cast-off garments of the British novelists, merely endeavouring to give them an American fit; and, like those fine gentlemen who make up their wardrobes from the second-hand clothing shops, or from the "unparalleled" establishment of Oak Hall, there is in his literary outfits a decided touch of the shabby genteel. The outward form of his novels is that of their English models; the current phrases of sentiment and description, worn threadbare in the circulating libraries, and out at the elbows, are the robes wherewith he covers imperfectly the nakedness of his invention. The *obligato* tone of sentimentality wearisomely drones through the soft passages of the thousand times repeated plot of love. To borrow a metaphor from one of the unhappy experiences of domestic life, the *tender lines* are so old that they are spoiled; they have been kept too long, and the hungriest guest at the "intellectual banquet" finds it nauseating to swallow them.

The style of Mr. Simms — we mean (for, like other great writers, he designates himself by the titles of his chief productions, rarely condescending to the comparative vulgarity of using a proper name), we mean the style of the author of The Yemassee and Guy Rivers — is deficient in grace, picturesqueness, and point. It shows a mind seldom able to seize the characteristic features of the object he undertakes to describe, and of course his descriptions generally fail of arresting the reader's attention by any beauty or felicity of touch. His characters are vaguely conceived, and either faintly or coarsely drawn. The dramatic parts are but bungling imitations of nature, with little sprightliness or wit, and laboring under a heavy load of words.

This author, as if to carry out more completely the contradiction between his statements of principle and his practice in the matter of originality, published a poem, a few years ago, in palpable imitation of Don Juan, — a dull travesty of a most reprehensible model. To read canto after canto of Byron's original, in which vulgar sarcasm and licentiousness were redeemed only here and there by a passage of poetic beauty, was a depressing task in the days of its novelty and freshness; but a pointless revival of its forced wit, its painful grimaces, its affected versification, its stingless satire, without one touch of its poetic beauty or one drop of its poignant wickedness in the stale mixture, — the *heolocrasia* of

yesterday's debauch, — was an experiment upon the patience of the much reading and long enduring public which could not possibly be successful. The author of The Yemassee has, however, written some well versified short pieces, though we cannot recall a single poem which is likely long to survive the occasion which brought it forth.

From these remarks upon the author's more ambitious efforts, we turn with pleasure to the collection of stories and sketches entitled The Wigwam and the Cabin. It forms part of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books; a series, by the by, which, with the exception of a few of the volumes, is not likely to do much honor to American literature. It is difficult to imagine what can have seduced those respectable publishers into printing, as one of the series, that indescribably stupid imitation of Dickens, entitled and called Big Abel and Little Manhattan, — a contribution to the patriotic native American literature, a good deal worse than the very worst things of The Yemassee and Guy Rivers. Surely, surely, this dismal trash cannot have been seriously chosen as a fit representative of American originality, in a "Library of American Books"; though it does very well to follow the silly and affected motto which some evil-disposed person has persuaded them to adopt from the Address of the American Copy-right Club. The Tales by Edgar A. Poe, and the lucubrations of Mr. J. T. Headly, — the former belonging to the forcible-feeble and the shallow-profound school, the latter rising into the region of the intensely fine and ambitiously picturesque, — are poor enough materials for an American Library.

Compared with either of these selected representatives of native American literature, The Wigwam and the Cabin is a collection of masterly efforts; and judged by themselves, and without the magnifying effect of comparison with the infinitesimal smallness of the works in their neighbourhood, there is a degree of talent shown in these tales and sketches, which entitles them to a place in the not very high department of literature to which they belong. There is much in them that is characteristic, much that fixes attention and remains in the memory; and something that gives us a real insight into the forms of life and the relations of society, which are the central point around which they turn. But for the heavy dissertations which preface some of the stories, as if they were set up at the

opening pages for the sake of warning off the trespassing reader, they would be interesting and attractive ; and he who has once fairly got over these stumblingblocks at the threshold will go on with pleased attention to the end. These introductions betray the intense self-consciousness with which the writer worked out his plans ; and so far they interfere with the natural effect which such stories ought to produce, and would produce, were they simply and unaffectedly laid before the reader. In the first volume there are seven stories, all of which have merit. They are not gracefully written ; but being in a less ambitious style than the author's larger works, the literary faults and deficiencies are less observable, and tempered down to a less prominent and offensive point. Either from a lack of original power to sustain with equable wing a long flight in the region of romance, or from a lack of sufficient culture to train his native energies up to such high-reaching aims, Guy Rivers seems equal only to the short and easy career of the magazine tale or story. And even in these stories we sometimes find a coarse passage which shows that he had not always the discernment to discriminate, amidst the materials that lay before him, between what should have been cast aside as refuse and what was fit to be used for the purposes of art. In the details of daily life, especially in the ruder forms under which it appears in the wilderness and on the frontiers of civilization, there is much which no skill can make poetical, much which no light of imagination can clothe with the radiance of artistic beauty, much which cannot, by any possible magic of literary genius, be raised out of the region of squalid, grovelling, repulsive vice and barbarism. This sadly unpoetic side of American life should not, indeed, be kept wholly out of sight in fictitious delineation ; but it cannot be brought prominently forward without violating the laws of ideal beauty, under which all the works of imagination must necessarily arrange themselves. In this respect, some of the pieces in The Wigwam and the Cabin are offences against good taste.

The first story in the collection is entitled Grayling, or Murder will out. The incidents are well selected and neatly arranged ; and the superstitions and circumstances of fact, which blend curiously together to bring about the conviction of the murderer, are ingeniously managed. The piece called The Two Camps contains vivid descriptions of border life

and Indian warfare. The character of the young chief, Lenatewa, is happily drawn ; and the incipient love between him and Lucy, the settler's fair daughter, which was arrested by the tragedy of the gallant Indian's death at the hands of the revengeful savage, Oloschottee, is well and truly told. The Last Wager is a story in which a more soaring manner is attempted, and therefore the attempt is followed by less success ; but there are some vigorously wrought passages, as, for example, the game at cards on the dead body of the poisoned horse. The plot itself is in the highest degree improbable and absurd ; and we read a large part of it with an incredulous shrug, while we seem to see the spasms of an invention vainly racked to bring out some startling effect. On the other hand, The Arm-Chair of Tustenuggee is a well constructed and amusing story, founded on a not unpoetical legend of Indian superstition. The hen-pecked Indian, Conattee, is almost, if not quite, a novelty in literature. We never heard of or knew a copper-colored gentleman who was a victim to a matrimonial bane, which has usually been supposed to be one of the peculiarities of civilized domestic life, as the gallows is said to be an unfailing token of the presence or proximity of civilized institutions. But we know nothing in the psychological idiosyncrasy (we beg pardon of the philosophers for borrowing a couple of their polysyllabic technicalities for this once only), we know of nothing, we say, which can infallibly exempt the savage from this sort of training up in the paths of conjugal obedience. We must copy the description of this original and aboriginal scold.

"One of the warriors was named Conattee, and a braver man and more fortunate hunter never lived. But he had a wife who was a greater scold than Xantippe. She was the wonder and the terror of the tribe, and quite as ugly as the one-eyed squaw of Tustenuggee, the gray demon of Enoree. Her tongue was the signal for 'slinking,' among the bold hunters of Turkey-town ; and when they heard it, 'now,' said the young women, who sympathized, as all proper young women will do, with the handsome husband of an ugly wife, 'now,' said they, 'we know that poor Conattee has come home.' The return of the husband, particularly if he brought no game, was sure to be followed by a storm of that 'dry thunder,' so well known, which never failed to be heard at the farthest end of the village." — 1st Ser., p. 121.

And now, for a warning, let her fate be told in the author's

own words. We must introduce the catastrophe of the unfortunate Macourah, for so was the Xantippe of the forests called, by some account of the adventure which befell her liege husband, Conattee. It happened, once upon a time, that he went on a hunting excursion with his handsome friend Selonee, on whom Macourah had sometimes cast an eye of favor. They had been separated, and Conattee having mysteriously disappeared, Selonee was compelled to return without him to the lodges. Suspicion fell upon the unlucky friend, and the copper-colored sages of the tribe shook their wise heads in grave debate, and finally condemned him to death. He was rescued from the already opened grave by Macourah's claiming him as a substitute for her lost Conattee. This seemed worse to the unhappy victim than the violent death which he was on the instant to suffer; but the inexorable customs of his tribe forced him to choose the greater of two evils. This preliminary statement is necessary to explain the following adventure.

"It is now time to return to Conattee, and trace his progress from the moment when, plunging into the waters, he left the side of Selonee in pursuit of the wolf, whose dying struggles in the stream he had beheld. We are already acquainted with his success in extricating the animal from the water, and possessing himself of its hide. He had not well done this, when he heard a rushing noise in the woods above him, and fancying that there was a prospect of other game at hand, and inflated with the hope of adding to his trophies, though without any weapon but his knife, Conattee hastened to the spot. When he reached it, however, he beheld nothing. A gigantic and singularly deformed pine-tree, crooked and most irregular in shape, lay prostrate along the ground, and formed such an intricate covering above it that Conattee deemed it possible that some beast of prey might have made its den among the recesses of its roots. With this thought, he crawled under the spreading limbs, and searched all their intricacies. Emerging from the search, which had been fruitless, he took a seat upon the trunk of the tree, and spreading out the wolf's hide before him, proceeded to pare away the particles of flesh which, in the haste with which he had performed the task of flaying him, had been suffered to adhere to the skin. But he had scarcely commenced the operation, when two gigantic limbs of the fallen tree upon which he sat curled over his thighs and bound him to the spot. Other limbs, to his great horror, while he strove to move, clasped his arms and covered his shoulders. He

strove to cry aloud, but his jaws were grasped, before he could well open them, by other branches; and, with his eyes, which were suffered to peer through little openings in the bark, he could see his legs incrusted by like coverings with his other members. Still seeing, his own person yet escaped his sight. Not a part of it now remained visible to himself. A bed of green velvet-like moss rested on his lap. His knees shot out a thorny excrescence; and his hands, flattened to his thighs, were enveloped in as complete a casing of bark as covered the remainder of the tree around him. Even his knife and wolf skin, to his great surprise, suffered in like manner, — the bark having contracted them into one of those huge bulging knobs that so numerously deformed the tree. With all his thoughts and consciousness remaining, Conattee had yet lost every faculty of action. When he tried to scream aloud, his jaws felt the contraction of a pressure upon them which resisted all their efforts, while an oppressive thorn growing upon a wild vine that hung before his face was brought by every movement of himself or of the tree into his very mouth. The poor hunter immediately conceived his situation, — he was in the power of Tustenuggee, the Gray Demon of Enoree. The tree upon which he sat was one of those magic trees which the tradition of his people entitled the 'Arm-chair of Tustenuggee.' In these traps for the unwary the wicked demon caught his victim, and exulted in his miseries. Here he sometimes remained until death released him; for it was not often that the power into whose clutches he had fallen suffered his prey to escape, through a sudden feeling of lenity and good-humor. The only hope of Conattee was that Selonee might suspect his condition; in which event, his rescue was simple and easy enough. It was only to hew off the limbs, or pare away the bark, and the victim was uncovered in his primitive integrity. But how improbable that this discovery should be made! He had no voice to declare his bondage. He had no capacity for movement by which he might reveal the truth to his comrade's eyes; and unless some divine instinct should counsel his friend to an experiment which he would scarcely think upon, of himself, the poor prisoner felt that he must die in the miserable bondage into which he had fallen. While these painful convictions were passing through his mind, he heard the distant shoutings of Selonee. In a little while he beheld the youth anxiously seeking him in every quarter, following his trail at length to the very tree in which he was bound, crawling like himself beneath its branches, but not sitting like himself to be caught upon its trunk. Vainly did the poor fellow strive to utter but a few words, however faintly, apprising the youth of his condition. The effort died away in the most imperfect breathing,

sounding in his own ears like the faint sigh of some budding flower. With equal ill success did he aim to struggle with his limbs. He was too tightly grasped, in every part, to stir in the slightest degree a single member. He saw the fond search, meanwhile, which his comrade maintained, and his heart yearned the more in fondness for the youth. But it was with consummate horror that he saw him depart as night came on. Miserable, indeed, were his feelings that night. The voice of the Gray Demon alone kept him company, and he and his one-eyed wife made merry with his condition, goading him the livelong night with speeches of cruel gibe and mischievous reflection, such as the following:

"'There is no hope for you, Conattee, till some one takes your place. Some one must sit in your lap, whom you are willing to leave behind you, before you can get out of mine,' was the speech of the Gray Demon, who, perched upon Conattee's shoulders, bent his huge knotty head over him, while his red eyes looked into the half-hidden ones of the environed hunter, and glared upon him with the exultation of the tyrant at last secure of his prey. Night passed away at length, and, with the dawn, how was the hopeless heart of Conattee refreshed as he again saw Selonee appear! He then remembered the words of Tustenuggee, which told him that he could not escape until some one sat in his lap whom he was willing to leave behind him. The fancy rose in his mind that Selonee would do this; but could it be that he would consent to leave his friend behind him? Life was sweet, and great was the temptation. At one moment he almost wished that Selonee would draw nigh and seat himself after his fatigue. As if the young hunter knew his wish, he drew nigh at that instant; but the better feelings in Conattee's heart grew strong as he approached, and, striving to twist and writhe in his bondage, and laboring at the same time to call out in warning to his friend, he manifested the noble resolution not to avail himself of his friend's position to relieve his own; and, as if the warning of Conattee had really reached the understanding of Selonee, the youth retraced his steps, and once more hurried away from the place of danger. With his final departure the fond hopes of the prisoner sunk within him; and when hour after hour had gone by without the appearance of any of his people, and without any sort of change in his condition, he gave himself up utterly for lost. The mocks and jeers of the Gray Demon and his one-eyed squaw filled his ears all night, and the morning brought him nothing but flat despair. He resigned himself to his fate with the resolution of one who, however unwilling he might be to perish in such a manner, had yet faced death too frequently not to yield him a ready defiance now." — 1st Ser., pp. 137 – 140.

Selonee made many wry faces at his destiny. He resolved to try one desperate effort to find and restore his friend. How he fared, and what the upshot of the whole adventure was, are seen in the conclusion of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth chapter.

"She was too well satisfied with the exchange with which fortune had provided her, to suffer its gift to be lost so easily; and when Selonee darted from the cabin in such fearful haste, she readily conjectured his determination. She hurried after him with all possible speed, little doubting that those thunders — could she overtake him — with which she had so frequently overawed the pliant Conattee would possess an effect not less influential upon his more youthful successor. Macourah was gaunt as a greyhound, and scarcely less fleet of foot. Besides, she was as tough as a gray-squirrel in his thirteenth year. She did not despair of overtaking Selonee, provided she suffered him not to know that she was upon his trail. Her first movements, therefore, were marked with caution. Having watched his first direction, she divined his aim to return to the hunting-grounds where he had lost or slain his companion; and these hunting-grounds were almost as well known to herself as to him. With a rapidity of movement, and tenacity of purpose, which could only be accounted for by a reference to that wild passion which Selonee had unconsciouly inspired in her bosom for himself, she followed his departing footsteps; and when, the next day, he heard her shouts behind him, he was absolutely confounded. But it was with a feeling of surprise and not of dissatisfaction that he heard her voice. He — good youth — regarding Conattee as one of the very worthiest of the Catawba warriors, seemed to have been impressed with an idea that such also was the opinion of his wife. He little dreamed that she had any real design upon himself; and believed that to show her the evidences which were to be seen, which led to the fate of her husband, might serve to convince her that not only he was not the murderer, but that Conattee might not, indeed, be murdered at all. He coolly waited her approach, therefore, and proceeded to renew his statements, accompanying his narrative with the expression of the hope which he entertained of again restoring her husband to herself and the nation. But she answered his speech only with upbraidings and entreaties; and when she failed, she proceeded to thump him lustily with the wand by which she had compelled him to follow her to the lodge the day before. But Selonee was in no humor to obey the laws of the nation now. The feeling of degradation which had followed in his mind, from the moment

when he left the spot where he had stood up for death, having neither fear nor shame, was too fresh in his consciousness to suffer him to yield a like acknowledgment to it now; and, though sorely tempted to pummel the Jezebel, in return for the lusty thwacks which she had already inflicted upon his shoulders, he forbore, in consideration of his friend, and contented himself with simply setting forward on his progress, determined to elude her pursuit by an exercise of all his vigor and elasticity. Selonee was hardy as the grisly bear, and fleeter than the wild turkey; and Macourah, virago as she was, soon discovered the difference in the chase when Selonee put forth his strength and spirit. She followed with all her pertinacity, quickened as it was by an increase of fury at that presumption which had ventured to disobey her commands; but Selonee fled faster than she pursued, and every additional moment served to increase the space between them. The hunter lost her from his heels at length, and deemed himself fortunate that she was no longer in sight and hearing, when he again approached the spot where his friend had so mysteriously disappeared. Here he renewed his search with a painful care and minuteness, which the imprisoned Conattee all the while beheld. Once more Selonee crawled beneath those sprawling limbs and spreading arms that wrapped up in their solid and coarse rinds the person of the warrior. Once more he emerged from the spot disappointed and hopeless. This he had hardly done, when, to the great horror of the captive, and the annoyance of Selonee, the shrill shrieks and screams of the too well known voice of Macourah rang through the forests. Selonee dashed forward as he heard the sounds, and when Macourah reached the spot, which she did unerringly in following his trail, the youth was already out of sight.

"'I can go no further,' cried the woman; — 'a curse on him and a curse on Conattee, since in losing one I have lost both. I am too faint to follow. As for Selonee, may the one-eyed witch of Tustenuggee take him for her dog.'

"With this delicate imprecation, the virago seated herself in a state of exhaustion upon the inviting bed of moss which formed the lap of Conattee. This she had no sooner done, than the branches relaxed their hold upon the limbs of her husband. The moment was too precious for delay, and sliding from under her with an adroitness and strength which were beyond her powers of prevention, and, indeed, quite too sudden for any effort at resistance, she had the consternation to behold her husband starting up in full life before her, and, with the instinct of his former condition, preparing to take to flight. She cried to him, but he fled the faster, — she strove to follow him, but the branches which had

relaxed their hold upon her husband had resumed their contracted grasp upon her limbs. The brown bark was already forming above her on every hand, and her tongue, allotted a brief term of liberty, was alone free to assail him. She had spoken but few words when the bark encased her jaws, and the ugly thorn of the vine which had so distressed Conattee had taken its place at their portals.

"The husband looked back but once, when the voice ceased; — then, with a shivering sort of joy that his own doom had undergone a termination, which he now felt to be doubly fortunate, he made a wide circuit, that he might avoid the fatal neighbourhood, and pushed on in pursuit of his friend, whom his eyes, even when he was surrounded in the tree, had followed in his flight. It was no easy task, however, to overtake Selonee, flying, as he did, from the supposed pursuit of the termagant. Great, however, was the joy of the young warriors when they did encounter, and long and fervent was their mutual embrace. Conattee described his misfortunes, and related the manner in which he was taken; showed how the bark had encased his limbs, and how the intricate magic had even engrossed his knife, and the wolf-skin which had been the trophy of his victory. But Conattee said not a word of his wife and her entrapment, and Selonee was left in the conviction that his companion owed his escape from the toils to some hidden change in the tyrannical mood of Tustenuggee, or the one-eyed woman, his wife.

"'But the skin and the knife, Conattee, let us not leave them,' said Selonee, 'let us go back and extricate them from the tree.'

"Conattee showed some reluctance. He soon said, in the words of Macbeth, which he did not use, however, as a quotation, 'I'll go no more.' But Selonee, who ascribed this reluctance to very natural apprehensions of the demon from whose clutches he had just made his escape, declared his readiness to undertake the adventure, if Conattee would only point out to his eyes the particular excrescence in which the articles were inclosed. When the husband perceived that his friend was resolute, he made a merit of necessity.

"'If the thing is to be done,' said he, 'why should you have the risk? I myself will do it. It would be a woman-fear, were I to shrink from the danger. Let us go.'

"The process of reasoning by which Conattee came to this determination was a very sudden one, and one, too, that will not be hard to comprehend by every husband in his situation. It was his fear, that, if Selonee undertook the business, an unlucky or misdirected stroke of his knife might sever a limb, or remove some portions of the bark which did not merit or need removal.

Conattee trembled at the very idea of the revelations which might follow such an unhappy result. Strengthening himself, therefore, with all his energies, he went forward with Selonee to the spot, and while the latter looked on and witnessed the operation, he proceeded, with a nicety and care which amused and surprised Selonee, to the excision of the swollen scab upon the tree in which he had seen his wolf-skin encompassed. While he performed the operation, which he did as cautiously as if it had been the extraction of a mote from the eye of a virgin, the beldam in the tree, conscious of all his movements, and at first flattered with the hope that he was working for her extrication, maintained the most ceaseless efforts of her tongue and limbs, but without avail. Her slight breathing, which Conattee knew where to look for, more like the sighs of an infant zephyr than the efforts of a human bosom, denoted to his ears an overpowering but fortunately suppressed volcano within; and his heart leaped with a new joy, which had been unknown to it for many years before, when he thought that he was now safe, and, he trusted, for ever, from any of the tortures which he had been fain to endure patiently so long. When he had finished the operation by which he had reobtained his treasures, he ventured upon an impertinence which spoke surprisingly for his sudden acquisition of confidence; and looking up through the little aperture in the bark, from whence he had seen every thing while in the same situation, and from whence he concluded she was also suffered to see, he took a peep, a quick, quizzical, and taunting peep, at those eyes which he had not so dared to offend before. He drew back suddenly from the contact, — so suddenly, indeed, that Selonee, who saw the proceeding, but had no idea of the truth, thought he had been stung by some insect, and questioned him accordingly.

"'Let us be off, Selonee,' was the hurried answer, 'we have nothing to wait for now.'

"'Yes,' replied Selonee, 'and I had forgotten to say to you that your wife, Macourah, is on her way in search of you. I left her but a little ways behind, and thought to find her here. I suppose she is tired, however, and is resting by the way.'

"'Let her rest,' said Conattee, 'which is an indulgence much greater than any she ever accorded me. She will find me out soon enough, without making it needful that I should go in search of her. Come.'" — 1st Ser., pp. 141 – 147.

The Snake of the Cabin is a tale of vulgar villany, well told, but not superior in material to criminal reports which may be read daily in the newspapers. One of the best pieces in the collection is the story of Oakatibbé, or the

Choctaw Samson. Besides its merits as a specimen of narrative fiction, it deserves the attention of the philosopher for the weighty observations it contains on the general subject of civilizing and reclaiming the savage tribes. The following striking passage describes an interesting trait of the Indian character. It must be premised, that Oakatibbé, having killed another Indian in a drunken fray, was held to the penalty of death, by the unalterable unwritten law of savage jurisprudence. But he had been persuaded by some of his white friends to make his escape, and a horse had been lent him for that purpose. The mighty influence of early habit and customary implicit obedience to the laws of his tribe overcame his love of life and the persuasions of his civilized neighbours, and he returned to submit to the death-doom which had been pronounced upon him. The rest is related as follows: —

"While the turmoil was at the highest, and we had despaired of doing any thing to prevent bloodshed, the tramp of a fast galloping horse was heard in the woods, and the next moment the steed of Col. H. made his appearance, covered with foam, Slim Sampson on his back, and still driven by the lash of his rider at the top of his speed. He leaped the inclosure, and was drawn up, still quivering in every limb, in the area between the opposing Indians. The countenance of the noble fellow told his story. His heart had smitten him by continual reproaches, at the adoption of a conduct unknown in his nation, and which all its hereditary opinions had made cowardly and infamous. Besides, he remembered the penalties which, in consequence of his flight, must fall heavily upon his people. Life was sweet to him, — very sweet! He had the promise of many bright years before him. His mind was full of honorable and — speaking in comparative phrase — lofty purposes for the improvement of himself and nation. We have already sought to show, that, by his conduct, he had taken one large step in resistance to the tyrannous usages of custom, in order to introduce the elements of civilization among his people. But he could not withstand the reproaches of a conscience formed upon principles which his own genius was not equal to overthrow. His thoughts, during his flight, must have been of a very humbling character; but his features now denoted only pride, exultation, and a spirit strengthened by resignation against the worst. By his flight and subsequent return, he had, in fact, exhibited a more lively spectacle of moral firmness than would have been displayed by his simple

submission in remaining. He seemed to feel this. It looked out from his soul in every movement of his body. He leaped from his horse, while he slapped his breast with his own palm:

"'Oakatibbé heard the voice of a chief, that said he must die. Let the chief look here, — Oakatibbé is come!'

"A shout went up from both parties. The signs of strife disappeared. The language of the crowd was no longer that of threatening and violence. It was understood that there would be no resistance in behalf of the condemned. Col. H. and myself were both mortified and disappointed. Though the return of Slim Sampson had obviously prevented a combat *à outrance*, in which a dozen or more might have been slain, still we could not but regret the event. The life of such a fellow seemed to both of us to be worth the lives of any hundred of his people.

"Never did man carry with himself more simple nobleness. He was at once surrounded by his friends and relatives. The hostile party, from whom the executioners were to be drawn, stood looking on at some little distance, the very pictures of patience. There was no sort of disposition manifested among them to hurry the proceedings. Though exulting in the prospect of soon shedding the blood of one whom they esteemed an enemy, yet all was dignified composure and forbearance. The signs of exultation were nowhere to be seen. Meanwhile, a conversation was carried on in low, soft accents, unmarked by physical action of any kind, between the condemned and two other Indians. One of these was the unhappy mother of the criminal, — the other was his uncle. They rather listened to his remarks, than made any of their own. The dialogue was conducted in their own language. After a while this ceased, and he made a signal which seemed to be felt, rather than understood, by all the Indians, friends and enemies. All of them started into instant intelligence. It was a sign that he was ready for the final proceedings. He rose to his feet and they surrounded him. The groans of the old woman, his mother, were now distinctly audible, and she was led away by the uncle, who, placing her among the other women, returned to the condemned, beside whom he now took his place. Col. H. and myself also drew nigh. Seeing us, Oakatibbé simply said, with a smile:

"'Ah, kurnel, you see, Injun man ain't strong like white man!'

"Col. H. answered with emotion:

"'I would have saved you, Sampson.'

"'Oakatibbé hab for dead!' said the worthy fellow, with another, but a very wretched smile.

"His firmness was unabated. A procession was formed, which was headed by three sturdy fellows, carrying their rifles

conspicuously upon their shoulders. These were the appointed executioners, and were all near relatives of the man who had been slain. There was no mercy in their looks. Oakatibbé followed immediately after these. He seemed pleased that we should accompany him to the place of execution. Our way lay through a long avenue of stunted pines, which conducted us to a spot where an elevated ridge on either hand produced a broad and very prettily defined valley. My eyes, in all this progress, were scarcely ever drawn off from the person of him who was to be the principal actor in the approaching scene. Never, on any occasion, did I behold a man with a step more firm, — a head so unbent, — a countenance so sweetly calm, though grave, — and of such quiet unconcern, at the obvious fate in view. Yet there was nothing in his deportment of that effort which would be the case with most white men on a similar occasion, who seek to wear the aspect of heroism. He walked as to a victory, but he walked with a staid, even dignity, calmly, and without the flush of any excitement on his cheek. In his eye there was none of that feverish curiosity, which seeks for the presence of his executioner, and cannot be averted from the contemplation of the mournful paraphernalia of death. His look was like that of the strong man, conscious of his inevitable doom, and prepared, as it is inevitable, to meet it with corresponding indifference.

"The grave was now before us. It must have been prepared at the first dawn of the morning. The executioners paused, when they had reached a spot within thirty steps of it. But the condemned passed on, and stopped only on the edge of its open jaws. The last trial was at hand with all its terrors. The curtain was about to drop, and the scene of life, with all its hopes and promises and golden joys, — even to an Indian golden, — was to be shut for ever. I felt a painful and numbing chill pass through my frame, but I could behold no sign of change in him. He now beckoned his friends around him. His enemies drew nigh also, but in a remoter circle. He was about to commence his song of death, — the narrative of his performances, his purposes, all his living experience. He began a low chant, slow, measured, and composed, the words seeming to consist of monosyllables only. As he proceeded, his eyes kindled, and his arms were extended. His action became impassioned, his utterance more rapid, and the tones were distinguished by increasing warmth. I could not understand a single word which he uttered, but the cadences were true and full of significance. The rise and fall of his voice, truly proportioned to the links of sound by which they were connected, would have yielded a fine lesson to

the European teacher of school eloquence. His action was as graceful as that of a mighty tree yielding to and gradually rising from the pressure of a sudden gust. I felt the eloquence which I could not understand. I fancied, from his tones and gestures, the play of the muscles of his mouth, and the dilation of his eyes, that I could detect the instances of daring valor, or good conduct, which his narrative comprised. One portion of it, as he approached the close, I certainly could not fail to comprehend. He evidently spoke of his last unhappy affray with the man whom he had slain. His head was bowed, the light passed from his eyes, his hands were folded upon his heart, and his voice grew thick and husky. Then came the narrative of his flight. His glance was turned upon Col. H. and myself, and, at the close, he extended his hand to us both. We grasped it earnestly, and with a degree of emotion which I would not now seek to describe. He paused. The catastrophe was at hand. I saw him step back, so as to place himself at the very verge of the grave, — he then threw open his breast, — a broad, manly, muscular bosom, that would have sufficed for a Hercules; — one hand he struck upon the spot above the heart, where it remained, — the other was raised above his head. This was the signal. I turned away with a strange sickness. I could look no longer. In the next instant I heard the simultaneous report, as one, of the three rifles; and when I again looked, they were shovelling in the fresh mould upon the noble form of one who, under other more favoring circumstances, might have been a father to his nation." — 1st Ser., pp. 204 – 208.

The second series of The Wigwam and the Cabin contains six stories. In general merits and particular defects they stand nearly on a level with those which we have already spoken of. The Giant's Coffin is a striking but disagreeable tale, which might have been wrought into a greatly superior delineation of fierce passion, had the author possessed a more delicate artistic sense. Sergeant Barnacle is extravagant; but that, too, embodies the materials of a fine piece of narrative and character-drawing. The Old Lunes is an amusing, but rather commonplace story. The Lazy Crow is a capital picture of negro superstition. In conception and execution it is able, vigorous, and highly interesting.

Caloya, or the Loves of the Driver, is in a more pretending vein. For the coarseness which deforms this story the writer attempts an apology in the preface. Many things

in this piece deserve much praise; the old Indian is vigorously drawn, and his young wife is a character skilfully and delicately touched. But the plot is feeble and foolish, and the negro driver is simply disgusting. The author has not "succeeded in showing how happily virtue can be seen to triumph even in the worst estates, and with what loveliness of aspect purity can make her progress, like the Lady in Milton's Comus, even through the foul rabble of lewd spirits that hang about her path." Can any thing be more absurd than to call the resistance offered by Caloya, the Indian wife, to the sickening advances of the greasy, woolly-headed, blubber-lipped negro driver, a triumph of virtue? No doubt, an Indian woman, like Caloya, *would* triumph over the profligate wiles of the libertine who should essay her destruction; but surely the amorous unctuosity of Mingo could not, by any imaginable freak of nature, seduce a Catawba squaw from her duty to her copper-colored lord, old and ugly as he might be. Her refusal to yield to his blandishments would be not so much the triumph of virtue as the triumph of nausea.

Lucas de Ayllon is a story founded on the adventures of one of these early kidnapping expeditions by which so many of the aborigines of North America were in early times carried off by Spanish pirates, and sold into West Indian slavery. The incidents are well told, and the final catastrophe of De Ayllon, which we believe is the invention of the writer, shows his powers of description in a very favorable light. The character of Combahee, the Indian princess, though highly wrought, is impressively drawn and consistently maintained. The pertinacious resolve to avenge the perfidy by which her husband had been entrapped by the man-stealer, and the terrible manner in which she executed it, when a righteous retribution, acting through the agencies of storms and the wind-lashed ocean, placed him in her power, are managed with a strong and bold hand. We are tempted to extract this passage.

"The historian remarks (see History of South Carolina, p. 11),—'As if the retributive Providence had been watchful of the place no less than of the hour of justice, it so happened, that, at the mouth of the very river where his crime had been committed, he was destined to meet his doom.' The Indian traditions go farther. They say, that the form of Chiquola was

beheld by Combahee, standing upon the prow of the vessel, guiding it to the place set apart by the fates for the final consummation of that destiny which they had allotted to the perfidious Spaniards. We will not contend for the tradition; but the coincidence between the place of crime and that of retribution was surely singular enough to impress, not merely upon the savage, but also upon the civilized mind, the idea of an overruling and watchful justice. The breakers seized upon the doomed ship, as the bloodhounds seize upon and rend the expiring carcass of the stricken deer. The voice of Combahee was heard above the cries of the drowning men. She bade her people hasten with their arrows, their clubs, their weapons of whatever kind, and follow her to the beach. She herself bore a bow in her hand, with a well filled quiver at her back; and as the vessel stranded, as the winds and waves rent its planks and timbers asunder, and billows bore the struggling and drowning wretches to the shore, the arrows of Combahee were despatched in rapid execution. Victim after victim sunk, stricken, among the waters, with a death of which he had had no fear. The warriors strode, waist-deep, into the sea, and dealt with their stone hatchets upon the victims. These, when despatched, were drawn ashore, and the less daring were employed to heap them up, in a vast and bloody mound, for the sacrifice of fire.

"The keen eyes of Combahee distinguished the face of the perfidious De Ayllon among the struggling Spaniards. His richer dress had already drawn upon him the eyes of an hundred warriors, who only waited with their arrows until the inevitable billows should bear him within their reach.

"'Spare *him!*' cried the widow of Chiquola. They understood her meaning at a glance, and a simultaneous shout attested their approbation of her resolve.

"'The arrows of fire!' was the cry. The arrows of reed and flint were expended upon the humble wretches from the wreck. The miserable De Ayllon little fancied the secret of this forbearance. He grasped a spar which assisted his progress, and encouraged in the hope of life, as he found himself spared by the shafts which were slaying all around him, he was whirled onward by the breakers to the shore. The knife touched *him* not, the arrow forbore *his* bosom, — but all beside perished. Two hundred spirits were dismissed to eternal judgment, in that bloody hour of storm and retribution, by the hand of violence. Senseless amidst the dash of the breakers, — unconscious of present or future danger, Lucas de Ayllon came within the grasp of the fierce warriors, who rushed impatient for their prisoner neck-deep into the sea. They bore him to the land. They

used all the most obvious means for his restoration, and had the satisfaction to perceive that he at length opened his eyes. When sufficiently recovered to become aware of what had been done for him, and rushing to the natural conclusion that it had all been done in kindness, he smiled upon his captors, and addressing them in his own language, endeavoured still further, by signs and sounds, to conciliate their favor.

"'Enough!' said the inflexible Combahee, turning away from the criminal with an expression of strong disgust: —

"'Enough! wherefore should we linger? Are not the limbs of Chiquola still cold and wet? The bones of his enemies are here, — let the young men build the sacrifice. The hand of Combahee will light the fire arrow!'

"A dozen warriors now seized upon the form of De Ayllon. Even had he not been enfeebled by exhaustion, his struggles would have been unavailing. Equally unavailing were his prayers and promises. The Indians turned with loathing from his base supplications, and requited his entreaties and tears with taunts, and buffetings, and scorn! They bore him, under the instructions of Combahee, to that palmetto, looking out upon the sea, beneath which, for so many weary months, she had maintained her lonely watch. The storm had torn her lodge to atoms, but the tree was unhurt. They bound him to the shaft with withes of grapevines, of which the neighbouring woods had their abundance. Parcels of light-wood were heaped about him, while, interspersed with other bundles of the resinous pine, were piled the bodies of his slain companions. The only living man, he was the centre of a pile composed of two hundred, whose fate he was now prepared to envy. A dreadful mound, it rose conspicuous, like a beacon, upon the head-land of St. Helena; he, the centre, with his head alone free, and his eyes compelled to survey all the terrible preparations which were making for his doom. Layers of human carcasses, followed by layers of the most inflammable wood and brush, environed him with a wall, from which, even had he not been bound to the tree, he could never have effected his own extrication. He saw them pile the successive layers, sparing the while no moment which he could give to expostulation, entreaty, tears, prayers, and promises. But the workmen with steady industry pursued their task. The pile rose, — the human pyramid was at last complete!

"Combahee drew nigh with a blazing torch in her hand. She looked the image of some avenging angel. She gave but a single glance upon the face of the criminal. That face was one of an agony which no art could hope to picture. Hers was inflex-

ible as stone, though it bore the aspect of hate, and loathing, and revenge! She applied the torch amid the increased cries of the victim, and as the flame shot up with a dense black smoke to heaven, she turned away to the sea, and prostrated herself beside its billows. The shouts of the warriors who surrounded the blazing pile attested their delight; but, though an hundred throats sent up their united clamors, the one piercing shriek of the burning man was superior, and rose above all other sounds. At length it ceased! all ceased! The sacrifice was ended. The perfidy of the Spaniard was avenged." — 2d Ser., pp. 234 – 236.

The Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction are a collection of articles, contributed "to the periodical literature of the country in the last fifteen years. They are taken from the pages of the Southern and American Quarterly Reviews; from the American Monthly and the Knickerbocker Magazines; from the Magnolia, Orion, Southern and Western Review, and other publications of like character." It is a bad omen for a book to be sent out into the world with a foolish or affected title. Mr. Willis has often done injustice to his fine genius by titular, if not other, conceits. These things show the same sort of bad taste as the foppish manners and mincing phrase of the exquisite of the saloons. "Views and Reviews" seems to have been adopted for no other reason than the unmeaning jingle of the words. These papers contain but little valuable criticism; they unfold no principle of beauty, and illustrate no point in the philosophy of literature and art. They breathe an extravagant nationality, equally at war with good taste and generous progress in liberal culture. That the writer is wrong in all this, we have no doubt; that he fails to see the bearings of the great theme of a national literature is most certain. A national literature is an august subject of contemplation, for it embodies the intellectual efforts of a nation, through all the ages of its existence. It will be rich and varied and precious in proportion as the nation's intellectual culture is thorough and profound, and as its morality is pure and lofty. The streams of knowledge flowing from all realms and all times bear to the national mind the treasures of thought, out of which the fair forms of its poetry and art must be moulded. The more universal its intellectual acquirements, the grander and more imperishable will be the monuments of its intellectual existence. A petty

nationality of spirit is incompatible with true cultivation. An intense national self-consciousness, though the shallow may misname it patriotism, is the worst foe to the true and generous unfolding of national genius.

There has been a good deal of rather unmeaning talk about American literature. There has been in this matter, also, an operation of the principle of the division of labor. Those who have talked most about it have done the least. The men to whom American literature is really indebted have quietly planned and executed works on which their own fame and their country's literary honor rest. But certain coteries of would-be men of letters, noisy authorlings, and noisy in proportion to their diminutive size, waste their time and vex the patient spirits of long-suffering readers, by prating about our want of an independent national American literature. Of course, all this prating is without the faintest shadow of sense, and resembles the patriotic froth which the country was favored with from high senatorial quarters while the Oregon business was under discussion in the national legislature. From the vehement style in which these literary patriots discourse, it would seem that they lamented the heritage of the English language and its glorious treasures, which are our birthright, as a national calamity. Like the codifying commissioners of a neighbouring State, they almost appear to recommend the adoption of the *American* language as the language of literature, without specifying what particular one out of the thousand dialects spoken on this continent they intend to honor with their choice. They say, in effect, "Go to; let us make a national literature"; and forthwith, a five-act comedy of most lamentable mirth, — a two or three volumed novel of tawdry commonplaces, — a witless caricature, with illustrations, like Puffer Hopkins, — a coarse accumulation of unimaginative vulgarities, pretending to delineate American life, spring into being, and are clamorously pushed into public notice, as specimens of the genuine-native-original American literature.

These gentlemen forget that national literature cannot be forced like a hothouse plant. Talking about it has no tendency to produce it. They seem to think that American authors ought to limit themselves to American subjects, and hear none but American criticism; as if, forsooth, the gen-

ius of America must never wander beyond the mountains, forests, and waterfalls of the western continent; as if the refinements of European culture should have no charms for the American taste. How many of Shakspeare's noblest plays are laid in scenes beyond the narrow precincts of English life! How many of the greatest works of her historians trace the fortunes of countries and people having no other connection with England than the tie of a common humanity! In what portion of the British isles did John Milton place the beings that move and act in his immortal work? We trust no nation will monopolize the country where part of the wondrous scene is enacted; we fear that all nations will have an ample share in the region where another portion passes.

The complaint of a want of nationality in American literature is borrowed from the ill-founded judgments of English criticism. Even in this, our professed abettors of aboriginality are not original. English critics seem to expect a dash of savageness, a sound of the war-whoop, a stroke of the tomahawk or the bowie-knife, — they expect to hear the roar of Niagara, and the crash of the trees in the primeval forests, — in the literature of America. Very prettily sounding phrases these; but neither the English originals nor the American copyists can force much meaning into them.

American literature will do very well, in spite of these birds of boding cry. With extending literary and scientific culture, and increased familiarity with the genius of the past, with constantly enlarging intercourse among the most civilized nations, and the rapid intercommunication of thoughts, creations, and inventions, the intellect of America cannot fail to go forward in the career so auspiciously begun. The work so well done already by our great orators, historians, poets, and artists will not rest under the stimulating influences pouring in from every quarter upon the agitated intellect of the country. *Fervet opus;* and all the exaggerated complaints of coteries of small authors cannot make its glowing progress slower.

Among the topics most frequently and prominently brought forward in these papers is the use of history for the purposes of the artist; that is, for the writer of fiction, whether in prose or verse. Mr. Simms has a great dislike to historical investigators, like Niebuhr; men who employ the resources of inexhaustible learning and the instruments of discriminating

criticism in correcting errors, misapprehensions, and falsehood. We confess we have no sympathy with those who prefer ancient error to new truth. We do not choose to err with Plato rather than think rightly with others. A prejudice is not so precious and venerable in our eyes, but that we can willingly resign it under the teachings of learning and philosophy. We regard the state of mind which leads a man to cling to the fabulous forms of past history, merely because he thinks them romantic and picturesque, as a pernicious sentimentality, as much at war with genuine art as with the cause of truth. The extent to which this author goes in his mania for fiction may be seen in the following extract.

"The truth is, — an important truth, which seems equally to have escaped the sarcastic minister and the learned German, and which the taste that prefers the ruin to its restoration will be the very last to appreciate, — the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art! — consists in its proper employment, as so much raw material, in the erection of noble fabrics and lovely forms, to which the fire of genius imparts soul, and which the smile of taste informs with beauty; — and which, thus endowed and constituted, are so many temples of mind, so many shrines of purity, where the big, blind, struggling heart of the multitude may rush, in its vacancy, and be made to feel; in its blindness, and be made to see; in its fear, and find countenance; in its weakness, and be rendered strong; in the humility of its conscious baseness, and be lifted into gradual excellence and hope! These are the offices of art for which she employs history, and it is these which make her not only the most lovely, but the most legitimate, daughter of heaven. It is through her that the past lives to the counselling and direction of the future; and if she breathe not the breath of life into its nostrils, the wires of the resurrectionist would vainly link together the rickety skeleton which he disinters for posterity.

"Considered with reference to its intrinsic uses, the bald history of a nation, by itself, would be of very little importance to mankind. Of what use to know the simple fragmentary fact, that Troy — a city we no longer find upon the maps — fell, after a siege of years, — the proud and polished city before the barbarian and piratical foe? Of what use, or whence the satisfaction, placed upon the summits of Taygetus, to hear the long catalogue of names — names of men and nations — which the historian may, with tolerable certainty, enumerate, and perhaps assign to each narrow spot within the range of his vision; — or, astride some block which hopeless conjecture may assume to be the site

of the once mighty capital, to turn to our Lemprière and learn that here once dwelt a great people who were overthrown by a greater? We know this fact, without Lemprière. Ruins speak for themselves, and, to this extent, are their own historians. They equally denote the existence and the overthrow, the was and the is not, — and the dry, sapless history tells us nothing, which can tell us nothing more! But, musing alone along the plain of the Troad, or traversing the mountain barriers of Parnes, Ægaleus, and Hymettus; looking down upon the sterile plains of Attica, — sterile in soil, but, O! how fruitful in soul, — or sitting among the dismembered fragments which made the citadel in Carthage, — each man becomes his own historian. Thought, taking the form of conjecture, ascends by natural stages into the obscure and the infinite. Reasoning of what should have been from what is before us, we gather the true from the probable. Dates and names, which, with the mere chronologist, are every thing, with us are nothing. For what matters it to us, while tracing hopes and fears, feelings and performances, the greatness which was, and the glories which exist no longer, to be arrested in our progress by some cold and impertinent querist, who, because we cannot tell him whether these things took place one, two, or three thousand years before Christ, — and because we cannot positively assign the precise name to the hero, — accurately showing this or that combination of seven or more letters, — forbids our inquiry as idle? The inquiry is not idle, — and history itself is only valuable when it provokes this inquiry, when it excites a just curiosity, awakens noble affections, elicits generous sentiments, and stimulates into becoming activity the intelligence which it informs!

"Hence, it is the artist only who is the true historian. It is he who gives shape to the unhewn fact, who yields relation to the scattered fragments, who unites the parts in coherent dependency, and endows with life and action the otherwise motionless automata of history. It is by such artists, indeed, that nations live. It is the soul of art, alone, which binds periods and places together; — that creative faculty, which, as it is the only quality distinguishing man from other animals, is the only one by which he holds a life-tenure through all time, — the power to make himself known to man, to be sure of the possessions of the past, and to transmit, with the most happy confidence in fame, his own possessions to the future." — *Views and Reviews*, pp. 23–25.

"The chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art." The engineer, who declared the final cause of the creation of rivers to be the feeding of

canals, was moderate, in comparison with this extravagant asserter of the preëminence of art over history, of fiction over fact, of invention over truth. Are the lessons drawn from history nothing? Is the impressive spectacle of the great dealings of Providence, as seen in the vicissitudes of empires in the march of the ages, nothing? "Ruins speak for themselves." So they do; but they speak only to the well informed mind; the mind stored with facts and dates, — the more numerous the facts, and the more precise the dates, the better. What imaginative person, standing in the solitude of Pæstum, where rise those dateless structures which were solemn antiquities in the days of Cicero, does not long to break the spell of oblivion by the discovery of some single *fact* which shall serve as a clew to their origin? How vague and unsatisfactory are the unguided wanderings of the imagination, compared with the light which a record of but a single sentence would throw into the now impenetrable gloom of the past! How eagerly do all men listen to the revelations of the hieroglyphics of Egypt, in the hope of clearing up the dark history of that mysterious land! It is needless to press this point.

Nor can we agree with his views of the propriety of the writer of fiction perverting history for the imaginative purposes of art. His ideas are more amply developed in the passage upon Benedict Arnold. We refer our readers to the writer's own words, in order to show the ground he assumes, and to pass an emphatic condemnation upon the principle. His proposed mode of dealing with the character both of Arnold and of Washington is wholly reprehensible. It would be, in fact, to falsify one of the most precious pages in American history. It reminds us of the absurd lengths to which French novelists and playwrights go in perverting English history, and which have exposed them to the just anger and contempt of British criticism. The truth of history is quite as interesting, and often more picturesque, than any romance that can be substituted for it. Who would think of comparing The Last of the Aztecs, for graphic delineation or stirring incident, — fictitious, romantic, and artistic as the newspapers have pronounced it, — with the learned, accurate, and brilliant pages of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico?

ART. VI. — 1. *An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists, by the Rules of Evidence administered in Courts of Justice. With an Account of the Trial of Jesus.* By SIMON GREENLEAF, LL. D., Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University. Boston : Little & Brown. 1846. 8vo. pp. 543.

2. *The Life of Jesus, critically examined.* By DR. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. London : Chapman, Brothers. 1846. 3 vols. 8vo.

OF course, we place the titles of these two books together only by way of contrast. They relate, it is true, to the same general subject ; but it is hard to conceive of two works more unlike in their scope, character, and purpose. The object of the one is to prove, and of the other to disprove, the Christian religion. The one is the production of an able and profound lawyer, a man who has grown gray in the halls of justice and the schools of jurisprudence, — a writer of the highest authority on legal subjects, whose life has been spent in weighing testimony and sifting evidence, and whose published opinions on the rules of evidence are received as authoritative in all the English and American tribunals, — for fourteen years the highly respected colleague of the late Mr. Justice Story, and now the honored head of the most distinguished and prosperous school of English law in the world. The other is the work of a German professor and speculatist, also profoundly learned in his way, — an ingenious and daring framer of theories of the most striking character, almost unheard of till his brain either conceived them or gave them currency, though relating to topics with which men have been familiar for eighteen centuries, — a subtile controversialist, whose work, as he himself avows, is deeply tinged with the most strongly marked peculiarities of the philosophy and theology of his countrymen. We presume the most ardent admirer of Dr. Strauss will not object to our characterizing the two works as excellent specimens, the one of clear and shrewd English common sense, and the other of German erudition, laborious diligence, and fertility in original speculation. And if the subject of inquiry were one that involved his own temporal and immediate interests, and it were neces-

sary to determine which of these two writers would give the wiser and safer counsel, or the more trustworthy opinion, we suppose the same person would agree with us in making the choice.

We do not wish to appeal to the authority of mere names in this matter ; it would be but a poor mode of proving the truth of the gospel history, to say that it was believed by Professor Greenleaf, and denied by Dr. Strauss. But our object is to call attention to a point naturally suggested by the contrast between these two writers, to a view of the characters and previous pursuits of the persons by whom this great discussion hitherto has been conducted. The defence of Christianity, the exposition of its evidences, and the refutation of the arguments of infidels, have been committed almost exclusively to the hands of professed theologians and metaphysicians. This was very natural ; the work seemed properly to belong to them, as their tastes and studies had given them an interest in the subject, and made them familiar with the ground. We do not now remember a single work of any note upon the Evidences, which was not written by a person belonging to one or the other of these two classes. But some evil has resulted from this limitation of the number of the professed advocates of Christianity. Their works are all imbued with a professional hue, and sometimes seem as if addressed only to theologians and metaphysicians, as well as written by them. And the expression of their own belief carries with it no intrinsic weight. They appear like employed counsel, whose office and duty it is to defend the cause which is intrusted to them, and hence they do not always receive credit for perfect sincerity in the case. They plead the cause of the whole Christian family, but their argument is often encumbered with matter which has relation only to their particular studies, or it is biased by the special views and peculiarities of their vocation. Their works are colored by the atmosphere of the schools. The student of theology has his private views, or the doctrines of his sect, the philosopher has his theories, to defend ; and sometimes the chief point at issue is quite forgotten or obscured in the heat of these collateral discussions. They are sometimes taken by surprise, or at a disadvantage, when some reckless assailant makes a bold appeal to common prejudices or to popular ignorance, when a wily logician spins his cobweb theories

around them, or a learned historian attacks them with a sneer.

It is matter of good omen, then, when the ranks of the professed champions of Christianity are recruited by volunteers. Hardly any training can prepare one for more effectual service in this cause than the severe logic, the close examination of testimony, and the rigid application of principles, which are required in the practice of law. A well trained jurist cannot fail, at least, to place the subject in a new light, to detect the sophistry and artifices of those who would hide the truth, and to show the value of that testimony which he pronounces sufficient to satisfy a court of justice. All will hear with deference an appeal to this honored tribunal. Mr. Greenleaf appropriately dedicates his work to "the members of the legal profession." He invites them to pursue the inquiry by the light of the established maxims of the law, and urges this duty upon them as one for which they are strengthened by their previous habits, while it is a matter of as awful concern to them as to every other member of the human family. As a recognized teacher of jurisprudence, he offers to them his guidance for a part of the way, as if in the investigation of any legal subject, and challenges their attention to the witnesses whom he puts upon the stand, and to the array of evidence which he brings before them. We believe that his work will be found "profitable for instruction" not only to his professional brethren, but to many others, who will be glad to know the views of a sound lawyer upon this important subject.

The only fault that we have to find with Mr. Greenleaf's volume is that there is not enough of it. Though of quite respectable size, far the larger portion of the book is occupied with a Harmony of the Gospels, the system adopted being that of Archbishop Newcome, with some modifications by Professor Robinson. Brief notes are appended to it to explain most of the apparent discrepancies in the accounts of the four Evangelists, these being selected and abridged from the most approved commentators. The preliminary observations, occupying about fifty pages, and an appendix, the chief article in which is a legal view of the trial of Jesus, contain all that is entirely original in the volume. The writer's remarks, though concise, are clear, logical, and cogent; and on the whole, we do not know that they could have been amplified

without losing some of their force. The scope of the argument is necessarily limited by its legal character, as the witnesses are supposed to be produced, and the only question here treated relates to the credibility of their testimony. In other words, the genuineness of the gospels is taken for granted, or as fully sustained by proofs elsewhere adduced. Mr. Greenleaf's office is that of a lawyer, to comment upon the evidence already in possession of the court. We wish, however, that, instead of contenting himself with mere references to the works of those authors who have so satisfactorily established the genuineness of our Gospel records, he had favored us with a summary of the historical evidence upon this point, and then given a legal opinion of its credibility and sufficiency.

The work of Strauss is confined within similar limits. He also waives the question of the genuineness, or passes over it with a very brief and unsatisfactory view of the testimony adduced, and gives his whole attention to the internal marks of truth or falsity in the narrative. He admits that "it would *most unquestionably be an argument of decisive weight* in favor of the credibility of the Biblical history, could it indeed be shown that it was written by eyewitnesses, or even by persons nearly contemporaneous with the events narrated." But he coolly passes over this difficulty, though it applies, as we shall see hereafter, with especial force to the particular theory which he seeks to establish, so that even the lowest view that can be taken of the authorship of the Gospels — what the most skeptical inquirers have been obliged to admit upon this point — is absolutely fatal to his whole doctrine. Confining himself strictly, then, to an examination of the testimony as it is found upon the record, and putting aside the question who gave that testimony, the opinions which he maintains come directly in conflict with those of Mr. Greenleaf. The cool and clear-headed jurist and the German mystical doctor are brought face to face.

We shall not enter into any detailed examination of a work now so widely known as the Life of Jesus by Strauss. Criticisms upon it in his own country have been multiplied almost without end; replies and rejoinders have flown thick, and he who lists may read them. We have little taste for a controversy in which the opposing parties usually seem more anxious to display their own learning, ingenuity, and dialec-

tical skill, than to establish or refute the great subject at issue. In this gladiatorial play, Strauss is a dexterous opponent. He has an abundant share of learning, great acuteness, can shift his ground skilfully, and weave strange theories out of air as cunningly as his neighbours. But he shows an utter lack of judgment, and of those clear and comprehensive views by which great minds detect almost by intuition the fallacy of a doctrine seemingly supported by an imposing array of arguments. He wastes great industry and erudition, and all the finer powers of his mind, in an attempt to support a hypothesis which the first glance of a sound thinker detects as utterly untenable. There is a crack somewhere; he who appears to the world as a scholar and a philosopher commits mistakes of judgment in which he may be corrected by a child. Ordinary people describe the case well, when they say that the person has genius, but no common sense. He may be a very agreeable speculatist, but is a most unsafe guide in the search after truth. Strauss has all the defects which are apt to belong to the recluse student of theology and metaphysics, and these are heightened and exaggerated by the theorizing tendency and the wildness of speculation so common among his countrymen. A plain and detailed statement of his doctrine is enough to confute it as the most improbable of infidel hypotheses. It may be opposed, if we mistake not, by fundamental objections in the outset, so as to render any regular examination of the tissue of arguments brought to support it quite unnecessary; though it is the length and particularity of these, and the perverse ingenuity and misapplied learning displayed in them, which have given the work its whole notoriety. It appears like a complex and curiously devised machine, which has no defect except that it will not work.

We shall gain a better view of the insuperable difficulties lying at the threshold of this theory, by attending first to some points suggested by the preliminary observations of Mr. Greenleaf. The first question is, Why skepticism is so much more busy with the gospel narrative than with all profane history, though the latter be of events contemporaneous with those recorded in that narrative, or even long anterior to them. What principle will enable us to reject the truth of the Gospels, considered merely as records of events,

which will not also require us to consider the annals of the world as one universal blank, down, at least, to the reign of Tiberius? If we will not believe Matthew and Luke, how can we trust Thucydides and Tacitus? No one will dare to say that these historians show more of honesty, candor, and an apparent disposition to tell the truth, than must be ascribed on the best internal evidence to the four Evangelists. Then why is the narrative of the deeds and the crucifixion of our Saviour unworthy of credit, if the story of the exploits and the assassination of Julius Cæsar be not also fabulous? The Christian may fearlessly invite the comparison of external testimony that is here indicated; and we dwell upon it the more readily, because it has been too much left out of sight by the particular class of scholars who have most considered this subject, and who have unwittingly contributed to making a useless and injurious separation of sacred from profane history. We pass over the theologian and the philosopher, therefore, to address this question directly to the professed historian. Let him separate, if he can, the history of the origin of Christianity from that of the destruction of the Roman republic; that is, let him show sufficient difference in the external testimony — for with this alone we are concerned at present — to be a valid reason for rejecting the one and accepting the other.

Let us look for a moment at the relative weight of proof in the two cases, confining our attention to a few centuries immediately preceding or following the commencement of the Christian era. How many events in the profane history of this period are now universally admitted on the testimony of a single historian, though he could not have been an eye-witness of a thousandth part of them; while, in the case of the gospel narrative, we find distinct and harmonious records by four individuals, each marked by striking peculiarities of style and manner, and all agreeing as to all essential points, two of them appearing to have been direct observers of the facts which they narrate, and all brought by irrefragable evidence within a very few years, at the utmost, of the time when these events occurred! Is it said that incidental allusions in the contemporaneous literature of the period confirm most of the facts mentioned by the profane historians? But the narratives of the Evangelists have also a great amount of collateral testimony, in the shape of numerous

epistles, written at the same period, addressed both to individuals and to large societies, making frequent allusion to these facts, even placing particular stress upon them, and betokening throughout a state of things which is totally inexplicable unless these facts did really occur. It will generally be admitted, we suppose, that Paul was a real, historical personage, quite as much so as Cicero. Not the most fanciful author of hypotheses, not even a German theorist upon history, has yet ventured to allegorize *him* into a mythical character. We are acquainted with all the chief incidents of his life, with the story of his conversion, his journeyings, his imprisonments, his shipwreck, — the account of the latter being undoubtedly written, if internal evidence can decide any thing, by an eyewitness and fellow-sufferer with him. We study the development of his peculiar and strongly marked intellect and disposition in his numerous writings, and thereby gain as clear an idea of the individuality of his character, as distinct a portrait of him, as we have of any personage in all Greek and Roman history. He was a highly educated man, a lawyer, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, an impetuous and eloquent orator, an acute and fervid reasoner, a person as little likely to be deceived by any vulgar rumors about marvellous events occurring in his own age and neighbourhood as a shrewd, honest, and able lawyer of our own day. He was a contemporary of the events in question, an intimate associate and friend of the disciples of our Lord, of the honest and impetuous Peter, and the meek, loving, and saint-like John, the very men before whose eyes these wonderful occurrences took place, who were even actors and participators in them, and who were now constantly suffering outrage and persecution, both from the government and the mob, because they steadfastly maintained the truth of their accounts. *What motive had these men to deceive? and how likely was Paul, considering how he was related to them by his education, character, and previous pursuits, to be deceived by them?* They were poor Jewish fishermen, quite unlearned according to the fashions of this world; and he was a man of education and acknowledged ability, of high repute and good station in the community, and employed in business of importance by the government. How often must he have talked over with them, as they journeyed and counselled together, the story

of our Lord's life, his character, his acts of beneficence and power, his discourses and parables, his sufferings, death, and resurrection! And how numerous, in his speeches and writings, are his allusions to these things, — to the meekness and gentleness of Christ, to his teachings and the wonderful deeds which he performed, to his crucifixion and the fact that God raised him from the dead! *Allusion* is the proper word, for in most cases he evidently presupposes a knowledge of all these facts by the individuals and large societies of men whom he addressed, — all contemporaries, be it observed, like himself, of the events whereof he speaks. We know how steadfast was his own faith in them, for they moulded and controlled his whole life, occupations, and destiny. And the crowning act was not wanting; *he died in attestation of his belief.*

Continuing this parallel between sacred and profane history, it may be urged in behalf of the latter, that, as it relates to kings, nations, armies, and governments, the facts recorded in it were of universal notoriety, and of such magnitude and importance that they left a deep imprint, as it were, on the annals of the world, and shaped and colored all subsequent events in the records of nations, so that to question their reality would be an act of silly affectation. Very well; how stands it with the history of our religion in this particular? The establishment of Christianity, viewed merely in the extent and momentous character of its external results, is the great fact in the history of the world, and from the time of Tiberius to the present day this history is an inexplicable enigma without it. And how clearly can we trace its early annals, and show the marvellous and — in all but one view — unaccountable rapidity of its progress, till it became thus established and coextensive with the Roman dominion! Within the lifetime of the contemporaries of its founder, it had become extensively known throughout the fairest and most civilized provinces of Rome. Besides the incidental evidence of this fact, derived from the travels and writings of Paul and the other apostles, we have the distinct testimony of two of the most trustworthy Roman historians, Pliny and Tacitus, both belonging to the first century, that in their times men called "Christians" were imprisoned and put to death on account of the obstinacy with which they adhered to their religious faith; and this sect was so

numerous, that the former writer, in his capacity as governor of a great province, applied to the emperor himself for advice as to the manner in which they should be treated. Of course, many of the persons thus punished had probably received the facts of the gospel history directly from the apostles. In fact, some of the apostles themselves must have been included in their number. In the next century, the new religion spread so widely, that the acts and writings of its adherents and opposers occupy a conspicuous place in the history and literature of the age. But little more than three hundred years after the birth of its founder, the first Christian emperor swayed the sceptre over most of the civilized world. Manuscripts of the Gospels written in his day are even now extant, and may be consulted by the curious. How closely the history of this progress of the Church is connected with the truth of the personal incidents related of our Saviour appears from the institution of the Eucharist, mention of which is found everywhere in the annals of our religion ever since its birth. We have a vague account of it even from Pliny, such as we suppose might come by rumor to the ears of a haughty Roman magistrate. Thus a slight and — to a mere worldly view — very insignificant event in the life of Christ, his supping together with his disciples on the night in which he was betrayed, may claim as great an amount of evidence of its authenticity as can be awarded to any event in Greek or Roman history. The fact, that a few poor Jews met together one night at table in a provincial city, more than eighteen hundred years ago, appears on the page of history in a broader blaze of light than surrounds any one incident in the life of an emperor of the Roman world.

Once more, is it said that the discrepancies in the accounts of the several narrators make sacred history more open to skepticism than profane? To one who has the slightest tincture of historical knowledge we should hardly deem it necessary to answer this question. The discrepancies in question never would have appeared, if the accounts had not been, for the age, of wholly unparalleled minuteness; nor would they ever have seemed of any importance, if the doctrinal zeal of theologians had not obscured the subject by their theory of verbal inspiration. The alleged discrepancies are such as these: — that what occurred, as one Evangelist

says, at the *sixth* hour, according to another took place at the *third;* that Matthew affirms that Mary anointed the *head* of Jesus, while John says it was his *feet;* that the inscription on the cross of Christ, according to all the Gospels, contained the phrase, "the King of the Jews," but the accounts differ as to three other words which were added to this phrase; that Mark declares the women at the sepulchre saw *one* man *sitting* clothed in white, while Luke says "*two* men *stood* by them in shining garments." And what contradictory accounts are found in secular history that can be paralleled with these, we will not say for magnitude, but for insignificance? It is useless to refer to such instances, scattered all over ancient history, as the accounts of the Roman campaigns given by Livy and Polybius, which in many particulars are utterly irreconcilable with each other; for these, unlike the cases cited from the Gospels, are of some substantive importance, so as seriously to affect the character of the historians for information or veracity. We will rather come down to the full light of modern times, in which one great source of contrariety of accounts, the corruption of manuscripts, is entirely done away. And here we borrow from Professor Greenleaf.

"Dr. Paley has noticed the contradiction between Lord Clarendon and Burnet and others in regard to Lord Stafford's execution; the former stating that he was condemned to be hanged, which was done on the same day; and the latter all relating that on a Saturday he was sentenced to the block, and was beheaded on the following Monday. Another striking instance of discrepancy has since occurred, in the narratives of the different members of the royal family of France, of their flight from Paris to Varennes, in 1792. These narratives, ten in number, and by eyewitnesses and personal actors in the transactions they relate, contradict each other, some on trivial and some on more essential points, but in every case in a wonderful and inexplicable manner." * — pp. 37, 38.

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* "See the Quarterly Review, vol. xxviii. p. 465. These narrators were, the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, the two Messrs. De Bouillè, the Duc de Choiseul, his servant, James Brissac, Messrs. De Damas and Deslons, two of the officers commanding detachments on the road, Messrs. De Moustier and Valori, the garde du corps who accompanied the king, and finally M. De Fontanges, archbishop of Toulouse, who, though not himself a party to the transaction, is supposed to have written from the information of the queen. An earlier instance of similar discrepancy is

Speaking of the alleged discrepancies in the reports by the several Evangelists of the same discourses of our Lord, Mr. Greenleaf further observes: —

"Far greater discrepancies can be found in the different reports of the same case, given by the reporters of legal judgments, than are shown among the evangelists; and yet we do not consider them as detracting from the credit of the reporters, to whom we still resort with confidence, as to good authority. Some of these discrepancies seem utterly irreconcilable. Thus, in a case, 45 Edw. III. 19, where the question was upon a gift of lands to J. de C., with Joan, the sister of the donor, and to their heirs, Fitzherbert (tit. *Tail*, 14) says it was adjudged fee simple, and not frankmarriage; Statham (tit. *Tail*) says it was adjudged a gift in frankmarriage; while Brook (tit. *Frankmarriage*) says it was not decided. (Vid. 10 Co. 118.) Others are irreconcilable, until the aid of a third reporter is invoked. Thus, in the case of Cooper *v.* Franklin, Croke says it was not decided, but adjourned; (Cro. Jac. 100); Godbolt says it was decided in a certain way, which he mentions; (Godb. 269); Moor also reports it as decided, but gives a different account of the question raised; (Moor, 848); while Bulstrode gives a still different report of the judgment of the court, which he says was delivered by Croke himself. But by his account it further appears that the case was previously twice argued; and thus it at length results that the other reporters relate only what fell from the court on each of the previous occasions. Other similar examples may be found in 1 Dougl. 6, n. compared with 5 East, 475, n., in the case of Galbraith *v.* Neville; and in that of Stoughton *v.* Reynolds, reported by Fortescue, Strange, and in Cases temp. Hardwicke. (See 3 Barnw. & Ald. 247, 248.) Indeed, the books abound in such instances." — p. 39.

Another curious instance may be taken from the history of our own country. It may be presumed that the history of the battle of Bunker's hill has been as carefully studied, and is now as correctly known, as that of any incident in the

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mentioned by Sully. After the battle of Aumale, in which Henry the Fourth was wounded, when the officers were around the king's bed, conversing upon the events of the day, there were not two who agreed in the recital of the most particular circumstances of the action. D'Aubigné, a contemporary writer, does not even mention the king's wound, though it was the only one he ever received in his life. See Memoirs of Sully, Vol. I. p. 245. If we treated these narratives as skeptics would have us treat those of the sacred writers, what evidence should we have of any battle at Aumale, or of any flight to Varennes?"

war of our Revolution. Numerous accounts of it have been published by those who were present in the fight ; the official reports of the commanding officers are in print ; letters are extant that were written the day after it happened, by persons in the immediate vicinity, to their friends at a distance, giving a particular description of it ; and one or two very aged survivors of this memorable conflict still linger in the midst of us. And yet several important points in its history are still undetermined, and probably never will be fully known, for it is impossible to reconcile the several accounts. It is not yet fully settled who commanded the American troops ; the time of day at which the assault was made upon the redoubt is not clearly made out within several hours ; some deny that General Putnam was even present on the hill, while others affirm that he had the command there ; the accounts of General Warren's agency in the fight are very confused and contradictory ; the exact position of the Americans who were outside of the fort is not known ; nor are the lines ascertained upon which the British thrice advanced to the attack. In 1824, when the corner-stone of the monument on the hill was laid, more than twenty survivors of the battle visited the spot ; it was deemed important to take down in writing the separate testimony of every one of them, in the hope of doing something to remove the contradictions and uncertainties in the previous accounts. And what was the result ? Instead of contributing to clear away confusion and doubt, this mass of new testimony only added to the number of the conflicting stories, so that all the papers were condemned as useless, and committed to the flames.

That we may not be charged with having chosen a very remarkable and unparalleled instance, we will briefly refer our readers to the very similar case of the battle of Lexington. They may not be generally aware that it is not even known *where* this battle was fought, — that is, in which town British blood was first shed. On this account, a grave controversy arose about twenty years ago, whether it should be called the battle of Lexington or of Concord. To settle the matter, about a dozen survivors of the fight — gray-headed, honest old veterans, who could not be even suspected of an intention to deceive — were examined on oath, and their testimony was published. Their affidavits *did* settle it ;

about an equal number of them on each side proved incontestably that British blood was *first* shed *both* in Lexington and Concord.

Those who have not closely studied single points in history may be astonished by these examples; but the wonder may very easily be explained away. The great curiosity of posterity about events which did not seem so very important when they occurred, while their consequences have been very momentous, wholly changing the condition of a great people, and intimately affecting the political affairs of most civilized nations, has caused the history of them to be studied with great *minuteness*. It is the accumulation of testimony on single and minute points, which gives rise to all these contradictions and doubts. The discrepancies in the accounts of these two revolutionary battles would never have been heard of, if the insurrection had been crushed in the outset, so as to occupy as small a space in the world's history as the account of an Irish or a Canadian rebellion. Look at the matter in another point of view, and the importance of these discrepancies dwindles away almost to nothing. All the important points, all the great features, all that is really and intrinsically valuable to the student of history, of the battles of Lexington and Bunker's hill are perfectly well known; they are as clear as the sun in the heavens. If we look to more recent history for an account of some battle the political consequences of which may be compared in importance with those of the two here referred to, there is perhaps the single instance of Waterloo; and here we find the same accumulation of minute accounts, and the consequent almost interminable list of doubts and contradictions. Those who please may examine and try to reconcile the French, English, and Prussian reports of the battle; but some persons have given up the attempt in despair.

What would be thought of the honesty or the sanity of some grave doctor, who should write a huge book, bringing together with immense industry all these varying accounts, placing all the acknowledged discrepancies in the strongest light, and fairly inventing others by excessively minute criticism, and thus attempt to prove that the whole story of the American Revolution was a *myth*; that the supposed incidents in it are nothing but old poetical legends, which have sprung out of the well known *inventive* disposition of the

Americans, and of their intense desire to be independent of Great Britain ; that Captain Parker, Colonel Prescott, General Warren, and General Putnam are all fabulous personages ; that possibly a struggle may at some time or other have taken place between the Colonists and the mother country, but we know nothing about it, and never can know any thing ; and that probably the American provinces still remain subject to the British crown ? Our readers may think that we are here verging upon caricature ; but they may be assured that we have too deep a sense of the awful importance of our main subject, and — we must add — too contemptuous an opinion of Dr. Strauss as a reasoner or a judge, to stoop to any such unworthy artifice as that of ludicrous exaggeration of his theory. Our illustration, it is true, does not do justice to his hypothesis ; yet only because it falls below, instead of exaggerating, its prodigious absurdity. Here are three thick octavos, all occupied with a most minutely critical examination of a history which, if printed at large, would not fill a third part of one of the volumes. And the larger portion of this space is devoted to an exposition of real or supposed inconsistencies in the accounts of the four Evangelists. If this enumeration of discrepancies were expunged, the remainder of the work would not deserve notice, for it contains nothing that is either novel or true. Such an attempt at criticism may be compared to a tediously complete examination of some vast object with a compound microscope, the lenses of which are so striated and colored that not a ray of light finds its way through them without distortion or stain.

For what, we ask again, is the nature and importance of these discrepancies, and how far do they affect the credibility of the narrators ? The gospel history, eighteen hundred years old, contains a biography of one person, but dwells chiefly upon his actions and discourses during a small portion of his life ; nearly all of it relates to a period of only three years and a half, and a good portion gives the history of but one week. There are four distinct accounts, claiming to be by as many biographers, all dwelling chiefly upon the same periods of time, and occupied in the main with the same discourses and events. The authors are evidently simple and unlearned ; but their honesty, frankness, and willingness to state the truth are so conspicuous on the face of their writings, even if they were not attested, as most persons believe, in such an

affecting manner by the latter part of their lives, that even Dr. Strauss ventures but very seldom and very faintly to charge them with an intent to deceive. They seldom speak of themselves, and only in one or two cases do they write in the first person ; they record only the acts and sayings of their beloved master and friend. The story is told with amazing simplicity and minuteness, — the mere fragments of his life and conversation, a short dialogue on the road, a walk through the cornfields, a remark made at the supper-table, being all chronicled with the particularity which strong affection and the unspeakable importance of the subject to the whole human race justify and require. There is not a work or a fragment of ancient biography extant, claiming to be authentic, which makes any approach to such minuteness. And now, judging by the examples just given, what various and conflicting statements may we not reasonably expect to find in four such narratives ? If we decide only by comparison with modern history, with the most authentic and careful accounts of recent events, we should hardly expect to gain more than a general notion of the leading incidents in the life, and a tolerably fair idea of the character, of the subject of biography, — all to be made out from a mass of glaring discrepancies in the more minute and particular statements. But what we *do* find is a harmony among these records which, under the circumstances, is perfectly amazing ; for the discrepancies apparent at first sight, and all reconcilable with each other with but little violence, hardly amount to specks on a broad and bright surface. We have given a fair specimen of them, — putting the third hour for the sixth, anointing the head instead of the feet, the omission of three words in an inscription, and the like. We will take one or two more instances in Strauss's own words.

"The first two evangelists agree in stating that Jesus, when walking by the sea of Galilee, called, first, the two brothers Andrew and Peter, and, immediately after, James and John, to forsake their fishing-nets, and to follow him (Matt. iv. 18 – 22 ; Mark i. 16 – 20). The fourth evangelist also narrates (i. 35 – 51) how the first disciples came to attach themselves to Jesus, and among them we find Peter and Andrew, and, in all probability, John, for it is generally agreed that the nameless companion of Andrew was that ultimately favorite apostle. James is absent from this account, and, instead of his vocation, we have that

of Philip and Nathanael. But even when the persons are the same, all the particulars of their meeting with Jesus are variously detailed. In the two synoptical Gospels, the scene is the coast of the Galilean sea; in the fourth, Andrew, Peter, and their anonymous friend, unite themselves to Jesus in the vicinity of the Jordan; Philip and Nathanael, on the way from thence into Galilee. In the former, again, Jesus in two instances calls a pair of brothers; in the latter, it is first Andrew and his companion, then Peter, and anon Philip and Nathanael, who meet with Jesus. But the most important difference is this: while, in Matthew and Mark, the brethren are called from their fishing immediately by Jesus; in John, nothing more is said of the respective situations of those who were summoned, than that they *come*, and *are found*, and Jesus himself calls only Philip; Andrew and his nameless companion being directed to him by the Baptist, Peter brought by Andrew, and Nathanael by Philip." — *Strauss*, Vol. II., pp. 51, 52.

Compare this "most important difference" with the instances of Generals Putnam and Warren at Bunker's hill, and consider in which case absolute exactness of statement could most reasonably have been expected.

"We have hitherto examined only two accounts of the vocation of Peter and his companions; there is a third given by Luke (v. 1 – 11.) I shall not dilate *on the minor points* [!!] of difference between his narrative and that of the first two evangelists; *the essential distinction* is, that in Luke the disciples do not, as in Matthew and Mark, unite themselves to Jesus on a simple invitation, but in consequence of a plentiful draught of fishes, to which Jesus has assisted Simon!" — *Strauss*, Vol. II., pp. 61, 62.

We will do no injustice to Dr. Strauss by our mode of quotation, but honestly confess that the Italics and marks of admiration here are our own.

These are among the more striking instances of contradiction which are detected by our critic. The lighter ones, which are still subjected to very sharp comment, are such as these: — Matthew says that Simon Peter once resided in Capernaum, while John declares that Bethsaida was "the city of Andrew and Peter"; — both accounts may be true. According to Matthew, Jesus "went up into a mountain" before he preached his famous sermon; Luke says that "he *came down* and stood in the plain" ["*upon a level place*" is the correct translation]; — there is no *alarming* discrepancy here. Luke speaks of "Simon called Zelotes,"

who is termed by Matthew "Simon the Canaanite," both wishing to distinguish him from Simon Peter. In another case, by an unlucky omission of a surname, "Matthew the publican," as he is termed in one place, appears as "Levi the son of Alpheus, sitting at the receipt of custom" (the employment of a publican), in another. Of course, omissions by one Evangelist of what is related by another are considered as destroying the credit of both. "Matthew mentions two instances in which a league with Beelzebub was imputed to Jesus, and a sign demanded from him; circumstances which in Mark and Luke happen only once." "It is *suspicious*, that the demoniac who gives occasion to the assertion of the Pharisees is in both instances dumb." Matthew's report of the sermon on the mount is rejected because it contains more than Luke's; and Luke's is evidently false, since it contains less than Matthew's. Another discourse, reported with literal agreement by two of the narrators, shows that they are neither of them independent witnesses, but must have stolen the report from some anonymous old record not now extant. In fine, Dr. Strauss has but two principles of criticism to be applied to a comparison of the four Gospels with each other, but these are tolerably comprehensive. First, if two accounts of the same event agree with verbal accuracy, neither of them is genuine; secondly, if they differ in the slightest particular, both are false. If the careful and exact application of these two rules to every line written by the Evangelists does not disprove the gospel history, it is very evident that it never can be disproved.

But our readers have probably had enough of the infidel argument, so far as it is founded upon disagreements among the several historical records of our religion. And as this is the last point in a comparative view of the testimony and arguments adduced to prove respectively the sacred and the profane history of a few centuries coming nearest to the birth of Christ, we recur to the original question, — Why is it that the truth of the latter is universally taken for granted, while that of the former is so frequently assailed? There can be but one answer, — *the extraordinary character of the events narrated.* This is the only ground of distinction, and we fully admit that it is a proper one so far as it goes. The whole question between the Christian and the infidel — in this case, between Professor Greenleaf and Dr. Strauss — is reduced

to this : — *Is a narrative of miraculous occurrences, properly so called, under all circumstances, intrinsically incredible ?* We must distinctly note progress at this stage in the argument, and prevent the unbeliever from playing his old trick of continually shifting his ground, and changing the issue. He must not diversify his reasoning against miracles in the abstract with continued allusions to insufficient testimony, vague rumors, and unauthentic records. It has been conclusively shown, if we mistake not, that, for the period in question, the mere external evidence vastly preponderates in favor of the sacred record, so that, before it can be rejected on this ground alone, we must apply the sponge to all Greek and Roman history ; and from this conclusion it may be presumed that even a German critic will shrink. Niebuhr himself would shudder at such thorough-going skepticism.

In fact, we have a tacit admission of this point by the latest and most accomplished school of infidels, the German critics themselves, — an admission vouched by the appearance of this work of Dr. Strauss, and by the whole class of publications to which it belongs. The existence of the sacred records with such a body of external evidence in their favor, whatever may be the improbability of their contents, is a phenomenon that must be accounted for in some way. If they be rejected on internal grounds alone, and not even a plausible explanation be offered of the fact that they are found supported by such a mass of outward proofs, the very basis of history is shaken. The writings of Xenophon and Thucydides, of Polybius and Tacitus, considered as throwing light upon the past annals of mankind, might as well have shared the fate of the lost decades of Livy, if the external evidence in their favor is not worth a straw. The critical historians of Germany are perfectly aware of this difficulty ; and those of them who deny the truth of Christianity, and the metaphysicians who assert the absolute incredibility of miracles, have been occupied for more than half a century in framing all sorts of systems and hypotheses in order to account for this stubborn fact, — the present existence of the four Gospels, and of so many collateral proofs of their genuineness and authenticity. The task of the infidel is not merely negative. If he would make converts to unbelief, he must be able not only to demolish the walls and other exterior defences of the fortress, but to show how they were ever con-

structed, whence came the materials, and what is the secret of that imposing strength which has enabled them for nearly two thousand years to defy the assaults of time and the Devil. How successful have they been in this latter attempt? Our answer must be a very brief one, and will be confined to a mere glance at the two most prominent systems, the naturalistic scheme of Paulus and the Rationalists, and the mythical theory of Strauss.

The former system gets rid of the principal difficulty by frankly accepting the Gospels as they are, thus acknowledging the evidence in their favor to be irresistible; but it explains away all their contents. The world has been mistaken in supposing that these books contain the record of a special revelation from heaven, and the persons who wrote them, the eyewitnesses, though honest, were mistaken, too. Here is nothing supernatural, no inspiration, no miracle; all may be explained by the ordinary operation of the laws of nature. Opening the eyes of the blind was like the modern surgical operation for cataract, only somewhat more rapid. As for making the lame walk, every one knows that this is done nowadays, by cutting the tendons. So, also, the dumb are taught how to speak, in Germany, though the process is rather a tedious one, and the utterance of the patients is somewhat indistinct. Raising the dead is rather remarkable, but persons in modern times have been thought to be dead, and have revived again. Calming the winds and the waves is another difficult case, and we do not know precisely how Jesus did it; probably he magnetized them. Again, the system of ethics and religious doctrine which he preached was remarkably pure for the age, and, considering his situation and advantages, was quite astonishing; but there is no knowing how far good intentions will carry a man. In putting forward the high pretensions which he did, Jesus was an amiable enthusiast, a self-deluded impostor.

As the commentary of Dr. Paulus upon the Scriptures, in which he explains away all the miracles and all the religion in them, is very bulky and erudite, many pages being devoted to a consideration of each case, we have not been able, in our brief limits, to present his explanation of the wonderful works of our Lord with much exactness. But we have faithfully indicated the general character of the theory, and the peculiar kind of speculation by which it must be carried

out. As he evidently is not inspired to frame hypothetical explanations of this sort better than any body else, any of our readers who feel inclined may take a copy of the Gospels, and apply to it this mode of interpretation so as to suit themselves. We have no doubt that they will produce explanations of this sort quite as plausible as any that have been published in Germany. For the latest and highest authority in these matters, Dr. Strauss, is not at all satisfied with the work of Paulus and his followers ; he argues against it strenuously, and sometimes appears inclined even to make fun of it, — the irreverent man. We will see, therefore, what success he has had in forming a theory of his own to be its substitute.

The new theory, which is to "take the place of the antiquated systems of supernaturalism and naturalism," is the *mythical.* Strauss maintains that he possesses at least "one qualification, which eminently fitted him to undertake" the development of this scheme ; "namely, the internal liberation of the feelings and intellect from certain religious and dogmatic presuppositions ; this the author early attained by means of philosophical studies." Observe that the word which furnishes the whole key to the theory is a new-fangled one for modern use, vague and indeterminate, the signification of which may be stretched or restricted at pleasure, so as to suit the purpose in hand. In its most obvious and literal sense, a *myth* is a *fable ;* to say that the life of Jesus is mythical is to affirm that it is a fiction, a lie. But it is an innocent lie ; for a myth is a peculiar kind of fable, an old traditional legend, in which the prevailing ideas of the age have gradually taken form, as it were, and become concrete. In the simplicity and ignorance of ancient times, these abstract ideas assume life and substance, and become particularized in a definite narrative. All the stories of the old Greek mythology, as the name imports, are myths which have been unwittingly fabricated, enlarged, and ornamented by the active fancy of successive generations ; and modern German scholars have sought to translate them back again into the primitive ideas which they represent, and have thereby invented a new science called *Symbolism*, for specimens of which consult Anthon's new Classical Dictionary, *passim.* In this way they have discovered a whole world of knowledge, at least half a dozen new systems of German metaphysics,

in these old and rather obscene fables about gods and goddesses. Some persons think, that at least as much imagination is shown in the resolution of these fables into their primitive, abstract elements, as was exercised in the original construction of them out of such materials.

The flexible and slippery meaning of this word is a great convenience to a theorist. Strauss often uses it in its lower sense, to signify merely some anonymous narrative or tradition, which probably embraces a considerable nucleus of truth ; and taking for granted, as we have said, that the Gospels are not genuine, but are compilations from some anonymous old manuscripts and from traditions, he very easily shows that they are all mythical. Then a quick transition is made to the higher meaning of myth, designating an entire fable, a mere concretion of abstract ideas, like that of Apollo flaying Marsyas for presuming to contend with him in music, and the Christian records are at once ranked with the more imaginative portions of Homer and Hesiod. And upon this gross and obvious paralogism the whole theory of Strauss is supported. Like criminals before an unjust and ignorant judge, the Gospels are tried upon one law, and condemned upon another. They are accused only of being compiled from unknown sources, or of being partly legendary in character, and the evidence adduced, such as it is, bears upon this point only ; and they are then sentenced, as if convicted of the higher crime, to be placed in the same class with the foul stories of the Greek mythology. Playing upon this double and doubtful meaning of the word *myth*, and searching in the Old Testament and in Rabbinical books for the kind of expectations which the Jews entertained of the coming Messiah, Strauss assumes that these expectations gradually took form, and thickened into the life of a fabulous Christ. His explanation, therefore, of the presence of the gospel record in history turns entirely upon this latter point,—the *Messianic* anticipations of the Jews. He is inconsistent with himself throughout. He argues, for instance, from very slight indications, that a certain narrative is legendary in form, meaning thereby, that for some time it existed only as a tradition, and while in that state, the attendant circumstances, the garb of the story, were perverted and altered. Here he evidently assumes that a real event formed the basis of the history, though he declares it impossible to tell

what that fact is, or how to separate it from the false accretions. Then a citation from the Hebrew writers, a prophecy or a figure of speech, is adduced as an ideal element which, in the mind of an imaginative people, quickly assumed a narrative form ; and thus we obtain a myth which includes not a vestige of truth. Either or both of these explanations are given of the same passage in the record. The obvious inconsistency between the lofty hopes entertained by the Jews of a Messiah who should be a temporal sovereign and raise their nation to the highest pitch of grandeur and renown, and the story of the meek and lowly Jesus, passing through a life of suffering and persecution to a death on the cross, is either totally disregarded, or frittered away in each case by special pleading.

Let us see what are the marks or criteria by which Dr. Strauss declares that a particular narrative is of a legendary or mythical character. One of his canons we will quote in his own words : — " Wherever we find a narrative which recounts the accomplishment of a long expected event, a strong suspicion must arise, that the narrative owes its origin solely to the preëxistent belief that that event would be accomplished." (Vol. i., p. 266.) As no event can be " long expected," unless there are some pretty decisive reasons for it, the rule amounts to this ; — that, when there were strong antecedent causes which rendered it very probable that a certain occurrence would take place at a particular time, the attested record of history that it did thus happen as expected is probably false ; and conversely, we suppose, if there was no reason at all to look for it, it probably did occur, though it is not recorded in history. Or the canon may be more briefly stated thus, so as to serve for a check on human prudence and foresight : — Expected events are less likely to happen than those which are unexpected. If your house has taken fire, you may reasonably expect, if you stay in it, that you will be burnt up ; but if you run out, and regard the conflagration from a safe distance, any injury happening to you will certainly be unexpected. Therefore, according to Dr. Strauss, you must stay where you are.

On the apparently simple statement of Luke respecting the childhood of our Lord, that he " increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," Dr. Strauss learnedly observes (*ib.* p. 278), that nearly the same thing is

recorded of Samuel, and, what is quite astonishing, something very like it is said of Samson ; hence he sagaciously concludes, that this is "a favorite form of conclusion and transition *in the heroic legend* of the Hebrews." It seems that this legendary and mythical element is more common in history than we had supposed, for we find the same fact narrated of the childhood of many good and distinguished men. Nay, we are seriously alarmed for some excellent young friends of ours, of whom a very similar remark has often been made, lest they should turn out to be only mythical personages after all. It is an ominous fact, of which we were recently assured by one of them, that he had actually grown an inch taller during the past year. His fond parents, to whom he is as yet an entire reality, must hope for the future that, in Hibernian fashion, he will only grow downward, and become more and more stupid every day.

As our readers may hardly believe that Dr. Strauss could show so much critical sagacity in detecting the legendary and fabulous element where one would least expect it, but may think that he reasons upon broader and more obvious grounds than appear in our very brief quotations, we will copy his reasoning upon one case at some length. We will take the simple case of the first visit made by Jesus to the temple, when he was but twelve years old. Our critic here frankly confesses, that "the main part of the incident is thoroughly natural" ; and as to the particulars, — "the journey of Jesus when twelve years old, the eagerness for knowledge then manifested by him, and his attachment to the temple, — there is nothing to object negatively, for they contain nothing improbable in itself." But how, then, can we prove that they are mythical, since there is not a shadow of historical evidence against them, and they are also thoroughly natural ? Why, thus : — "Their historical truth must become doubtful, if we can show, positively, a strong interest of the legend, out of which the entire narrative, and especially these intrinsically not improbable particulars, might have arisen." That is, our critic applies the canon which we first quoted from him, — that events which are most to be expected are least likely to happen ; and if a record be found that they did happen, then they are certainly fabulous. He makes out this point as follows ; — and we crave the reader's attention even to the footnotes which accompany the extract, in order that he may do

justice to the amazing erudition with which these German critics discuss such difficult matters.

"That in the case of great men who in their riper age have been distinguished by mental superiority, the very first presaging movements of their mind are eagerly gleaned, and if they are not to be ascertained historically, are invented under the guidance of probability, is well known. In the Hebrew history and legend especially, we find manifold proofs of this tendency. Thus, of Samuel it is said in the Old Testament itself, that even as a boy he received a divine revelation and the gift of prophecy (1 Sam. iii.), and with respect to Moses, on whose boyish years the Old Testament narrative is silent, a subsequent tradition, followed by Josephus and Philo, had striking proofs to relate of his early development. As in the narrative before us Jesus shows himself wise beyond his years; so this tradition attributes a like precocity to Moses;* as Jesus, turning away from the idle tumult of the city in all the excitement of festival time, finds his favorite entertainment in the temple among the doctors; so the boy Moses was not attracted by childish sports, but by serious occupation, and very early it was necessary to give him tutors, whom, however, like Jesus in his twelfth year, he quickly surpassed.†

"According to Jewish custom and opinion, the twelfth year formed an epoch in development to which especial proofs of awakening genius were the rather attached, because in the twelfth year, as with us in the fourteenth, the boy was regarded as having outgrown the period of childhood.‡ Accordingly it was believed of Moses, that in his twelfth year he left the house of his father to become an independent organ of the divine revelations.§ The Old Testament leaves it uncertain how early the gift of prophecy was imparted to Samuel, but he was said by a later tradition to have prophesied from his twelfth year; || and in

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* Joseph. Antiq. ii. ix. 6.

† Philo, de Vita Mosis, Opp. ed. Mangey, Vol. 2. p. 83 f. *οὐχ οἷα κομιδῆ νήπιος ἤδετο τωθασμοῖς καὶ γέλωσι καὶ παιδιαῖς — ἀλλ' αἰδῶ καὶ σεμνότητα παραφαίνων, ἀπούσμασι καὶ θιάμασιν, ἃ τὴν ψυχὴν ἔμελλεν ὠφελήσειν προσῖχε. διδάσκαλοι δ' εὐθὺς, ἀλλαχόθεν ἄλλος, παρῆσαν· — ὧν ἐν οὐ μακρῷ χρόνῳ τὰς δυνάμεις ὑπερέβαλεν, εὐμοιρίᾳ φύσεως φθάνων τὰς ὑφηγήσεις.*

‡ Chagiga, ap. Wetstein, in loc. *A XII anno filius censetur maturus.* So Joma f. lxxxii. 1, Berachoth f. xxiv. 1; whereas Bereschith Rabba, lxiii., mentions the 13th year as the critical one.

§ Schemoth R. ap. Wetstein: *Dixit R. Chama: Moses duodenarius avulsus est a domo patris sui, etc.*

|| Joseph. Antiq. v. x. 4: *Σαμούηλος δὲ πεπληρωκὼς ἔτος ἤδη δωδέκατον, προεφήτευε.*

like manner the wise judgments of Solomon and Daniel (1 Kings iii. 23 ff. Susann. 45 ff.) were supposed to have been given when they were only twelve.* If in the case of these Old Testament heroes, the spirit that impelled them manifested itself, according to common opinion, so early as in their twelfth year, it was argued that it could not have remained longer concealed in Jesus ; and if Samuel and David showed themselves at that age in their later capacity of divinely inspired seers, Solomon in that of a wise ruler, so Jesus at the corresponding period in his life must have shown himself in the character to which he subsequently established his claim, that, namely, of the Son of God and Teacher of Mankind. It is, in fact, the obvious aim of Luke to pass over no epoch in the early life of Jesus, without surrounding him with divine radiance, with significant prognostics of the future; in this style he treats his birth, mentions the circumcision at least emphatically, but above all avails himself of the presentation in the temple. There yet remained according to Jewish manners one epoch, the twelfth year, with the first journey to the passover; how could he do otherwise than, following the legend, adorn this point in the development of Jesus as we find that he has done in his narrative ? and how could we do otherwise than regard his narrative as a legendary embellishment of this period in the life of Jesus,† from which we learn nothing of his real development,‡ but merely something of the exalted notions which were entertained in the primitive church of the early ripened mind of Jesus ? " — Vol. I., pp. 279 – 282.

We will leave it to any unprejudiced reader, whether Strauss has not made out, from the customs and opinions of

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* Ignat. ep. (interpol.) ad Magnes. c. iii.: Σολομῶν δὲ — δωδεκαετὴς βασιλεύσας, τὴν φοβερὰν ἐκείνην καὶ δυσερμήνευτον ἐπὶ ταῖς γυναιξὶ κρίσιν ἵνεκα τῶν παιδίων ἐποιήσατο. — Δανιὴλ ὁ σοφὸς δωδεκαετὴς γέγονε κάτοχος τῷ θείῳ πνεύματι, καὶ τοὺς μάτην τὴν πολιὰν φέροντας πρεσβύτας συκοφάντας καὶ ἐπιθυμητὰς ἀλλοτρίου κάλλους ἀπήλεγξε. *But Solomon, ... being king at the age of twelve years, gave that terrible and profound judgment between the women with respect to the children. . . . . Daniel, the wise man, when twelve years old, was possessed by the divine spirit, and convicted those calumniating old men who, carrying gray hairs in vain, coveted the beauty that belonged to another.* This, it is true, is found in a Christian writing, but on comparing it with the above data, we are led to believe that it was drawn from a more ancient Jewish legend.

† This Kaiser has seen, Bibl. Theol. 1, 234.

‡ Neither do we learn what Hase (Leben Jesu § 37) supposes to be conveyed in this narrative, namely, that, as it exhibits the same union with God that constituted the idea of the later life of Jesus, it is an intimation that his later excellence was not the result of conversion from youthful errors, but of the uninterrupted development of his freedom.

the Jews, a strong antecedent probability of such an incident in the life of Jesus. And how, then, according to the canon, and as the Doctor rather triumphantly asks, at the close of the extract, "how could we do otherwise than regard his [Luke's] narrative [the express record that the incident did take place] as a legendary embellishment of this period in the life of Jesus, from which we learn nothing?" The extract further shows a peculiarity in the opinions of Dr. Strauss which is worth noticing. He believes that those who have approved themselves in their mature years as wise and good men, who have been eminent and excellent kings, lawgivers, or prophets, cannot have shown any marks either of grace or greatness in their childhood. He does not allow, with Wordsworth, that the child is father of the man; stories about early goodness or a precocious intellect he cannot away with; they are improbable legends and myths, and no such persons as those to whom they relate ever existed. This is a peculiar opinion, and doubtless a very profound one, as we can see no reason for it. Is it possible, that the learned critic himself, while yet a boy, was remarkable either for obtuseness of intellect, or as a graceless little vagabond? We need not apologize for a question which, upon the converse of Dr. Strauss's own principle, is a very complimentary one.

We will now pass to another set of rules, relating not to the matter, but to the form, of the narrative, which will assist us in distinguishing the legendary from the true. "Among the reproaches which modern [German] criticism has heaped on the Gospel of Matthew, a prominent place has been given to its want of individualized and dramatic life." (Vol. II., p. 189.) And certainly, continues Dr. Strauss, "when we read the indefinite designation of times, places, and persons" by this Evangelist, — when we remember his "wholesale statements," and "the barrenness and brevity of many isolated narratives," we must conclude that "Matthew's whole narrative resembles a record of events which, before they were committed to writing, had been long current in oral tradition, and had thus lost the impress of particularity and minuteness." But the other sacred historians, especially Mark and John, are remarkable for the dramatic and lifelike character of their narrations, and for lively and minute descriptions of particular incidents. "This is the actual fact," says our critic, with great candor and decision,

"and it ought not to be any longer evaded." But does this opposite quality make it any the more probable that their accounts are not legendary and fabulous? Not at all; and here follows the general *dictum* of Strauss, to which we crave attention proportioned to its importance.

"It is important to bear in mind that tradition has two tendencies: the one, to sublimate the concrete into the abstract, the individual into the general; the other, not less essential, to substitute arbitrary fictions for the historical reality which is lost."—Vol. II., p. 191.

Verily, this "tradition" is a queer thing; for it has the power of changing white into black, and black into white, with equal facility and quickness. The rule is a very convenient and comprehensive one; for the first branch of it has enabled our critical judge to rule Matthew out of court, and the second part authorizes him to exclude Mark, Luke, and John, also. He accordingly proceeds, on page 193, to affirm with great complacency and decision, that "the three last Evangelists owe the dramatic effect in which they surpass Matthew to the embellishments of a more mature tradition." We perceive, then, that tradition is like Penelope at her web; she has alternate fits of laboriously cancelling her work — the particularity of narrations — and then doing it all over again. Matthew found the whimsical dame in one of her destructive moods, and she gave him only a blurred sheet. The other three historians came soon afterwards, and the fickle lady handed them a painting in which all the colors and outlines appear with startling vividness and effect, and the whole story is told with wonderful distinctness and particularity.

We have room to comment on but one other of these principles of mythical criticism, though sorry to leave a subject on which the acumen and originality of our author appear to so much advantage. We will select the strongest case, — the rule governing the interpretation of "those narratives in which the influence of the legend may be *demonstrated*." It is introduced in commenting on an instance of *discrepancy* to which we have already alluded; that Matthew mentions *two* occasions on which Jesus was charged with being in league with Beelzebub, and a sign was required of him, while Mark and Luke give an account of only *one*. Our critic is much

troubled by the fact, that the demoniac who gives occasion for this charge "is in both instances *dumb*"; though he immediately adds, in a parenthesis, "in the second only, *blindness* is added." Still, says our author, the fact is "suspicious"; he observes that "demoniacs were of many kinds," and appeared to suffer under "every variety of malady"; and asks, with great anxiety, "Why, then, should the above imputation be not once attached to the cure of another kind of demoniac, but twice to that of a *dumb* one?" We candidly assure Dr. Strauss that we cannot tell; but as dumbness was quite a common manifestation of this prevalent form of insanity, as our Lord cured many demoniacs, and as such a charge was the one most readily prompted by the opinions of the people in that age and place, as a means of doing away with the effect of a wonderful action, perhaps some of our readers, who have known one or two cases of a rather odd coincidence of events in their own experience, may be able to inform him.

But this is not the only difficulty. Our Lord shows the absurdity of such an imputation, and the discourse he utters on this charge is appended by Matthew to the second occasion, — to the cure of a dumb and blind demoniac; Luke reports the same discourse in connection with the cure of a demoniac, of whom it is said only that he was dumb. Hence Dr. Strauss sagaciously infers, that the legend has doubled one and the same incident. Tradition, he thinks, added new circumstances to the story, and as the old form of the legend was handed down together with the new one, "a compiler more conscientious than critical adopted both as distinct histories." Any one but a learned German critic, it is true, would simply say, that Luke describes but one of the two cases, and that one not so fully as Matthew, for he says only that the demoniac was dumb, while Matthew adds that he was blind. As the latter was an eyewitness of the affair, which Luke probably was not, this omission of a slight additional detail does not appear very extraordinary. But Dr. Strauss looks into the matter more profoundly. He finds in this apparently simple affair an important and characteristic trait of legendary or mythical influence, which he enunciates at the close of the section with great precision and earnestness.

"It is in the nature of traditional records, such as the three first Gospels, that one particular should be best preserved in this

narrative, another in that; so that first one, and then the other, is at disadvantage in comparison with the rest."

This proposition, says our author, has been "but too little regarded." We fear it has been, for its advantages are obvious. Whenever we have two accounts of the same set of occurences, this rule enables us to detect the mythical element in them with great facility, and to any extent. Livy and Polybius, for instance, both wrote narratives of the second Punic war; sometimes the Roman historian has the advantage, and sometimes the Greek; therefore they both compiled their accounts from tradition, and the history of Hannibal's campaign in Italy is a mere myth.

We crave pardon of our readers for a lighter strain of remark in the last few pages than may seem to be proper for the occasion and the subject. While examining only the prominent features, the general characteristics, of this infidel hypothesis, however silly and unreasonable it may appear, a regard for the topic to which it relates enables one to review it with becoming seriousness. But when we descend to particulars, to the absurd application of an absurd theory, the exhibitions of the author's elaborate folly become so ludicrous, that "to be grave exceeds all power of face." We will take refuge once more in a higher region, and in more comprehensive views.

Heroic legends and myths belong only to the infancy of society. A system of mythology properly so called, embodying the religious ideas of a people, can be created only in the faint morning twilight of civilization, and many centuries must elapse before it can acquire form and distinctness. It must be anterior even to the art of writing, for its only source is in the imaginations of bards and minstrels, in songs and ballads preserved only in the memory, liable to perpetual changes and additions, and sung at lofty banquets, or while wandering about the country, by a class of itinerants devoted to this profession alone. Men are exalted into heroes and demigods only when there is not light enough to see their true proportions. Hercules and Theseus, Numa and Egeria, Odin and Thor, are proper mythical personages, gigantic forms seen only in the mist of ignorance, fancy, and superstition, when the songs of wandering bards are the highest intellectual entertainment of a barbarous people. When the art of writing is invented or introduced, this process of formation ceases; written copies can be compared

with each other, and the additions to the poem or legend by the ever teeming fancy of the minstrels are detected and thrown out as spurious, not having the sacred stamp of antiquity. The formerly fluid elements of mythology curdle into shape, crystallize into rigid forms, and the religion of the people becomes fixed, though their poetry, recognized as such, may continue to advance. Even Homer and Hesiod did not invent their theogony ; the work in great measure was done to their hands. Written copies of their poems contributed to stay the progress of invention in the national religion, and to check and control the imaginations of the bards who came after them. The mythology of the Greeks and Scandinavians, the legendary history of Rome under the kings, may be faintly traced back towards their poetical birthplaces by the light of the traditions embodied in them ; but with the appearance of the first written record, authentic history begins.

And where does Dr. Strauss place *his* mythology, *his* account of the legendary and poetical formation of a new religion ? Just at the close of the Augustan age of Roman literature, when civilization and refinement, in fact, had passed their culminating point, and were just beginning to decline. The fine arts had begun to give way to the more useful; laborious and faithful annalists were taking the place of the more elegant, but perhaps less trustworthy, historians ; diligent observers of nature, like the elder Pliny, critics like Quintilian, ethical philosophers and dramatic poets combined, like Seneca, writers on law, antiquities, husbandry, military tactics and strategy, showed that an age of analytic and minute labor was succeeding to one of inventive genius and original and daring speculation. It was not a credulous, but a skeptical period. Law had become a complex science, and its practice was a distinct and honorable profession. Trials were held and facts investigated by shrewd and wary advocates, in a manner not unlike the sharp practice of our modern courts. The rude sounds of war were heard only on the distant frontiers, for the might of the Roman arms had long been peacefully acknowledged in the provinces and tributary kingdoms nearer the great heart of the empire. The arts, luxuries, and refinement of Rome were rapidly diffused in Judea, especially by the influence of Herod the Great, and were mingled with the indigenous elements of civilization and

learning. The priesthood and the scribes were bodies of learned and intelligent men; the luxurious and skeptical sect of the Sadducees alone opposed a strong barrier to the propagation of marvellous stories, or the rise of new superstitions. The people were fanatically attached to their ancient faith, were instructed from infancy in the Hebrew Scriptures, and looked for the august coming of their Messiah, under whom the renewed splendors of a theocratic government should far surpass even the majesty of hated Rome. Think of heroes and demigods, of heroic legends and a wholly novel species of myths, arising among such a race, and in such an age! "The idea," exclaims the honest and able historian, Dr. Arnold, "the *idea* of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!" It would hardly be a greater error in the opposite direction, if we were to talk of locomotives, gas-lights, and cotton factories under the reign of Tiberius.

The confusion of ideas which is here exposed, the lack even of a shade of probability in the very elements of Dr. Strauss's theory, is enough to mark it as one of the most signal of all failures in speculation. There was no time for the formation of myths, always a slow process, even if the people and the age had allowed of their construction. The lowest theory of the origin of our four Gospels carries them back to the end of the second, or the beginning of the third century, and holds that they were then compiled from a primitive gospel which had long been in being. The preaching of those who had listened to the apostles themselves, who had received and studied the autograph epistles of Paul and John, who had heard the story of our Saviour's life from those who were fellow-sufferers with him, extended into the beginning of the second century. This primitive gospel, then, must have been in their hands, and could not have survived their day, if they had disclaimed it as unauthentic; for it assumed to be a record of the origin of their faith. The gospels compiled from it must have been tolerably faithful, if not complete, transcripts; for the written word admits not of such facile changes and enlargements as tradition. Where, then, is there *any* interval for tradition, in which to make its unconscious forgeries, and to indulge in the marvellous? How could abstract ideas simulate real events, and assume a narrative form, amid such an array of witnesses, all interested to

detect the falsity, and to keep pure the faith once delivered to the saints? In truth, the mythical hypothesis has arisen from a total misapprehension even of the theory which denies the genuineness of our present Gospels; Eichhorn's supposition is as fatal to it as the common view, that the Evangelists actually wrote the books which bear their names.

We have finished our brief view of the two most remarkable attempts, made by the most learned and skilful infidels of the present day, to account for the phenomena of the present existence of the four Gospels, and of the religion which is founded upon them, together with the mass of historical evidence in their favor, which exceeds in amount and value all the testimony that can be adduced for the authenticity of Greek and Roman history. It has been proved that these attempts are ludicrous failures, so extravagant in their first aspect, that a reasonable and judicious thinker will not waste his time in a further examination of them. Whatever may be the issue, then, of the subsequent part of the discussion, the historical inquirer must remember that these phenomena lie directly across the path of his future investigations, so that, if he declares the gospel accounts to be incredible, he must give up all confidence in outward testimony as to the fidelity of the past annals of mankind. He may try his hand, if he will, in framing a more plausible scheme for getting rid of the difficulty than that of Paulus or of Strauss; but judging from their experience, he cannot hope for much success in the undertaking.

Before we approach the abstract subject of miracles, a preliminary remark is necessary as to the effect which accounts of miraculous events, even supposing that these are impossible to be believed, should have on the general credibility of the narrator. If these accounts are interspersed in a record of other occurrences, which are in themselves thoroughly probable, are perfectly consistent with each other, and are supported to a reasonable extent by collateral testimony, and if the reputation of the narrator for veracity in all other respects is free from stain, then we affirm that his reputation is not destroyed by these accounts; and for support in this opinion we appeal to the almost unanimous judgment of historical critics. There is hardly one of the old Greek and Roman historians who does not occasionally introduce stories which are thoroughly incredible, so that no person hesitates for a moment in rejecting them. Yet he

never thinks of rejecting the whole work along with them, though this is precisely the manner in which Strauss and other infidels would have us act.

But we go much farther. If all the conditions just mentioned are fulfilled, and if the account of the miraculous occurrence is by an eyewitness, his narrative of this very event must also be accepted, even if we admit that miracles are inexplicable. The occurrence is complex, embracing several events. He testifies only to the outward facts, to what he heard and saw ; and these facts are not impossible. The miracle consists in the connection of cause and effect between these facts, and this connection is not a matter cognizable by the senses, but is an inference of the understanding. It may be the narrator's inference, — that is, he may declare his belief in the miracle ; but this belief forms no proper part of his testimony as to the outward facts, and therefore must not cause the rejection of that testimony. The inference may even appear to all reasonable persons to be quite irresistible, — that is, they cannot see *how* such events should happen, unless they were related to each other as cause and effect ; but they can easily believe that the mere events themselves *did* happen. If you tell me, that you cannot see *how* a word, uttered even by divine power, should open the eyes of the blind, perhaps I may agree with you ; but if, when many credible persons seriously declare that a man blind at one moment had good use of his eyes at the next, and that they were present at the time and saw the change, you say further that you will not believe them, I shall have no great respect for the soundness of your judgment. To take another case ; it is perfectly credible that a violent storm at sea should be suddenly followed by an entire calm, and that one of the passengers on board a ship should be speaking just at the time when the wind lulled. If one of the other passengers, a sober and truthful person, seriously informs us that this actually happened, we admit the possibility of it, and believe him without hesitation. After we have made this admission, he informs us for the first time, that the words spoken at the critical moment were these : — "Peace ! be still." Is our knowledge of this additional particular to destroy our belief of the other events, which we have just declared to be perfectly credible ? and is it not just as *possible*, in the nature of things, that the passenger should have uttered these words as any other ?

But as many persons are perplexed in the attempt to distinguish between the action of the understanding and the testimony of the senses in the case of an alleged miracle, another illustration may help to remove the difficulty. It has so happened that we have never seen the automaton chess-player; but several of our friends, whose veracity it would be foolish to question, have assured us that there is such a figure, that they have repeatedly seen it, and examined it closely enough to satisfy themselves that it was a mere piece of machinery, a collection of springs, wheels, and drawers, which had no connection with the floor or with any other portion of the apartment in which it is placed; and that they have often seen this wooden figure play long games of chess, and win them, too, against some of the most accomplished players in the country. We have accepted their testimony, and fully believe that the facts are as they state; but we also believe, — and it is an opinion which fire will not melt out of us, — that mere machinery cannot be made to play successfully the intricate and difficult game of chess, in which the number of possible moves is at least so *near* infinity as wholly to transcend the powers of the numeration-table. It is true that mechanical invention has made vast progress in these modern times, and it is difficult to say where it will stop; but we can more easily believe that in some future age it will succeed in building a railroad from this earth to the sun, than that it will ever be able to construct a wooden figure which will play a good game of chess.

Now, suppose that some acute critic, like Dr. Strauss, who maintains that the narration of an event deemed to be incredible ought to destroy the credit of the narrator, should undertake to rebuke us for the inconsistency of our opinions. He would say it was absurd to admit the narration to be veracious, and the event to be impossible, at the same time; and that we ought at least to show how it was possible, even if the way was not probable, for the thing to be done. We answer, that we did not say the event was "impossible," but only that it was "deemed to be incredible"; and this is all which can be affirmed of the solar railroad, the wooden chess-player, or a miracle; and in this unauthorized substitution of one phrase for another consists the worthy critic's whole difficulty. And we answer, secondly, that *we are not bound to show* HOW it was done, but only to produce good

reasons for our belief in it. This we have succeeded in doing in the present instance, for Strauss himself will not deny that the account of the automaton is true. To try to limit the confidence reposed in reputable witnesses, or to deny the credibility, in certain cases, of any amount of testimony, not merely by our narrow views of what is possible, but by our power of devising a satisfactory explanation of the *modus operandi*, or of showing *how* the thing is done, is a foolish and groundless assumption. In the case of the chess-player, the judicious observer frankly confesses his ignorance of the mode in which the effect is produced; but he acknowledges at the same time that the inventor of this curious machine has more mechanical skill and ingenuity than himself. As we are not now addressing atheists, we may add, that it becomes the objector to the credibility of narratives containing records of miraculous events to imitate this humility, and to acknowledge that the *supposed* author of miracles is one whose wisdom is inscrutable, and whose ways are past finding out.*

Some of our readers might feel more confidence in the propriety of relying upon human testimony to this extent, if they could see a very able statement of the point, and a legal opinion in favor of its sufficiency in court, pronounced by a sound old lawyer. We will therefore hear Professor Greenleaf.

"In almost every miracle related by the evangelists, the facts, separately taken, were plain, intelligible, transpiring in public, and about which no person of ordinary observation would be

* The point of the argument here, it will be seen, is not to prove the credibility of miracles in the abstract, but merely to show that histories perfectly well attested, and credible in every other respect, are not to be rejected solely because they contain accounts of inexplicable events. Certainly, we are very far from placing the instance of miracles on a par with that of the automaton, which every one knows to be a cheat, though an inexplicable one. We are only illustrating a law of belief, which the sophism of Hume, and the *credulity* of writers like Strauss, has too much kept out of sight. We admit that more testimony is required; the history needs to be better authenticated than if it recorded only simple and natural occurrences. Before the chess-player was exhibited in Europe, if we had seen only an anonymous statement in a newspaper, that such a machine had been invented and exhibited in India, we should not have believed it. But when the testimony of several eyewitnesses, whose veracity is perfectly well known, is added, assent is yielded without any difficulty.

likely to mistake. Persons blind or crippled, who applied to Jesus for relief, were known to have been crippled or blind for many years; they came to be cured; he spake to them; they went away whole. Lazarus had been dead and buried four days; Jesus called him to come forth from the grave; he immediately came forth, and was seen alive for a long time afterwards. In every case of healing, the previous condition of the sufferer was known to all; all saw his instantaneous restoration; and all witnessed the act of Jesus in touching him, and heard his words. All these, separately considered, were facts plain and simple in their nature, easily seen and fully comprehended by persons of common capacity and observation. If they were separately testified to, by witnesses of ordinary intelligence and integrity, in any court of justice, the jury would be bound to believe them; and a verdict, rendered contrary to the uncontradicted testimony of credible witnesses to any one of these plain facts, separately taken, would be liable to be set aside, as a verdict against evidence. If one credible witness testified to the fact, that Bartimeus was blind, according to the uniform course of administering justice, this fact would be taken as satisfactorily proved. So also, if his subsequent restoration to sight were the sole fact in question, this also would be deemed established, by the like evidence. Nor would the rule of evidence be at all different, if the fact to be proved were the declaration of Jesus, immediately preceding his restoration to sight, that his faith had made him whole. In each of these cases, each isolated fact was capable of being accurately observed and certainly known; and the evidence demands our assent, precisely as the like evidence upon any other indifferent subject. The connection of the word or the act of Jesus with the restoration of the blind, lame, and dead, to sight, and health, and life, as cause and effect, is a conclusion which our reason is compelled to admit, from the uniformity of their concurrence, in such a multitude of instances, as well as from the universal conviction of all, whether friends or foes, who beheld the miracles which he wrought." — pp. 61, 62.

We have not yet touched the general question respecting the intrinsic possibility of a miracle. But it has been shown, if we mistake not, that, whatever may be the opinion of the inquirer on this point, he is bound to accept our four Gospels as they are, with their accounts of supposed miracles and all, as truthful records of what actually happened. The *facts* that are narrated respecting the origin of our religion he must believe; he may place what interpretation upon them he pleases. And here we might fairly leave the whole sub-

ject, having carried the inquiry quite as far as the legitimate boundaries of the human understanding will permit. There is a blindness of the heart as well as of the intellect; logic may cure the latter, but it will have no more effect on the former than on the nether millstone. Any one who can believe that the writings of the four Evangelists constitute a faithful and true history in all their parts, and still deny the divine origin of the Christian religion, on the ground of mystical speculations and metaphysical subtilties, labors under an incurable disease in his moral constitution and sympathies, and is beyond the reach of argument. But as waiving the discussion of this last point might seem like an implied admission that there was an insuperable difficulty in the case, and this might affect the convictions even of those who did not know what the difficulty was, we shall attempt to prove, not only that there is no valid presumption against the occurrence of miracles, but, when the proper conditions are fulfilled, that there is a strong antecedent probability in their favor. But the reasoning will be addressed only to theists; for those who deny the being of a God will of course reject any evidence of extraordinary manifestations of divine power.

The question now is, *Whether miracles properly so called, under all circumstances, are so improbable, that any belief in their occurrence is unphilosophical and wrong?* We do not ask whether they are "impossible," because a theist acknowledges the omnipotence of God, and if the question were put in this form, he *must* answer it in the negative. Neither shall we insist on the foolish and intolerable assumption of being able so far to pry into the divine counsels as to declare it to be in the highest degree improbable that the Deity will ever manifest his power by extraordinary means. There is no need here of having recourse to the argument *ad invidiam;* the case is strong enough without it.

It is not easy to frame a definition of a miracle which shall not be open to cavilling. Every one knows what is meant by it, though he may find it difficult to express his idea of it with philosophical precision. It is a temporary interruption of what are called "the laws of nature," — a departure from what has been for a longer or shorter period the usual mode of divine action, — made with the intent, and for the sole purpose, of accomplishing some great end, com-

mensurate in importance with the dignity of the means by which it is to be attained. It is commonly objected to the probability of such an occurrence, that it is inconsistent with the attribute of divine wisdom to suppose that the Deity ever changes his plan or alters his purpose. To this it may be replied, first, he who declares that infinite wisdom necessarily dictates invariability of action also assumes that he possesses infinite wisdom himself; and secondly, a change in the mode of action does not necessarily imply a change of purpose. The emergency may have been foreseen, the extraordinary action by which it was to be met may have been predetermined, from the foundation of the world. If it be further urged, that it is a low and unworthy conception of the government of God to suppose that crises and emergencies arise in the world's affairs which he must meet by extraordinary means, we answer that this leads directly to the deep and dark questions of human free agency and the origin of evil, with which at present we have nothing to do. As before said, we are not reasoning with an atheist, and it is for you to show how much you will be aided in the explanation of these enigmas by rejecting the Christian religion. Absolute free will necessarily requires the permitted coexistence of moral evil, and it is certainly consistent with our notions of the divine benevolence to believe that the Deity may interpose to stay the progress of sin and suffering, while it is inconsistent with the limitations of human reason to pronounce authoritatively upon the wisdom of the means by which this purpose is effected.

Such general considerations as these, we are well aware, are of little weight in determining this great question. But the answer to an objection involves a consideration of the same ideas as are contained in the objection itself; and if these are vague, abstract, and metaphysical, the reasoning on both sides must be darkened by their use. Practically, the objection to miracles consists altogether in a short-sighted reference to the assumed invariability of the laws of nature. The improbability of a violation of law, of a break in the continuity of events, is gauged entirely by what would be the measure of one's own surprise, if, on the speck of earth which he calls his home, in his personal experience, which is but a dot in the history of the universe, there should suddenly be a wholly arbitrary and purposeless suspension of

the usual sequence of cause and effect, — if the sun should cease to warm, the fire to burn him, or the water to slake his thirst, — if he should lose his eyesight without a cause, and acquire it again without a remedy. A man's sanity would very properly be suspected who should now actually look for, or fear, such a meaningless subversion of the order of nature and Providence. His expectation would be akin to the folly of a child who hopes that without industry or thrift some lucky accident will suddenly make him very rich, or some blind chance throw down the huge obstacle which now stands between him and the accomplishment of his wishes. But the silly longings of that child are hardly less philosophical than the narrow self-conceit of the man who errs in the opposite extreme, and would fain weigh the great epochs in the history of a universe, the grand scheme of the Almighty's government of moral and physical events, in the paltry scales which serve to estimate his own infinitesimal experience. Events are strange or marvellous, not in themselves considered, but in relation to the means by which they are accomplished, or to the purpose that calls them forth. If men had talked a century ago of transporting themselves a hundred miles within the hour, or of sending a message in the twinkling of an eye to a place a thousand miles off, the bystanders would have supposed that they were quoting the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; but rail-roads and steam have accomplished the one, and the magnetic telegraph has effected the other. And men do not stupidly sit still and marvel that these things are so. The means are seen to be proportioned to the end; the purpose and the want have created or found the sufficient power.

When estimating the possibility or probability of events which are to affect the destiny of all mankind, we are to be governed by the experience and the necessities not of the individual, but of the race; we must look to the annals of the world for guidance, and not to the history of one life; we must decipher even the record, inscribed on the rocks, of the mutations which this solid globe has undergone in the vast series of ages that elapsed before it was peopled with beings like ourselves. The history of God's providence is not the story of a day, nor can it be interpreted by the experience of an hour. If we would climb to the heights of this great argument, our view must be expanded in feeble

imitation of his vision with whom a thousand years are but as one day. Perhaps it will be found, that these supposed breaks in the continuity of the inferior laws of nature are but the intercalations of a higher law, working for a nobler end ; that what appear as special exertions of divine agency are but the ordinary mode in which infinite wisdom works and governs ; that the physical is subordinate throughout to the moral universe ; and what man calls "miracles" are precisely what he may most reasonably and naturally expect from omnipotence and infinite benevolence combined.

As man has not only a physical, but a moral nature, a great epoch in the moral history of the world is at least as probable as the outward creation of the race itself ; the morning of the resurrection of our Lord is but the parallel of that great day "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In both cases, there was an interruption of the antecedent order of physical events for a spiritual end ; for by the creation of man, this earth, till then, and for almost countless ages, the dwelling-place only of the brute, became tenanted for the first time by a living soul. And if we open the pages of the *Stone Book*, which a certain class of reasoners are so much more willing to believe than the Bible, we find there an ineffaceable and undoubted record of a multitude of cases, in which preceding laws of nature, that had been unbroken for many ages, were interrupted by special exertions of divine power. Mighty revolutions have often swept the face of this planet, hurrying nearly all former orders of life into ruin, and each time the desert was peopled anew with animated tribes wholly unlike their predecessors. Geology is but the history chronicled in stone of many miracles, performed before man was, and extending far back into a past eternity. There is not an animal or a plant on this earth, which, as a race, is not older than man ; and those with whom we now reason certainly will not deny that a distinct and special exertion of power was needed for the creation of each one. *They*, who maintain so stoutly the unchangeableness at any rate of the *present* laws of nature, under which every living thing now produces seed after its own kind, and only for that kind, will not allow that worms were created from earth, and reptiles were born from fishes, and men from brutes, all by the continuous operation of natural laws. Trusting only

to their own eyes, judging only from their own experience, and from the repeated declarations of naturalists and philosophers for some hundreds of years, that persistence of type is one of the great laws of nature, extending in an unbroken chain of cause and effect through all history, they will eagerly declare the appearance of each new race on the globe to be an indubitable miracle.

If we extend our views, then, as far as possible, into the history of God's government of the universe, we find everywhere undeniable evidence of repeated miracles. Huge strata of earth-bound rock, the solid framework of the globe itself, in characters which the schoolboy now may read, testify to the unceasing guardianship, the frequent intervention to renew, repair, and improve, of Him who created the heavens and the earth, and laid the corner-stone thereof. The world was never an orphan, never left to the dominion of chance, or — what is little better — to the blind and unbroken operation of what are called natural laws. A Father's care watched over it, a Father's hand peopled it again and again with tribes of living things, not by inflexible ordinances, nor by vicarious government through secondary means, but even as an earthly parent careth for his children. To him who denies the possibility of such divine intervention, or, in other words, who rejects the doctrine of a Providence, may be addressed the awful question that was put to Job out of the whirlwind : — " Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth ? Declare, if thou hast understanding ? "

How stands the antecedent probability, then, of the occurrence of miracles in the divine government of the human race ? Is the creation of a reptile, an insect, a worm, a fit occasion for the special exercise of almighty power, and not the redemption of all mankind from sin ? Did omnipotence become weary only after God had created man in his own image, the noblest of his creatures, when unintelligent tribes or a desert earth through countless ages had been visited with frequently recurring tokens of oversight and protection, of a care that never slept ? Let it not be said, that the world is still far behind the glorious stage of progress which the establishment of our religion seemed to promise for it, if that religion had been divine. Christianity has no more been a failure than the primitive creation of the race. Sin, indeed, has continued to stalk the earth, and human

misery to track its footsteps, since the expulsion from Eden, and even since the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But if we compare pagan Babylon, and Athens, and Rome, in their imperial magnificence, and their moral squalor and wretchedness, with the present condition of the civilized and Christian world, with schools in every hamlet, with institutions of beneficence in every city, and with churches on a thousand hills, and still more with the glorious promise of the future, we may well say that the founding of our religion, viewed not only in the purity of its doctrine and its ethics, but in the extent and grandeur of its external results, was a work as worthy of Omnipotence as the first establishment of man upon the earth. The religion itself, with its doctrine of redemption and peace, its inculcation of love to God and man, and its revelation of a life beyond the grave, is worthy of "that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles" by which it was heralded and accompanied. When properly considered, the Sermon on the Mount appears as godlike as the act of raising Lazarus from the dead.

We accept the evidence of the Christian miracles, then, because they harmonize throughout with what we know of the history of divine Providence as manifested in the universe. The book of nature and the book of revelation, the written word and the law stamped on the heart, are not at variance with each other, but contain essentially the same doctrine; one goes beyond, but does not contradict, the other; it is the complement, but not the substitute, of its predecessor. It is a vain and foolish doctrine, then, that the miracles are useful *only* as evidences of Christianity, and may therefore safely be put aside if we have testimony enough without them. It is not so. Christianity is itself a miracle, — the greatest of all miracles, — a special revelation from heaven, — the authentic record of the latest visible appearance of God on the earth, — a direct interposition in the former order of events for the noblest of all ends. If it be not so, then is our faith vain, and these teachings also are vain. If our religion does not come from above, if it is not specially attested by the broad seal of Heaven, then it is of no authority and no worth. It is no religion at all; for there is no conceivable distinction between a philosophical system of man's device, and a religion properly so called, but this, that the latter comes directly from God, while the former is

the mere invention of a frail and erring being like ourselves. Nay, more; if Christianity is not miraculous and divine in its origin, it is an imposition, and its founder was a cheat; for no declaration was more decidedly made by him, no assertion is more frequently written out in the Gospels, than that he was the Christ, the Son of the living God, the Messiah spoken of in the Scriptures, and waited for by the people, who came to make known the will of the Father, and to save mankind from their sins. In proof of this special commission and divine authority, he pointed to the wonderful works which he did; so that they who deny those works, who say that a miraculous event is incredible, and that it is foolish to suppose that any one was ever specially commissioned by the Deity for any purpose, do in fact deny the claims which he put forth, and heap the coarsest reproach upon his memory. The gloomy and comprehensive conclusion at which Strauss and his followers arrive, as the end of their inquiry, is well presented by that writer himself.

"The results of the inquiry which we have now brought to a close have apparently annihilated the greatest and most valuable part of that which the Christian has been wont to believe concerning his Saviour Jesus, have uprooted all the animating motives which he has gathered from his faith, and withered all his consolations. The boundless store of truth and life which for eighteen centuries has been the aliment of humanity seems irretrievably dissipated; the most sublime levelled with the dust, God divested of his grace, man of his dignity, and the tie between heaven and earth broken. Piety turns away with horror from so fearful an act of desecration, and, strong in the impregnable self-evidence of its faith, pronounces that, let an audacious criticism attempt what it will, all which the Scriptures declare and the church believes of Christ will still subsist as eternal truth, nor needs one iota of it to be renounced." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 396.

There can be no doubt respecting the true position and name of persons who have come to this melancholy result. They may be amiable and good men, in the worldly sense of that phrase, of honest intentions and irreproachable lives. All this can be said of David Hume; but he never thought of calling himself a Christian. If the followers of Strauss arrogate to themselves this title, they are dishonest and guilty of a wilful attempt to deceive. In any thing like the ordinary meaning of the name, in the *only* meaning of it

which is present to the minds, not merely of this or that sect, but of the whole Christian world, they know they are not Christians. It is foolish to attempt to confound their sweeping unbelief with the many points of difference which are mooted among various Christian denominations. They deny the fundamental assumption of Christianity and of every other religion; they deny that a miraculous event, a special revelation from heaven, is possible or even conceivable. They assert that no such revelation was made by Christ, that what was affirmed on this subject by himself and his apostles was untrue, that the four Gospels are untrue, and what is written in them, from the mere fact that it is there, is of no authority. Such a sweeping doctrine of unbelief as this cannot without a foolish and disgraceful abuse of language be called a mere "variation" of Christianity, like the thousand and one shades of belief which are properly so denominated. It is humiliating to be obliged to say a word on a point which is so evident. Those who call such persons Christians in some measure share their doctrine, and in so far repudiate Christianity themselves; for they acknowledge thereby, that the doctrine of a special revelation by Jesus Christ is not necessarily a fundamental part of Christianity. On this point, we intentionally make our language as plain and direct as possible. To argue against sincere and honest infidelity is one thing, to repel a dishonest assumption of the Christian name is another. In the former case, we may respect our opponents; in the latter, we are compelled to despise them.

The concluding dissertation in the work of Strauss is very curious, for it gives a tolerably fair view of the extravagant shifts, the inane allegorical and metaphysical theories, to which the several schools of infidel critics and philosophers in Germany have been driven, in order to reconcile their decided rejection of what they call "historical" Christianity, their disbelief of the actual existence of the Saviour and of the reality of miracles or a special revelation, with the obstinate retention both by themselves and their followers of the name, office, and emoluments of Christian clergymen and theologians. The systems of Paulus, Schleiermacher, Kant, Hegel, and others are presented with tolerable distinctness, and refuted — as if refutation of such extravaganzas were necessary — with absolutely conclusive reasoning. Finally, Strauss proposes a system of his own, quite as absurd as the worst of those

which he had just rejected ; but he proposes it with little confidence, and in fact admits almost directly, that, if the clegyman entertaining his views be unlucky enough to have a tender and scrupulous conscience, there is no course left for him but to quit the ministerial office altogether. We have room but for a very brief summary, given mostly in Strauss's own words, of his own system and that of Schleiermacher. These are fair specimens ; some of the others unite quite a decided expression of atheism with their disavowal of " historical " Christianity. And we should not burden our pages and the patience of our readers with even this brief notice of them, if it were not for the light which the expressions used, the peculiar phraseology of this school, cast upon some language with which our ears have been shocked even on this side of the Atlantic. We shall know, hereafter, what these persons mean, when they say that they reject only " historical " Christianity, and when they continue to *talk* about Christ and a revelation, though they hold that the narratives of the four Evangelists are mythical and fabulous.

Schleiermacher, says our author, " has adopted in its fullest extent the negative criticism directed by Rationalism against the doctrine of the church ; nay, he has rendered it even more searching." His system is founded, not, like that of the Protestant, upon the Scriptures ; nor, with the Catholic, upon the decisions of the church ; but on the consciousness of the individual Christian, and the " internal experience " which he obtains from his connection with the Christian community ; — " a material which, as its basis is feeling, is more flexible, and to which it is easier to give dialectically a form that satisfies *science*."

" As a member of the Christian church, — this is the point of departure in the Christology of Schleiermacher, — I am conscious of the removal of my sinfulness, and the impartation of absolute perfection : in other words, in communion with the church, I feel operating upon me the influence of a sinless and perfect principle. This influence cannot proceed from the Christian community, as an effect of the reciprocal action of its members on each other ; for to every one of these sin and imperfection are inherent, and the coöperation of impure beings can never produce any thing pure as its result. It must be the influence of one who possessed that sinlessness and perfection as personal

qualities, and who moreover stands in such a relation to the Christian community that he can impart these qualities to its members: that is, since the Christian church could not exist prior to this impartation, it must be the influence of its founder. As Christians, we find something operated within us; hence, as from every effect we argue to its cause, we infer the influence of Christ, and from this again, the nature of his person, which must have had the powers necessary to the exertion of this influence.

"To speak more closely, that which we experience as members of the Christian church is a strengthening of our consciousness of God, in its relation to our sensuous existence; that is, it is rendered easier to us to deprive the senses of their ascendency within us, to make all our impressions the servants of the religious sentiment, and all our actions its offspring. According to what has been stated above, this is the effect wrought in us by Christ, who imparts to us the strength of his consciousness of God, frees us from the bondage of sensuality and sin, and is thus the Redeemer." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., pp. 417, 418.

It is needless to quote further; the other offices of Christ are explained in the same way. The substance of the theory appears to be, that *a sort of* Christ exists nowadays in the consciousness of every individual who belongs to a Christian community. "In this sense alone is the doctrine of the threefold office of Christ to be interpreted." "The facts of the resurrection and ascension do not form essential parts of the Christian faith." He holds, in some inexplicable way, that a historical Christ existed, but affirms that there is no reason for this belief but what may be found in the consciousness of every individual. "Whatever in the dogma of the church goes beyond this — as, for example, the supernatural conception of Jesus, and his miracles, also the facts of the resurrection and ascension, and the prophecies of his second coming to judge the world — ought not to be brought forward as integral parts of the doctrine of *the* Christ." We have no evidence from "our internal experience" of the truth of these facts; ordinary Christians believe in them "only because they are stated in Scripture; not so much, therefore, in a religious and dogmatical, as in an *historical* manner." This doctrine of Schleiermacher, says Strauss, is inadequate on both sides, for it does not satisfy the requisitions either of "the faith of the church or of *science*."

"It is clear, however, from his doctrine of the work of Christ,

that, in order to satisfy the former so far as is here done, such a contradiction of the latter was quite unnecessary, and an easier course might have been pursued. For resting merely on a backward inference from the inward experience of the Christian as the effect, to the person of Christ as the cause, the Christology of Schleiermacher has but a frail support, since it cannot be proved that that inward experience is not to be explained without the actual existence of such a Christ." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 424.

We fully agree with the following remark of our author.

"We may now estimate the truth of the reproach which made Schleiermacher so indignant; namely, that his was not an historical, but an ideal Christ."

"This Christology," says our critic, "is undeniably a beautiful effort of thought!" But it does not satisfy him, any more than three or four other systems which he examines, and he accordingly propounds a "Christology" of his own.* For him whom the Scriptures and the generality of Christians call Jesus Christ, or, as Strauss luminously expresses it, "*as subject of the predicate which the church assigns to Christ*, we place, instead of an individual, an idea." This idea realizes itself, not indeed in the "historical" Christ, as the Scriptures would have us believe, nor yet in the consciousness of any Christian individual of the present day, as Schleiermacher supposes.

"This is, indeed, not the mode in which Idea realizes itself; it is not wont to lavish all its fulness on one exemplar, and be niggardly towards all others, — to express itself perfectly in that one

* It is important to understand the phraseology of these persons, and their mode of using names. When they speak of *Christ*, they understand thereby the *idea* so called, which, according to some, is realized in the consciousness of every individual; according to others, in universal humanity; and in the opinion of a third class, is never realized at all. Thus, we have a "Christology," or doctrine of Christ, just as we have a "pneumatology," or doctrine of spirit. The word is not a proper, but a common noun (as appears, indeed, from its etymology and primitive use), and ought to be written *christ*. When they speak of *Jesus*, they mean the historical personage of that name; for most of them admit that such a person actually lived, and was a good man and an eminent preacher of virtue, though the recorded history of him is but a tissue of fables. To show very clearly their opinion of him, his name is usually placed in a list of other excellent persons, such as Socrates, Fénelon, Howard, — and some worthies of our own day, whose names *we* prefer not to mention in such a catalogue.

individual, and imperfectly in all the rest: it rather loves to distribute its riches among a multiplicity of examplars which reciprocally complete each other,— in the alternate appearance and suppression of a series of individuals." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 437.

In brief, according to Strauss, the whole human race, the totality of mankind, is Christ; the idea is thus realized on a magnificent scale.

"And is this no true realization of the idea? is not the idea of the unity of the divine and human natures a real one in a far higher sense, when I regard the whole race of mankind as its realization, than when I single out one man as such a realization? is not an incarnation of God from eternity a truer one than an incarnation limited to a particular point of time?" — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 437.

We are reluctant to transfer to these pages the development of this wild and truly German theory. The language is at once disgusting and impious; but it is important to place the whole subject before our readers, and we must not shrink from the duty.

"Humanity is the union of the two natures, — God become man, the infinite manifesting itself in the finite, and the finite spirit remembering its infinitude; it is the child of the visible Mother and the invisible Father, Nature and Spirit; it is the worker of miracles, in so far as in the course of human history the spirit more and more completely subjugates nature, both within and around man, until it lies before him as the inert matter on which he exercises his active power; it is the sinless existence, for the course of its development is a blameless one, — pollution cleaves to the individual only, and does not touch the race or its history. It is Humanity that dies, rises, and ascends to heaven; for from the negation of its phenomenal life there ever proceeds a higher spiritual life; from the suppression of its mortality as a personal, national, and terrestrial spirit, arises its union with the infinite spirit of the heavens. By faith *in this Christ*, especially in his death and resurrection, man is justified before God: that is, by the kindling within him of the idea of Humanity, the individual man participates in the divinely human life of the species. Now the main element of that idea is, that the negation of the merely natural and sensual life, which is itself the negation of the spirit (the negation of negation, therefore), is the sole way to true spiritual life.

"This alone is the absolute sense of Christology: that it is

annexed to the person and history of one individual, is a necessary result of the historical form which Christology has taken." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 438.

And *this* is the *idea* which is to thrust Jesus of Nazareth out of the hearts and memories of men, — this the religious belief which is to supplant the one founded on the four Gospels !

But how is belief in these doctrines to be reconciled with the character and office of a Christian clergyman ? This is the final question, and Strauss admits that it is a very difficult one.

"The real state of the case is this. The church refers her Christology to an individual who existed historically at a certain period: the speculative theologian to an idea which only attains existence in the totality of individuals ; by the church the evangelical narratives are received as history : by the critical theologian they are regarded for the most part as mere mythi. If he would continue to impart instruction to the church, four ways are open to him." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., pp. 441, 442.

First, he may attempt "to elevate the church to his own point of view, and for it, also, to resolve the historical into the ideal ; — an attempt which must necessarily fail." Secondly, he may himself adopt the point of view of the church, and "descend from the sphere of the ideal into the region of the popular conception." This expedient, Strauss thinks, is commonly understood and judged too narrowly. "*It is evidence of an uncultivated mind* to denounce as a hypocrite a theologian who preaches, for example, on the resurrection of Christ ; since, though he may not believe in the reality of that event as a single sensible fact, he may, nevertheless, hold to be true the representation of the process of spiritual life which the resurrection of Christ affords." Strictly speaking, however, this identity of the substantial truth exists only in the consciousness of the theologian, and not of the people to whom he speaks. It is admitted, therefore, that "he must appear in the eyes of the church a hypocrite," and that "he would ultimately appear a hypocrite to himself also." A third course remains, which we will present in the critic's own language, as it throws some light on his notions of honesty and disinterestedness.

"It avails nothing to say, he has only to descend from the pul-

pit, and mount the professor's chair, where he will not be under the necessity of withholding his scientific opinions from such as are destined to science; for if he, whom the course of his own intellectual culture has obliged to renounce the ministerial office, should by his instructions lead many to the same point, and thus render them also incapable of that office, the original evil would only be multiplied. On the other hand, it could not be held good for the church, that all those who pursue criticism and speculation to the results above presented should depart from their position as teachers. *For no clergyman would any longer meddle with such inquiries, if he thus ran the risk of being led to results which would oblige him to abandon the ministerial office;* criticism and philosophy would fall into the hands of those who are not professed theologians, and to the theologian nothing would remain but the faith, which then could not possibly long resist the attacks of the critical and speculative laity. But where truth is concerned, the possible consequences have no weight; hence the above remark ought not to be made. Thus much, however, may be maintained in relation to the real question: he whom his theological studies have led to an intellectual position, respecting which he must believe, that he has attained the truth, that he has penetrated into the deepest mysteries of theology, *cannot feel either inclined or bound just at this point in his career to abandon theology: on the contrary, such a step would be unnatural, nay, impossible.*" — *Strauss*, Vol. III., pp. 443, 444.

The fourth expedient, according to our simple apprehension, does not differ materially from the second. The clergyman is to adhere to the forms of the popular conception, "but on every opportunity he will exhibit their spiritual significance, which to him constitutes their sole truth."

"Thus, to abide by the example already chosen, at the festival of Easter, he will indeed set out from the sensible fact of the resurrection of Christ, but he will dwell chiefly on the being buried and rising again with Christ, which the Apostle himself has strenuously inculcated." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 444.

But the same difficulty returns, that the opinions of the preacher and his hearers do not actually coincide, and their fundamental beliefs are entirely unlike.

"At least, the community will not receive both as identical; and thus, here, again, in every excess or diminution which the more or less spontaneous relation of the teacher to critical theology, together with the variety in the degrees of culture of the community, introduces, — the danger is incurred that the com-

munity may discover this difference, and the preacher appear to it, and consequently to himself, a hypocrite.

"In this difficulty, the theologian may find himself driven, either directly to state his opinions, and attempt to elevate the people to his ideas; or, since this attempt must necessarily fail, carefully to adapt himself to the conception of the community; or, lastly, since, even on this plan, he may easily betray himself, in the end to leave the ministerial profession." — *Strauss*, Vol. III., p. 445.

We heartily adopt this conclusion; let him *leave the ministerial profession*. If he will not abandon proselytism to this gloomy form of unbelief, let him not do his work treacherously under the name and garb of the very religion which he assails. There are halls and lecture-rooms for his use, and audiences may easily be collected on the secular days of the week. Let not the church be desecrated by his presence, let not the Sabbath be profaned by impious or hypocritical services. The pulpit and the Sabbath — the Lord's day — are emphatically Christian institutions; they were consecrated in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, they are devoted to the use of those who believe that he was the Son of God, and that he was crucified and rose again. It is dishonest, it is criminal, it is base, for his enemies to seize upon them, and use them for the purpose of discrediting the story of his life, and casting the reproach of falsehood and imposture upon his name. If these lines should be seen by any one who holds the opinions here commented upon, and still retains the name and office of a Christian clergyman, we adjure him by his own notions of honesty and fairness, by his respect for goodness and truth, by his regard for millions of his fellow-beings whose dearest hopes and final consolations his course now tends to destroy, by his sense of reverence for the Infinite One whom he still professes to adore, instantly to quit the post he has no right to hold, and to leave the ministerial profession.

ART. VII. — *The Life of Martin Luther, gathered from his own Writings.* By M. MICHELET, Author of The History of France, &c. Translated by G. H. SMITH, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 314.

WE often hear those who visit Niagara, where every one feels it incumbent on himself to be a geologist for the time, indulging in solemn speculations concerning the probable effect of removing the great barrier which now holds back the waters; doubting whether it might not let down the great lakes, in sudden and unwelcome inundation, upon the region below. Some of that large class who delight to prophesy evil expound, to the consternation of their hearers, that the time is not far off when the rocky ridge will give way, the natives of the upper counties share the fate of the antediluvians, and after a drowning overflow, the stream, no longer dashing from its mountain heights, will ever after creep, humbled and slavelike, in a lowly channel far beneath its present bed. After listening to these fearful predictions, one is greatly comforted to remember, that nature fortunately has no delight in these wild exhibitions of power; she accomplishes her purposes by regular and steady action, being conscious, perhaps, that, if it is nothing to her, it may make a serious difference to us, whether these changes are brought about in a thousand years or a single day. Sometimes a part of Table Rock thunders down into the startled abyss, and the ice and frost prepare their wedges to split off a new fragment at a future day; sometimes the waters dislodge a vast cliff in their channel, and bear it with them in savage triumph to the depths below. But it is not often that any decided change is made in the aspect of the fall; there is no revolutionary alteration at which "the deep utters his voice and lifts up his hands on high."

Very much the same is true of the great moral and social changes which are continually taking place in the world. There are powers and influences in constant operation, wearing away the form and fashion of existing things; their action goes on by night and by day, never suspended for an hour; and it is by this incessant exertion, and by imperceptible advances, that great evils are worn away, usurpations and abuses

overthrown, and new forms of religion, government, and opinion are established among men. We are very apt, in contemplating one of these changes, to ascribe it all to an individual, or to point out the day and hour when the great work was done; whereas their true history extends far upward and downward. It is as difficult to trace the beginning as to show the precise point above the cataract where the waters first accelerate their flow; and as to their dependence on a single life, we often see an enterprise more indebted to the martyr than the champion, and actually gaining more by the loss, than by all the living labors, of those who seemed essential to its successful prosecution. It is difficult to understand that events and persons, which seem to concentrate all attendant circumstances into a point, are themselves parts of a whole; for example, when the Roman emperor nominates his horse for consul, it seems to us a sudden and startling insult to a people who had at least the memory of having been free. But as De Retz remarks, "had we lived at the time, we should not have been surprised," because it was of a piece with other things; so many far inferior bipeds had been exalted to high stations, that the appointment of a respectable animal took its easy and natural place among the events of the day.

So the resistance of Luther to the power of Rome, daring as it was, probably seemed less strange and unexpected than we are in the habit of believing; for there is no doubt, that, while kings and nations submitted to the pretensions of the church, it was with that sort of resignation which arises from the feeling that they could not help themselves. A deep distrust of its claims must have spread silently from heart to heart, which everywhere made itself felt, though not manifest in living action till the hour was come. Such a change as the Reformation could not be sudden in its origin or its results; the elements were slowly and surely preparing the way for ages; there was no single year to which it could be assigned, there was no individual on whom it depended. The reforming process, of which Luther's resistance was one of the stages, began before he existed, it survived when his wars were over, and will keep on long after our generation is in the dust.

These great changes in human opinion are of so large extent and so long duration, that no single human shadow,

though great as that of Luther unquestionably was, can throw itself over the whole. There is no short and sharp encounter ; there is no Waterloo battle, which brings sudden death to existing ideas and systems, and sets up others at once in their stead. The Reformation presented its first visible manifestation two centuries before him. Far back in the dim twilight of its history we see the upright and manly form of Wickliffe, speaking with brave determination of the corruptions of the church, and listened to by thousands who believed all he could say of its unsoundness ; thus showing that a prevailing sentiment had anticipated his disclosures, and discovered long before him all that he was able to tell. So, too, when Huss the Bohemian, having caught the spirit of this great master, bore the same strong testimony against the church, the people who had already, they knew not how, arrived at the same conclusions, stood ready to arrange themselves in his party. Savonarola, in Florence, also found himself expressing what the multitudes felt and understood, but wanted words to say. The reformer in these cases was but a living presentment of the active intellect and conscience of his time ; when he felt as if he had gone on in lonely solitude far before them, he was amazed to find that thousands were pressing on at his side.

If things are so, and it is not easy to deny the existence of this kind of prophetic anticipation in the people, though they would be quite unable to explain the manner in which they reach it, the office of the reformer is not so much to make discoveries, to suggest new ideas, and to put the minds of men in living action, as to unfold their thoughts to themselves, to change their impressions into well defined ideas, and to set the example of following their convictions wherever they urge them to go. The qualifications most essential for the discharge of this duty are a clear head and a strong heart. It is not necessary to have every graceful accomplishment, to possess a philosophical habit of mind, nor to abound in various learning. But it is indispensable that the reformer should have warm and living sympathies, since no one can carry away the hearts of the multitude unless he has one of his own. He must have a firm and steady spirit, that his views may not change with his anxieties and elevations, his hopes and fears ; he must be fearless of what man can do to him, otherwise he will soon be frightened from his station ;

and, what is more than all, an enlightened conscience, not subject to darkening changes, but shining with uniform brightness, must be the guide of his pilgrimage and lord of all within the breast.

This we believe to be a true description of the great man whose life is before us; and we have little sympathy with those who would give prominence to his faults on the one hand, or invest him with airy graces, making him a sort of Chesterfield, on the other. In the present condition of our existence, there are certain virtues which are almost invariably accompanied by certain failings. No one expects to find the elegant scholar, like Erasmus, abounding in active energy; and when overwhelming energy is the prevailing character of the man, we have no reason to look for those tender and amiable traits which we are most disposed to love. The garden cannot have the dreamy boundlessness of the prairie, nor can the bold mountain ridge be smooth and easy to the feet. It is true, there was one character, and only one, in which active and resistless power was blended with the gentlest humanity; but it is equally certain that among all who have made it their example, there are none who have nearly resembled it; so that such a union of opposite and apparently inconsistent affections is still the great miracle of Christian history, standing alone in the unapproachable solitude of more than human greatness, filling with admiration and almost with despair those who earnestly attempt to imitate this wonderful association of mighty power with tender lowliness and love. In Luther there certainly was no such perfection; he might as well be represented with the face and form of the Apollo; but he was a man of a warm and generous, as well as brave and determined spirit, always inspiring confidence and securing attachment, which a man of narrow mind and cold affections was never yet able to do.

It is in vain to deny that Luther was at times somewhat coarse in his communications with others; and to ascribe it, after the usual fashion, to the spirit of the age, though it shows that he was not alone in that sort of indulgence, does not make such language refined, nor reconcile it with the purest taste. But it should be observed, that he dealt out these sweetmeats chiefly in his intercourse with Satan, and Henry the Eighth, and other potentates of the same description, where he was wholly exempt from apprehension, as indeed

there was no call for any, lest he should treat such people worse than they deserved. But he is not by any means to be classed with those worthies of whom Erasmus says, that "they break in upon one's feelings like hogs into a flower-garden," trampling with grunting satisfaction on treasures which they cannot understand.

Since we have mentioned this great man, who, by his attacks on the vices of the church, did so much to prepare the way for the Reformation, it is but just to say that the manner in which he is brought into contrast with Luther is not just to either; each had his separate office to fulfil, and in each case it was successfully done. But they were wholly unlike in temperament; neither had any thing in himself which enabled him to understand the other. Erasmus could not have handled Luther's war-club to more advantage than Luther could his classical pen. Though the former saw much to censure and deplore in the church, it is not probable that he wished to overthrow it, and with all his tendencies to rationalism, he would naturally be distrustful of the sort of theology which might be set up in its stead. In all this Luther could see nothing better than timeserving; accordingly he treated Erasmus as he treated others, in a way which savored more of strength and plainness than of Christian and courtly grace.

But in domestic life Luther appears to have been affectionate and kind; in his social intercourse with others, open-hearted, generous, and free from all selfishness and suspicion; while, in his regard for the other creatures of God, he sets an example which others would do well to follow, and which those who think it needless and excessive must allow to have been an indication of manly tenderness of heart. When, by his sedentary life and labor, he had brought upon himself a visitation of dyspepsia, the disorder that makes wise men mad, he was advised to take vigorous exercise, and after the usual fashion was encouraged to believe that a sudden transition from a feather-bed to a steeple-chase would be eminently beneficial to him. So far from finding relief in the sport, it continually reminded him of the manner in which souls are hunted by the great enemy of man; and so little did he enter into the spirit of the chase, that he caught one poor little hare, and hid it in the sleeve of his coat, to save it from the fate which his friends were so greatly enjoying; which was perhaps as serviceable to his complaint as if

he had killed and eaten it, and which we cannot but regard as creditable to his sense and feeling.

Some injury has been done to the memory of Luther by those who plead in excuse for violence and denunciation that Luther did the same thing. Though they have no idea of disparaging him by the comparison, but only of exalting themselves, the effect is not so much to raise such poor mortals in the public estimation as to bring the angel down. It is well to remember, that there was something in the great Reformer besides hard thoughts and hard words; these were his failings, not his virtues, and he would have remained as obscure and inefficient as his ambitious imitators are now, if there had been nothing else to recommend him to the admiration of men. The imitator does not often understand the original which he intends to follow; he mistakes the points in which his power resides; he supposes that Samson's might consists in the length of his hair, when this is but a sign of faithfulness to his Nazarite vow; and thus, as when some men repeat a jest, all the humor is sure to slip through their fingers, do all who justify their abuse and excess by Luther's example contrive unconsciously to omit all the particulars of character which made him transcendently great, and, entirely unaware what a length of ear has found its way through their lion vesture, they wonder why they are not hailed with the universal reverence of mankind. It is to be hoped that such persons will make the discovery, that, however loudly they storm and threaten those who oppose them, men do not mistake them for Luthers, and that the effects which they produce by their vociferation, in comparison with his, will be few and exceedingly small.

The chief recommendation of this life of Luther is, that the author allows the great Reformer to tell his own story, taking his own words, particularly his letters, as the best expressions of his character and feeling. In almost all cases, where they are not merely formal, a man puts his heart, or at least a portion of it, into such writings. There are a few examples in which, as in that of Cromwell, the letter is entirely impersonal, and might as well have been written by any body else, for all the light it throws upon his feelings. But this is a remarkable exception. It is as if there should be no more expression in the face than in the back of the head, which indeed does sometimes happen, though not often in

men so great. We may not only generally depend on the letters for a clear statement of a man's views and opinions, and for the light which colored them in his mind, but we can find the incidents of his life more intimately understood and better described by himself than by others ; and as for the changes of feeling, the stranger cannot intermeddle with them to advantage, any more than the wayfarer, who sees the evening light outside the window, can describe the play of the shadows within, as the rising or falling flame may cast them on the parlour-wall.

Luther had none of that poor ambition, which is sometimes found in those who ought to be above it, to disguise the humility of his birth ; as those who have made themselves rich can afford to dispense with a patrimonial inheritance, he who threw so much glory upon his line might be indifferent to so small a matter. He says that his ancestors, so far as he knew any thing about them, were common peasants ; his father labored in the mines ; their armorial bearing, for peasants had such playthings as well as lords, was a hammer, an emblem which, if it applied to the employment of the father, was at least equally descriptive of the work in which the son was engaged for a great part of his life, and assuredly that instrument was never swung with a mightier hand. It would not have been easy for one familiar as he was with the letter and spirit of the Scriptures to be blinded by traditional prejudice and outward show. He saw the nothingness of these distinctions, which rise up like walls of separation between human worms of the dust ; he had nothing of that spirit of compromise about him which induces many, who see the truth of human relations, to treat those things which *are not* as though they actually existed. And well was it for the world that it was so with him and his brethren ; since it made them heralds of liberty as well as of truth ; they felt it their duty to strike off all manner of chains ; and though their work was done irregularly and blindly, we feel how much it is owing to their spirit and their labors that the principles of civil liberty are generally extending, and that so much of the civilized world is already comparatively free.

Luther himself was so poor in his youth, that, when sent to Eisenach to be educated, he sang in the streets for a living, as was not uncommon with German students of that day. He is said to have done this in 1489, when he was

but six years old, a period of life when the young are accustomed to sing in less musical tones than most persons delight to hear; besides that it is rather early in his history for the process of education to begin. This date is obviously an error; it should be 1498, which would bring him to an age of more discretion both in musical performance and learning. But he was fortunate enough to find a warmer friend than those who gave him bread at their doors; a kind-hearted woman gave him a home for four years, while he was making himself master of what Eisenach could teach. After he ceased to depend on music for a subsistence, he continued to cherish it as a luxury and something higher; valuing it, in part, because he was persuaded that Satan, by whom he conceived himself beset, had, like some better people, such an extreme distaste for concerts and musical sounds, that he always took himself out of their reach; and still more, because he found, that, in times of anxious and stormy excitement, music had more power than any thing else to bring peace to his troubled soul.

It was not till he reached the age of twenty-two, that any decided bearing was given to his life. The sudden death of a friend who was struck with lightning by his side made him serious at once; and his earnestness naturally turned in the prescribed channel of the day. He made a vow to become a monk, more, it would seem, as an act of self-denial than a choice of duty; for he must have felt, as he afterwards found, that such a life was most unsuited to his nature; his mind, unexcited by outward circumstances, would be the very one to prey upon itself. Accordingly it appeared, as soon as he entered upon a life of inaction, that he fell into deep distress of mind, which was the effect of conscience wrought up into morbid sensibility by a condition so unexciting. For many days, he could not eat, drink, or sleep; but at length, the Scriptural doctrine of justification by faith dawned like the rising light upon his mind. It gave him relief from his anxieties in a measure; but it opened slowly on him. He did not understand how widely it would spread itself out. Still less did he perceive that it would reduce the value of those good works on which Catholics so much relied, till it finally undermined the foundations of the church itself in the hearts of men. He was led up to it by his experience of the insufficiency of external cir-

cumstances, and even of religious forms, to satisfy the wants of the soul. It supplied a living principle within him; it made him independent of human authority, and fearless of all that power could do. As fast as others became conscious of similar wants, and of the inadequacy of the prevailing faith to supply them, their hearts were prepared to move in harmony with his own; so that, as soon as the standard of resistance was lifted, and the trumpet blown, a great army of martyrs stood ready for the summons of the chief whose commission was an earlier inspiration and a larger measure of the same spirit with theirs.

While in this state of mind, he visited Rome, full of enthusiasm for the ancient glories of the church, and longing to see the fountains from which her light and salvation shone. But the time chosen for his journey was unfortunate for that purpose, though it well answered another. He was completely dismayed at the paganism of every thing which he saw; a pope bent on gaining military glory; the higher priesthood taking pride in their knowledge of Cicero, but entirely unacquainted with the Bible; the mass hurried over by galloping through a part and entirely omitting the rest; and a clergy ambitiously striving for the good things of this life, without any apparent consciousness that they were ever to go to another. When he once spoke to the Italian monks of their disregard to the church in eating meat on Friday, he came near being put into a condition which would have saved him from all expense for meat again. He knew that such priests could not impart to others that forgiveness of which they were in desperate want themselves; his reverence for the church fell into consumptive decay; and though he did not confess it to himself, nor present the subject distinctly to his own mind, he evidently began to think, that, if the church could live without faith, faith could subsist without the church, — better, indeed, than with it; the light would be more serviceable without the lantern, than the lantern without the light.

Having his conscience thus quickened by the study of the Scriptures, and his mind enlarged and enlightened by various learning, he was able to see through the fallacies and contradictions which ordinary minds received without question, and he could not content himself with tame acquiescence in that which he knew to be unholy and untrue. And

nothing could be more startling to a conscientious Catholic than the sale of indulgences, which, as if the thing was not bad enough of itself, was intrusted to one of the most impudent peddlers that ever insulted the common sense of mankind. Luther had no delight in speaking, but he did not dare be silent; and after trying in vain to call his diocese and the primate to a sense of their duty, he published propositions of his own, with a sermon in the vulgar tongue in defence of them, in which the sale of indulgences was strongly condemned and shown to be entirely unchristian. This bold protest rang through his country like the trumpet which wakes the dead. Thousands had felt what he alone dared to say; and as soon as his holy indignation found a voice, it was answered by echoes from every part of the land. The propositions were everywhere circulated, read, and approved; those who were most opposed to them in heart could not deny them. In fact, the only reply thought of seemed to be addressed to the fears of the author and his followers; but it was soon found that to threaten was not the way to induce him to suppress his convictions. He seems to have felt some regret, when he witnessed the agitation which he had made; he was disposed to obey and submit so far as his conscience would allow; but it was one of those paths in which, having taken one step, there was no returning, and the only way of escape was not the one which such a man was likely to tread.

The only judicious course for the church in such a case would have been to conciliate the bold rebel, appealing to his kindness and reverence; but the holy mother had been too much accustomed to take brands from the burning with tongs made red hot for that benevolent operation. Luther was summoned to Rome, whither he was not disposed to go; if destined for the flames, he thought it more reasonable that the fire should come to him. For his own safety he gave himself no other concern than not to go into needless danger; but the Elector of Saxony, who had sympathy with him in his views, and was not prepared to see one of his subjects trampled down, arranged matters in his favor so that he should have his hearing in Augsburg, a free city, where the magistrates could protect his person. Luther's manly words were, — "Let him shield me, if he can do it without compromising his interests; if not, I am ready to

face the danger." He appeared in Augsburg before Cardinal Caietan, who, having been suspected of a tang of heresy himself, was thought to be expert in dealing with persons of that description. That dignitary was perfectly willing that Luther should be as heretical as he pleased, if, as the Presbyterian divine in Edinburgh said to Charles the Second, "he would only shut the windows." The enormity of the sin consisted in its being publicly known, and thereby misleading others with its example. Moreover, he could not conceive why Luther should hesitate to make this cheap and easy recantation, which would cleanse him from all guilt, without requiring the least change in his opinions. Finding the Reformer intractable, the legate argued with him; but as he found his authorities in the records of the church, and Luther took his stand on common sense and the Bible, they were hardly within speaking distance of each other.

The hearing did not lead to any satisfactory result; the Pope had already denounced the insurgent, and it was his misfortune to be infallible, while Luther was sustained by a conscientious intrepidity which not all the world could bow. Nothing could be more generous than his bearing; finding himself thus an object of persecution, he wrote to the Elector that he would by no means bring danger to his prince; that he was about to quit Germany; that, wherever he went, he should remember with never-ceasing gratitude the kind protection which had been afforded him, and he respectfully bade him farewell. When we remember how entirely alone he stood, how fearfully he was threatened, and how great were the sacrifices he was making to the truth, this conduct on his part seems as generous and high as any thing which history records. Every one capable of estimating character must dwell upon it with perfect delight; and it is a relief to find that the Elector guarded him, not by open resistance to Rome, but by requiring, with diplomatic adroitness, that he should be tried by disinterested judges; a sort of bench which he well knew it was impossible to find. Meantime, the emperor of Germany died; and the Elector of Saxony was so prominent a candidate for that high station, that the Roman court did not think it wise to come in conflict with him till the imperial question was decided; and in the interval his power was an effectual shield to all over whom it extended.

It is one of the great points of Luther's character, that he did not suffer any foresight of consequences to himself to affect his judgment and zeal for inquiry in one way or another. His mind was now dislodged from that traditional veneration on which the influence of the church depended. It was not that he was denounced and threatened, but because a rapid advance of light was taking place within him, that he began to reject the authority of the church, to treat the Pope as an erring and misguided man, and to respect nothing as sacred except so far as it was sanctioned by the word of God. In this spirit he wrote to the Holy Father with a simplicity of kindness which must have been more vexatious to that potentate than the sternest resistance to his will. "Dear Leo, I think of thee as Daniel in the pit." "O hapless Leo, to sit on that accursed throne! I speak the truth to thee, for I desire thy good." This language from a subject, however affectionate, was any thing but courtly and conciliating; and as soon as the election of emperor had been decided against the Elector and in favor of Charles the Fifth of Spain, the Pope sent forth the bull of excommunication, which, as is not unusual with curses, came back on his own head. But the day for such things was over; the spell of papal authority was broken. Though Luther's books were burnt at Rome, the bull and the books of the canon law were burnt at Wittemberg, and no man could see why the demonstration of censure in the one case was stronger than in the other. In a single year, the great head of the church had dwindled to a temporal prince; just so far as strength or policy would avail, his power would reach; beyond that narrow limit, it was no longer able to go.

There is no passage in all history which more disposes one to stand still and ponder than this. It is an example of the clear discernment and efficient application of a Christian principle, that of justification by faith; in the mechanical form of a doctrine, or stated as a Scriptural proposition, changes might have been rung upon it for ages without bringing out its hidden glory and power. But when Luther had once taken the Scriptures to his heart, as he did in the solitude and silence of the cloister, this truth, breaking through the words in which it was folded, seemed to spread and deepen till it covered the whole ground of Christian duty and filled up all his soul. Applied to indulgences, it made manifest that no

human authority could absolve from the consequences of transgression, and it was delusion to believe that any thing but repentance and reform could bring the wanderer home to God. Considered in reference to human obligations, it made clear that the quick and active conscience, divinely enlightened by the Scriptures, must be sacredly followed, let men say what they will. If any authority comes in conflict with that of Heaven, the mortal must yield to the immortal, this world in every thing give place to the other. Both with respect to civil and religious obedience, it establishes the maxim, that "the Lord is our judge, our lawgiver, and our king." No power can stand between us and Heaven; and whoever allows himself to be turned from his religious duty by any human pretension is like the seaman who mistakes clouds for headlands, and the fog-bank for a rocky shore. It is wonderful to see how one of those principles of the gospel, when received in the living letter, illuminates every region of the soul, and casts light so broad and far on the way of life, that no one can wander, if the heart is only true. We must confess, that, to our apprehension, the wonderful effects which follow the application of these Christian principles to human affairs afford the strongest evidence of the inspiration of the book in which they are found; for no suggestions of genius, no results of thought and study, have ever come within measurable distance of the power which resides in these intimations of the word of God.

Hardly had Charles become emperor of Germany, before he summoned Luther to appear before the Diet at Worms, giving him a safe-conduct for the way. For himself, he seemed to care little about the reform; but in his wars with ambitious rivals, he thought it necessary to have Rome on his side. Beyond this mark he does not seem to have cared to go; though the Spaniards, thinking they understood the wishes of their master, treated Luther with injury and disdain. The Reformer is described by a contemporary who saw him at this time, as a man of middle size, extremely emaciated, with a clear and penetrating voice; of easy and pleasant manners, entirely without severity or pride; so far from putting on the air of a martyr, he was cheerful and good-humored in all his intercourse with others. But he was fixed and unflinching in his determinations. Friends and foes both urged him not to appear before the Diet; a warning was trans-

mitted through the emperor's confessor, that, if he did, he would be burned alive ; but he made his memorable reply, signifying that nothing should prevent him, and went on in the simplicity of his heart. His appearance before the assembly was collected and commanding ; in his powerful defence, he said, that he could not defer to popes nor councils, for they were but fallible men ; but he was ready to recant, if any one would convince him that he was wrong. Till then, his conscience was a prisoner to God's word. " Here I stand ; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God ! " Leo desired the emperor to violate his pledge of safe-conduct, and the churchmen were earnest to make him an example and a warning. But this would have been too infamous to suit with Charles's honor ; and accordingly an edict was published, to take effect when his safe-conduct should have expired, depriving him of all the privileges of a citizen, forbidding any prince to harbour him, and requiring all to seize his person, that he might be dealt with according to the law.

Immediately after this appearance at the Diet, he disappeared, in consequence of the Elector's arrangement, who had him privately conveyed to the castle of Wartburg, to secure him from the machinations of his enemies. Great was the speculation what could have become of him, and there were many fears for his safety ; but he soon gave the church to understand that he was still alive, by a succession of severe and powerful writings. But this exertion of mind, while the body was at rest, led on to dyspeptic visions and sorrows, which, as usual in that day, were ascribed to Satan ; and surely, if that personage interests himself in such matters, they are precisely the sort of blessing which he would be likely to dispense to men. It was in this retirement, that he is said to have thrown his inkstand at Satan's head, in one of his unwelcome visitations ; had the appearance been real, the intruder would doubtless have preferred the effusion in that form rather than in the usual manner from the point of a pen as sharp as Luther's. But the incident only shows how soon, after times of great and active excitement, rest, which is a relief for the moment, leads on to greater internal trouble than weariness and pain can bring. It was not assaults and batteries on his own person, however, but the excesses and dissensions which the enemy was stirring up among his followers, which drove him from his retreat. When he con-

ceived that his presence was necessary to prevent confusion, forth he went, fearless as usual, paying no regard to his outlawry, passing through the territory of the Duke of Saxony, his bitter enemy, and at the hazard of displeasing the Elector by departing without his consent. The letter in which he communicated his purpose to that prince is finely illustrative of his character, uniting a grateful sense of kindness with manly independence, and a sort of high indifference to all personal consequences, which can hardly be matched in all the history of man.

"I do not hold the gospel of men, but of Heaven, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I might well have called myself his servant, and assumed the name of evangelist, as I intend doing henceforward. If I have sought to be examined, it is not that I doubted the goodness of my cause, but through deference and humility alone. Now, seeing that this excess of humility only depreciates the gospel, and that the Devil, if I yield an inch of ground, seeks to take possession of the whole, my conscience compels me to act differently. It is enough, that, to please your Electoral Grace, I have spent a year in retirement. Well does the Devil know that this was through no fears of mine. He saw my heart when I entered Worms. Had that town been filled with devils, I would joyfully have flung myself into it. Now, Duke George cannot even pass for a devil; and I leave it to your Electoral Grace whether it would not be offensive to the Father of all mercy, who bids us put our trust in Him, to fear the anger of this duke? Did God summon me to Leipsic, his capital, as He summons me to Wittemberg, I would thither (forgive the silly expression), though it should rain Duke Georges nine days on end, and each nine times more furious than he. . . . He takes Jesus Christ, then, for a man of straw. The Lord may bear with this for a time, but not always. No more will I conceal from your Electoral Grace that I have more than once besought God with tears to be pleased to enlighten the duke; and I will do so once more with all zeal, but it shall be for the last time. I also beg your Grace's own prayers, and that you would order prayers to be put up, to the end that we may turn away from him, if God so please, that fearful judgment which, alas! threatens him each day more nearly. I write this to apprize you that I am on my way to Wittemberg, under a higher protection than that of the Elector; so that I have no intention of asking your Grace's support. Nay, I even believe I shall be a better protection to the Elector than the Elector to me; and did I think that I had to trust to him, I should stay my steps. The sword is powerless here. God must act without man's interfer-

ence. He, in whom faith most abounds, will be the most efficacious protector; and, as I feel your Grace's faith to be still weak, I can by no means recognize in you him who is to protect and save me. Your Electoral Grace asks me what you are to do under these circumstances, thinking you have done little hitherto. I answer, with all submission, that your Grace has done only too much, and that you should do nothing. God desireth not all this uneasiness and turmoil about His cause; but that we should trust in Him alone. If your Grace entertain this faith, you will reap peace and security; if not, I at least will rest in faith, and shall be obliged to leave to your Grace the torment with which God punishes unbelievers. Since, then, I decline complying with your Grace's exhortations, you will be justified before God, if I am taken or am put to death. And, before men, it is my wish your Grace should act as follows: — That you be obedient to authority like a good Elector, allow the emperor to rule in his states conformably with the laws of the empire, and forbear from resisting any power which shall attack my liberty or my life; for no one ought to disarm authority or resist it, save Him who has instituted it; else 't is revolt, and against God. I only hope that they will have sense enough to discern that your Electoral Grace is too high in place to turn my jailer; so that, if you leave the doors open and insist on the recognition of the safe-conduct, should they come to seize me, you will have satisfied the calls of obedience. On the contrary, if they are unreasonable enough to order your Grace yourself to lay hands on me, I will so manage that you shall suffer on my account no prejudice in body, goods, or soul. I will explain myself, if necessary, more at length another time. I forward this, for fear of your Grace's being distressed at hearing of my arrival; for, as a Christian, I ought to comfort every one and harm none. If your Grace had faith, you would behold the wondrous things of God; but if you yet have it not, you have yet seen nothing. Let us love and glorify God for ever. Amen. Written at Borna, with my guide by me, Ash Wednesday (March 5th), 1522. Your Electoral Grace's most humble servant,

MARTIN LUTHER."

As soon as Luther had suppressed by his eloquence and moral power those wild factions which grew out of a misapprehension of the truths which he taught, he enjoyed the opportunity of holding a controversy with a crowned head, if so it may be called, when the head was by no means the most efficient part of the system; we mean with Henry the Eighth, who undertook the cause of Rome, and, to prevent his claiming something more substantial, was called by the

Pope "Defender of the Faith"; a title happily ambiguous, since it conveyed nothing concerning the talent and success with which the church had been defended. Luther, in his study of the Scripture, had not only reached the truth that every man might be his own priest, but had made the kindred discovery, that, in civil life, one man is as good as another, and, in a fair political system, a part of sovereignty should be in each one's hands, so that every one, with no authority except of his own choice above him, should be directly responsible to God. He had seen the intimation in the Bible, that the object of religion was to make all men priests and kings; of course, it was not to be expected, that, after priests ran low in his estimation, he would continue to feel any extraordinary reverence for kings, except they were also respectable men, which did not happen to be the case with Henry. We find that Luther conversed with the Elector on terms of manly equality, showing respect for his character and gratitude for his kindness, but openly professing that he felt no dependence on any earthly power. But as for "that silly-pated Duke George of Saxony," who, with other princes, had prohibited his new translation of the Scriptures in their dominions, he treated them all with indifference and disdain, not concerned in the least by any thing they could do to him, but only lamenting, that, in consequence of their folly, the next age would see "Germany swimming in blood." Shocking to royal ears must have been such language as this; neither did the truth of it make it more palatable. "Ye must know, that, from the beginning of the world, a wise prince has been rare; still more, an upright and honest one. They are generally worthless castaways, or great fools. Already there are very few princes who are not treated as idiots and fools; for the plain reason, that they show themselves such, and the people begin to have understanding." "The emperor," he said, was "a poor and wretched creature"; quite a new title to add to the announcement of Charles the Fifth. Of Henry he said, — "Here is this king of England, styling himself Defender of the Faith; the Hungarians, in their litanies, even boast of being the protectors of God. Why are there not princes to protect Jesus Christ, and others to defend the Holy Ghost? Truly, in this fashion, the Holy Trinity and the faith will be fitly guarded at last." This sort of compliment, to which he was so unused, pelting upon him in a per-

fect storm, threw Henry into a raging passion; and truly there was something in Luther's coolly contemptuous way of abusing, which, however richly deserved, a far more Christian spirit than that of the Defender of the Faith would have been at its wit's end to bear with any composure.

Up to this time, Luther had been triumphant in all his undertakings; but now the day of his perplexities began, in which he did not always appear to quite the same advantage; not for the want of clearness in his mind nor of disinterestedness and constancy in his heart; but simply because, when the old authorities were overthrown, he became the popular oracle. All manner of questions, civil and religious, were submitted to him; and how to reconcile liberty with order, and to follow the conscience in all things without treason and disloyalty, it was not always easy to tell. He found, as many who have made war on a smaller scale against ecclesiastical tyranny have had occasion to learn, that what is excellent for pulling down is not the best material for building up; the same enemy which is resistless in its march against oppressive power does not contain the self-restoring principle within it. Those who keep their ranks during the heat of the battle, as soon as the victory is sure, begin to straggle and wander at large; after declaiming against authority, it seems ungracious to exert authority; nor is it of much use, indeed, when there is no longer any consent to obey. He found that his followers began to expatiate, each at his own dear will; each had his doctrine and his psalm, and fearful was likely to be the discord when each was chanting his own. When each one was referred to his own heart for his authority, he could see no reason why he should harmonize with others; and in civil matters especially, men could not understand why, after having released themselves from popes and councils, they should bear the tyranny of feudal chiefs and kings. It is curious to see how this great man, large and liberal in his views and feelings, was driven into something like exclusiveness by the fancied necessity of setting a bound. He feared that the Reformation would be delayed and dishonored by extravagance and excess in his followers; thus, he differed with Zwingle concerning the Lord's Supper, when the views of that great Swiss Reformer were more advanced than his own. He apparently wanted sympathy with the peasants in their resistance to oppression, though

their cause was eminently just. In all this, he appears inconsistent with himself; he evidently felt embarrassment, doubting, as the liberal party when triumphant always does, whether he had not preached his liberal doctrine with too little qualification and reserve; and then, in his perplexity, setting up his restraining barriers in the wrong places; setting them up, not because they were reasonable, or the places were right, but only because it seemed that some sort of restraint was wanting. He is not greatly to be censured for this; every liberal party, when successful, finds itself, to its amazement and sorrow, in the same predicament. It seldom shines in the work of conservatism; its former sayings and doings are thrown into its teeth, occasioning not a little confusion and woe.

But with this seeming inconsistency, which in the case of Zwingle certainly was much to be deplored, nothing could be more liberal than Luther's own personal feelings. To Hausmann, the pastor of Zwickau, who inquired concerning the bounds of evangelical liberty, he said,—"Let each one follow his own lights, and each question his own conscience how to answer to the gospel." The Moravians asked about the sacrament; he replied, — "It is madness to be meddling with these matters, to the neglect of the precious concerns of salvation." As to the worship of images, he says, — "Where faith and charity are, there can be no sin either in adoring or not adoring; on the contrary, where faith and charity are not, there cannot but be one enduring sin." With respect to the exhibition of relics, — "They have been exhibited over and over again to all the world"; as to purgatory, —"It seems to be a very doubtful matter." When Spalatin asked for a ceremonial to be observed in mass, he replies, — "I implore you not to trouble yourself about small matters of this kind." With regard to the elevation of the host, — "Do just as it pleases you."

This is the language of a man who saw that nothing compared in importance with religious character, and whose spirit could not move within the narrow circle of a party. It seemed to him that some church government was necessary to preserve unity and prevent excesses; his own taste evidently leaned to what we delight to call Congregationalism, not so much, it would appear, from the expressiveness of the term, as from the pleasing melody of the sound. But, harass-

ed as he was by all manner of cares, and pressed by the force of circumstances, perhaps feeling, too, the entire want of all experience on the subject, he was obliged to move on in contradiction to his own advice, "not to throw away the old shoes till they had provided themselves with new." Those which he snatched up hastily were at best but slippers, little suited to the purpose and sadly uneasy to the feet. The effect of being thus pinched was not favorable to his temper, and the chief stains on Luther's great character grew out of this exclusiveness in systems, to which he resorted because they seemed necessary under the circumstances and at the time, while they were not the desire of his mind, not the true expression of his heart.

While it is clear that in all this Luther was disinterested and fearless, there is no denying, that, to use the cant phrase of the day, he was "in a false position"; for, on the one hand, he was maintaining the rights of liberty and conscience, and on the other, saying to those who took him at his word, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." But this was not from narrowness of understanding or selfish desire of power, but only because he saw more plainly than others the danger of excess, which might bring discredit on a holy cause, and put the Reformers in the wrong. His old friend Carlstadt, by applying the principles which he had learned of Luther, was plunging on before him. Munzer, too, was stirring up the multitudes to that demand of their rights which ended in the disastrous "Peasants' war." Seeing that they were taking the steps most likely to rivet chains and perpetuate oppression, Luther opposed them with severity; but it should not be forgotten, that, when Carlstadt's life was in danger, he came forward to shield him with the generous kindness of a friend. We cannot like him the less for his moderation, a virtue which it is easier to despise than to understand or maintain; we honor him for his unwillingness to wage an exterminating war against Rome, and even for his wish to retain some of its venerable associations. He had no patience with those breakers of images, who, in their stupid zeal, were defacing churches, and destroying more than their necks were worth of the remains of ancient art. He resisted the violent suppression of religious houses, by which so many of the poor and helpless were thrown upon the world, while the property became the prey of iron-fisted

robbers. His untenable theory of consubstantiation evidently grew out of a lingering, traditional regard for the Catholic views of the sacrament. But the other Reformers had no sympathy with these feelings; they looked on him as standing in the way of the Reformation itself; each one, therefore, poured out a vial of wrath on his head, and Luther, who was never slow in returning such compliments, defended his own position without any parade of respect for theirs. The people, however, who could not understand the necessity of metes and bounds, and thought they could not have too much of a good thing, took sides with his opposers. They could not understand his moderation; they ascribed it to fear, or some other unworthy reasons; and for a time he lost influence, as the Corinthians, not much to their honor, were at one time persuaded by one of their number that St. Paul was not a Christian.

There is something very interesting in the description of his retreat into private life. He married a beautiful girl, of noble birth, who had formerly been a nun. There had been some attachment between her and another man. Luther wrote to his rival, that Catherine had not yet overcome her regard for him, and that, if he would come and prevail with her, he could cheerfully see them united. Happily for him, he was not taken at his word, and the monk became a happy husband and father, though his resources for subsistence were at times exceedingly small. He employed himself in gardening and building a fountain; to a friend he wrote, — "Come and be crowned with lilies and roses." He interested himself also in mechanical employments; he said to a correspondent, — "The turning-tools are come to hand; I have enough for the present, except you meet with some newly invented ones which will turn of themselves, while my servant snores, or stares at the clouds." It is pleasant to see his powerful spirit submitting to the refining influence of domestic affections; pleasanter still to see that he practised the generous virtues as faithfully as when they brought him the world's applause.

When the plague entered his house, and all were sick within it, he took in those who were more unfortunate than himself, relieving the sick and adopting their fatherless children, while almost destitute of the means to support his own. Through all changes of joy and sorrow, and under the constant pressure of poverty, he was firm, genial, and unalterably

kind. When he lost his daughter Madeleine, aged fourteen, his wife wept and lamented; but he said to her, — "My dear Catherine, think where she is gone; to a certainty she has made a blessed exchange. The flesh bleeds indeed; that is our nature; but the spirit exults, and finds all as it should be." As his daughter lay before him, he exclaimed, — "I love her much; but, O my God, if it be thy will to take her, I would give her up to thee without one selfish murmur." When she was dying, he said, — "My dearest child, my own Madeleine, I know you would gladly stay with your father here, and you will be equally ready to go to your Father in heaven; will you not?" She answered, — "O, yes, dear father; as God wills." "Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He then walked up and down in a troubled manner, saying, — "Ah, yes! I have loved this dear child too much. If the flesh is so strong, what becomes of the spirit?" When she was breathing her last, he threw himself on his knees by her bedside, praying to God that he would spare her, till she expired in his arms. After her death, he said, — "My poor, dear little Madeleine, you are at rest now." Then, looking long and fixedly at her, he said, — "Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again; thou shalt shine like a star, — yes! like the sun! I am joyful in spirit, but, O, how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know that she is so certainly at rest, and yet to be so sad!"

We have given this affecting scene to show how the stormy controvertist bore himself in the quiet circle of home. It shows, that, rough and bold as he was, he abounded in manly tenderness, as faithful and contented in the bosom of his family as bold when blazing in the van of reform. Still, the suspension of his former excitement brought on his hypochondriacal distresses to such an extent, that, when sickness had brought him to the edge of the grave, he was happy in believing that his last hour was come. Those men who are great in extended spheres do not always appear to equal advantage in a small one; but Luther's bearing in distressed and humble circumstances was to the full as honorable to him as those greater efforts and sacrifices which laid the foundation of his fame.

It was found, on experiment, that Luther could do without the public better than the public could dispense with him. The course of reform, however unlike that of true love in

benignity, very much resembled it in the smoothness of its flow. In ordinary times it could spread quietly without any external agency to sustain it; but when the clouds gathered and thunders began to roll, it needed his heart of flame and nerves of iron to confront the storm. The emperor seemed to be perfectly indifferent on the subject, except so far as his own interest was concerned; in all cases he was better pleased to take what was Cæsar's than to give up what belonged to God. So long as only the Pope's authority was endangered by the changes in Germany, he looked on with great composure; but when the mutual sympathy of the German princes began to threaten his own, his moral sense would not longer suffer him to rest. The only case of conscience which he was interested to determine was, to know which side it was most politic on the whole to favor; in other words, which was likely to prove strongest in the long run. Had Germany alone been his field of action, he would have taken side with the Reformers; but as his politics embraced all Europe, the friendship of the Roman court was too important to be surrendered. It would have been a great comfort to him, could he have frightened the Reformers into silence; and on the whole, he thought it better to throw tufts of grass before he tried what virtue there was in stones. But he had no reason to boast the success of his pelting operations; for as soon as a decree had been issued to carry into effect the sentence pronounced on Luther at Worms, and to prohibit future innovations in religion, a league of princes and free cities protested against it; thus originating that word Protestant, which was then used for the first time, but which the world has since had opportunity to learn by heart.

When Charles, in pursuance of his designs, had appointed a diet of the empire at Augsburg, Luther was the soul of the Protestant party. Being under censure, he could not be present, and Melancthon was the representative of the Protestant divines. But Luther was near at hand, and his inflexible firmness held together the elements of their association against all the force and fraud that were employed to dissolve them. Their enemy was desirous to divide and conquer, while many of the more sagacious Protestants were for sinking their differences to secure their common union. But Luther knew full well, that, at such times, the boldest counsels were the wisest; that a spirit of compromise growing out of a sense

of danger was not to be trusted ; and that for each to speak his own opinion was the best way to reconcile them all. As to harmony between Catholics and Protestants, which was a fond vision of Melancthon, Luther told him plainly that it should take place only on condition that the Pope abdicated his throne. So much influence was exerted to entangle the Protestant councils, to make them responsible for the republicanism of Zwingle and the Swiss, and for the Anabaptist fanaticism, and to involve them in inconsistencies and contradictions, that nothing short of Luther's fixed determination could have maintained that confidence and union which were indispensable to the success, and even the existence, of the party ; so that even his defects of character became serviceable to the great cause which it was the business of his life to maintain. " I care not," he says, " about being accused of violence ; it shall be my glory henceforth to have it said how I rage and storm. For more than ten years I have been humbling myself, and speaking them fairly. To what end ? Only to exasperate the evil. The clowns are but the haughtier for it. Well ; since there is no longer any hope of shaking their infernal resolutions with kindness, I break with them, and will leave them no rest from my curses till I sink into the grave." This does not look precisely like the spirit of the gospel, it must be allowed. But he says, — " Yet do I keep towards all the world a kind and loving heart, and my greatest enemies themselves know it well." In many persons this would have been self-blinded contradiction ; but in him it was really true, that his ungovernable energy, however furiously expressed, never overpowered the feeling of goodwill to men. There were haste and passion, at times, enough and to spare ; but nothing like malice and revenge was ever harboured in his breast. He told Melancthon, that, if he heard of his getting on badly, he should himself be tempted " to face that row of Satan's teeth." All danger he treated with contempt, saying, — " If the emperor is disposed to publish an edict, let him." Accordingly, that potentate, whose patience grew somewhat threadbare at finding how little he was feared, prevailed on the diet to issue a decree which prohibited the future progress of reform. Luther did justice to Melancthon's admirable character and bearing, saying to him, — " Rejoice and be comforted in your Saviour ! Man of longsuffering, raise up your drooping head, for your salvation draweth nigh."

This movement on the part of the emperor tended more to provoke than to overawe the Protestants, or to restore the old religion. The chiefs who were thus threatened formed a coalition for their mutual security, not by the advice of Luther, who rigidly regarded the charge, "Put not your trust in princes," whilst he disliked the resort to force in matters of religion. They were the more busy in this, because it was understood that Duke George of Saxony, "that clown," as Luther termed him in his courtly way, had arranged a secret combination of Catholic princes, to which the emperor himself had acceded. Between this duke and Luther a constant interchange of compliments was passing, in which, it must be confessed, the grace and good manners are chiefly on the layman's side. He earnestly exhorted Luther to repentance, while Luther replied, with little reverence, — "See our little prince; and he would be respected, glorified, adored, withal! Gramercy!" The duke utterly denied the existence of any such association; but the Protestant rulers assembled at Smalkalde, formed a league for their common defence, and made application to the kings of France and England for their aid and countenance, which those sovereigns, not from love of the Reformation, but from hatred of Charles, were quite ready to bestow. Luther was accused of having instigated them to this course; he denied the charge, but said, that, if they thought it their right or their duty to resist, he should not interfere to prevent it. Whatever they did was all the same to him. Meantime, nothing was more proper than that the Papists should tremble at shaking leaves, and see phantoms of death and insurrection on every side. He intimated, that, if they should die of their fright, he should not be chief mourner. He made these declarations of his views and feelings in reply to an anonymous work, which he possibly ascribed to his friend Duke George, in which the Protestants were accused of conspiring against the Catholics, who were all for peace. He said, — "No one is to know the author of this work; well, I will remain in ignorance too. However, I will try my hand and strike upon the sack; if the blows should fall upon the ass that carries it, it will not be my fault; they were, of course, intended for the sack alone."

As this Protestant coalition was formidable in itself, and secured to itself the aid of foreign sovereigns, Charles's con-

science was visibly affected. He began to have serious doubts of the justice of persecuting heretics and upholding the old religion. With France, and England, and Denmark threatening on one side, and the Turks entering Austria on the other, he saw the duty of toleration more clearly than ever before. He therefore entered into negotiation with the Protestant princes, in which he agreed that all processes against Reformers should be suspended, and that no one should thenceforth be persecuted on account of his religion; very wise conclusions, whatever may have been the process by which he reached them. This prosperous result was primarily owing to Luther; for, though he took no part in secular arrangements, and was opposed to the exertion of civil power in matters of religion, it was evidently his determination, and the spirit of firmness which he had breathed into the Reformers, which held them together in the face of danger, and enabled them to present a front so formidable and commanding. The Protestants were brave, through their sympathy with him; it was like the enthusiasm which shoots through the heavy masses of an army, when they feel that they are fighting under their leader's eye.

It was quite obvious that Luther made himself enemies by resisting the popular tendencies, which he was expected to favor, because they grew out of an impulse which he had given to the public mind. But very little cared he for the expectations of other men, and having a clear head to discern the right, and a clear heart to follow it, he went on his way, like a decree of fate, leaving others to wonder, complain, or abuse him, as happened to suit them best. This was the case with the Anabaptists, as they were called, from their opposition to infant baptism; though the name, as often happens, gives no idea whatever of their character and opinions. Some of them carried the principles of Christian liberty to a base and unprincipled excess, and claimed exemption from all moral restraints under the name of religious privilege, till they were lost in all manner of sins. Luther told them his full opinion of them and their proceedings, which was far from complimentary. As soon as their excitement began, he said, — "There was no spark so small, but that a fire might be kindled to consume the world, if the Devil was suffered to blow it." Foreseeing the enormous crimes to which their tenets would lead them, he was ready to unite with any oth-

ers to put them down. When one considers their entire rejection of all civil authority, their open defiance of law, their shameless self-indulgence, and the invitation which they held out to every one to follow his own impulses, however sensual they might be, it is not surprising that he should have disowned them with all earnestness, lest they should be identified with the Reformation, which was new and imperfectly understood. So, indeed, it happened ; it brought great reproach on that cause, where the truth was not known. Luther was held responsible for their fanatical excesses at the same time that they were denouncing him and the Pope as brothers in tyrannical usurpation, who were to be resisted and defied by all true-hearted Christians.

But he did not fear these popular outbreaks, in which the name of reform was profaned, half so much as the injury which might come from entangling religious with political concerns, in which great zeal for Christianity is professed, while the interest of the parties is sure to carry the day. Whatever offers of patronage and protection were made on the one hand, whatever inflictions were threatened on the other, Luther held fast to his principle, with perfect indifference to their solicitations and warnings. When councils were held to reconcile the Protestants and Catholics, he knew how all such arrangements would end. When Melancthon, Bucer, and Pistorius met in conference with the Catholic divines at Worms, Luther spoke of it as a comedy which was likely to have a tragical close ; and it was found, on experiment, that, while there was a seeming approach to each other in doctrine, the effect of it was to leave the parties more dissatisfied than before ; the Protestants being disgusted with the decree of Ratisbon, which required them to cease from action till all questions were submitted to a general council, and the Pope indignant, as well he might be, at the proposal of a council which would take his business out of his hands.

These results approved the wisdom of Luther's course ; but when religion is once intertwined with worldly policy, it is not easy to separate the two. For the loss of his personal influence he does not appear to have been afflicted ; at all events, he was not the man to whine ; but he did feel strong doubts whether the work of reformation would be carried forward to victory, when "Satan, after being driven out, threatened to return in greater strength than before." He

said, — "Nobles, citizens, peasants, I might add, almost all men, think they know the gospel better than Dr. Luther, or even St. Paul himself, and they look down on pastors, or rather on the Lord and Master of pastors." "The nobles seek to govern, but know not how. The Pope knows how to govern, and does govern. The least Papist is more capable of governing than — I cry them mercy — ten of our court nobles." It is evident enough that he despaired of seeing the accomplishment of the work which he had so triumphantly begun. "The world," he said, "is like a drunken peasant; put him up in his saddle on one side, he tumbles over on the other. The world will be the Devil's." Some one said to him, that, if the world were to last fifty years, many things might yet turn up. "God forbid!" said Luther; it would be worse than all the past." These gloomy visions do not appear to have soured him so much as might have been supposed. He said, — "My only thoughts about the emperor and the empire are commending them to God in my prayers." For himself, he had no desire to linger in life where there was nothing more for him to do.

Those who wonder at so brave a spirit sinking into Millerism should remember the diseases which constantly oppressed him; the stone and vertigo are no laughing matters, and these, together with the oppression of his laborious warfare, constantly weighed him down. To the despondency originating in these complaints we may trace the impression which possessed him, that the end of the world was at hand. He said, — "I know more than you of the fatalities that await this age. The world is threatened with ruin, — the more the Devil is allowed to go up and down, the more brutish the world becomes. There is but one consolation left us; it is that the day is nigh." "I think that our Saviour will soon come to real effects; the day of judgment will soon put an end to our plans and purposes, and all other things." "The world is in its old age, and at its last gasp, and is become delirious, as often happens with the dying." At another time, he says, — "I do believe that I am the great trumpet which announces the coming of the Lord. Therefore, weak and failing as I am, and small as is the sound which I can make this world hear, my voice rings in the ears of the angels in heaven, who will take up the strain after us, and complete the solemn call." Not only did he foresee this result, but

he seemed to long for it. One day, when conversing on the subject, he happened to have a chaplet of white agates in his hand. He said, — "Good God! come with the day of judgment! God grant the day may soon come. I would eat this chaplet to have it come to-morrow." The sun which rose in cheerful brightness was setting mournfully in tears.

There is something extremely sad in the dreariness of his closing life. No man was ever more entitled to universal gratitude, and we feel as if a serene and happy evening should have followed such a hard and stormy day. But we find him saying, — "I am satiated with life, if this be life. Had I known at the beginning what enemies men are to God's word, I should certainly have been silent and held my peace." "In the whole round of life, there is nothing which gives me pleasure; I am sick of living." When he was the last time at the table of the aged Electress, she wished him forty more years of life. He answered, — "I would not have heaven on condition that I must live forty years longer." "I have nothing to do with doctors now. It seems they have settled that I am to live about a year more; so that I will not make my life a torment, but will eat and drink what I please." "I wish my adversaries would put an end to me, for now my death would be of more service to the church than my life." It must not be inferred from these expressions, that he was epicurean in the habits of his life. On the contrary, he was remarkably temperate and self-denying. There was, doubtless, in all this something of the impatience of disease; but making every abatement, it is a closing chapter in his glorious history which must awaken deep sympathy and regret in every reader's breast. It ought not so to have been. Subjects and princes should have contended with each other for the privilege and honor of smoothing his pathway to the grave.

It does not appear that his hopelessness of doing good ever induced him to suspend his labors in preaching or writing, which at every period of his life were very great. At the end of January, 1546, he attended the conferences at Eisleben, where he preached four times, and revised the ecclesiastical statutes for the earldom of Mansfield. On the 17th of February, he was so ill that his friends begged him not to go out; but he had strength to walk about the room. In the evening, he was conscious that he was passing away,

but he desired those about him to go to their usual rest for the night. Before midnight, he took a few steps about the room, when a cold perspiration came over him, which his friends hoped would relieve him; but he knew it was a sign that death was nigh. He then prayed, in the words, — "O my God! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou, the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and honored; who is persecuted by the Pope and the ungodly. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour, Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee." After this effort, he fainted; his friends succeeded with difficulty in restoring him. When one of them asked him if he died in firm reliance on the faith which he had taught, he answered clearly and distinctly, "Yes." A mortal paleness then spread itself over his countenance, the coldness of death was in his limbs, and with one deep-drawn breath he expired.

The last will of the great Reformer is worth observing. It illustrates his manly and generous character, and casts a censure upon those who are induced, by the poor consideration of property and the spirit of a Tyrian age, to bequeath a dying insult to those whom they have professed to honor and love. He left his property to his "dear and faithful wife," saying that he would not have her dependent on her children, but, on the contrary, thought it proper that her children should be dependent on her. It was right that they should be under her control, for he had often seen children, even pious children, when left independent of their surviving parent, refuse the respect and kindness which were due to the mother whom God had commanded them to obey. He said, that, whatever her future destiny in life might be, he had not a shadow of doubt that she would be an affectionate and faithful parent, sharing with them whatever she might have; nor had he any apprehension that she would ever injure those whom she had carried upon her breast. As she was the best manager of her children, he committed all with confidence to her hands. And lest the day might come, when, as was possible, she should be accused of withholding money for herself and not sharing it with them, he said, — "I pray all my friends to be witnesses of the truth, and to defend my

dear Catherine, if this should happen. I certify that we have neither ready money nor treasure of any kind. This need surprise no one, when it is considered that we have had no other income than my stipend and a few presents, and that we have gone to the charge of building, and have borne the expenses of a large household. I look on it as a particular mercy from God, which I thank him for without ceasing, that we have had sufficient for our wants, and that our debts are not greater." This will was drawn up some time before his death; and whoever sees the inconvenience and suffering which often come from the criminal neglect to make a will, and the manner in which many indulge their caprice and selfishness in what should be the discharge of a solemn duty, will earnestly wish that the rights of the wife should be better secured by law, and that such examples as this should prevent her being treated with that want of confidence which is too often avenged by what Sir Thomas Brown calls "formal mourning, scenical sadness, and no wet eyes at the grave."

In giving this slight sketch of the history of a man who is more generally known than understood, we cannot say that we have been much indebted to the work before us, which is a fragmentary, or rather piecemeal, collection of scraps from Luther's letters and other writings, connected by a slender thread of narrative, and not arranged in judicious order. But any account, however unedifying, must present the great features of his character, and show that his strength of mind, which was great, was exceeded by his strength of heart. No man ever surpassed him in manly determination; the greatest chiefs of armies never had more collected courage and decision; when he was once sure of his ground, there was no power on the earth nor beneath it which could force him back a single inch from the place where he stood. His mind was one which took fast hold of the subject before him; he saw it clearly and with sharp outlines from a single point of view; and this concentration was more favorable, perhaps, to singleness of effort, than if, with more philosophical and extended comprehension, he had followed it in all its relations and bearings. He did not see those objections which would make others ponder; he had none of those intellectual doubts and misgivings which prevent many thoughtful minds from advancing. He knew that he meant to be

right, and he had no doubt that he was right; after that, the suggestions of friends and the defiance of enemies had no more effect than the resistance of the elements to detain the steam-ship on her out-bound way. Had he been more enlarged in thought, and less a man of action, he could never have removed the mountains of power and prejudice which rose before him; the dark mountains on which the feet of earlier Reformers had so often stumbled and been lost. We cannot say, that, apart from the single subject to which he devoted his life, his views and opinions seem of the highest value. His conversation, as recorded, does not indicate an unusual grasp or profoundness of thought; and the truth evidently is, that his mind was so much engaged in active service, that he had neither time nor heart for those more contemplative efforts which enlarge the boundaries of thought, and lead to those intellectual disclosures which illuminate the path of duty. His activity of mind, however, was unceasing; and as he poured forth his writings in his mother tongue, instead of the classical language which was then generally employed by learned men, his quickening suggestions were thrown into the hearts and understandings of all his countrymen; thus preparing the way for one of the most stupendous movements which this world ever saw, and which, though it had been prayed for, foreseen, and earnestly anticipated by others, was carried forward to victory by him alone.

Most writers who have occasion to speak of Luther are apparently quite as much struck with his infirmities as with his virtues. But these infirmities did not lie deep in his character; they affected his manners, perhaps, but were not in his day considered as any subject of reproach. Erasmus, with whom he had so much sharp controversy, said of Luther, that "his morals were unanimously praised; and it was the highest testimony man could have, that even his enemies could find in them nothing to censure." And when we find Luther wishing that he was "as eloquent and gifted as Erasmus," it does not seem as if their severity in disputation came from the fountains of the heart. Melancthon, the highest possible authority, said, that whoever had seen Luther often and familiarly must allow that he was a most excellent man, "gentle and agreeable in society, not in the least obstinate nor given to disputation. If he ever showed any great severity in combating the enemies of the true doctrine,

it was from no malignity of nature, but from ardor and enthusiasm for the truth." In these respects, he seems to have been very much like the English Johnson, who did not convey to those around him the same impression of stern roughness with which biographers have invested him, and who, with all his infirmities of temper and manner, will always, by his melancholy majesty, command the reverence of men. Like him, too, Luther was unbounded in his liberality to the poor, to whom he gave not only his money, but assistance of every description, particularly in maintaining their rights, when they were wantonly invaded. We find him declining favors offered by the Elector and other friends, saying, that, rather than accept so much kindness for himself, he would prefer to feel at liberty to apply to them in behalf of others. Under the afflictions of life, of which he suffered many, and, among others, "the serpent's tooth" of having a thankless child, he maintained a grateful spirit, never insensible to what he enjoyed in his sorrow for that which was wanting. Besides the refining influence of these great and habitual virtues, he was no stranger to the graces of life. For musical taste and science he was eminent; in reading and writing poetry he greatly delighted; in all the elegant arts he was deeply interested, though he had not much leisure to give to them. It is clear that such a man could not be the half-savage he is sometimes represented. So far from it, he stands among the foremost of the sons of light; but even the star, if it came down from its throne in heaven, would lose half its glory in the dust and darkness of the world below.

The writer of this work acknowledges that his sympathies are with the church of Rome rather than with the Reformers; if it be so, he has certainly shown most unusual impartiality. But he could not be expected to enter into the spirit of the times, nor, indeed, to comprehend the character of Luther in its relation to the wants of his age. But in the present day, when the great Reformer has so many burlesque imitators, so superfluous and excessive in their ambition to be like him that they are in danger of making the world forswear philanthropy and reform so long as it lives, it may be well to afford mankind a true account of his powers and virtues, which certainly shows, that, with some occasional roughness of speech and manner, he was consistent and, what is more, universal in his kindness of heart. Let those who would be

like him, then, avoid his failings, by recalling which they injure his memory. Let them imitate his manly courage and martyr-like self-devotion, never forgetting, that submission to the authority of conscience was the law of his life, and that his resistance to all authority which came in conflict with conscience was the great service which gave him glory in the sight of God and man. Surely, if he could maintain his genial kindness in times of violence and danger, it should not be hard to hold fast the crown of humanity in times when the Luther has only to suffer comfortably by his fireside, when the greatest cross he has to bear is the world's indifference, and when, though he longs for them as for hidden treasures, he cannot find the least prospect of a martyr's sentence and a bloody grave.

ART. VIII. — *A Practical Treatise on Ventilation.* By MORRILL WYMAN. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 419.

CLOSED rooms and the heat of fires are essential to the comfort of the inhabitants of New England during about eight months in the year. The great cost and labor required for maintaining these fires have produced constant efforts to improve the apparatus and render the methods of warming more economical. The old fireplace, which formed the sitting-room of a large part of the family, in the days of our ancestors, was long ago abandoned for the improved forms introduced by Franklin and Rumford. These again have passed away, and new arrangements of stoves, grates, and furnaces have succeeded each other, during the last fifty years, with a rapidity which, although it has often outrun improvement, has in the main greatly advanced the economy of warming houses, and given great comfort to all classes of people. Heat alone, however, is not all that is necessary to our comfort, or even health, in winter. Without a constant supply of pure air, consisting of those proportions of oxygen, nitrogen, and aqueous vapor which nature has combined in the common atmosphere, we can expect neither a healthful body

nor a vigorous mind. Now, it unfortunately happens, that a supply of this pure air, or the *ventilation* of rooms of every kind, is necessarily adverse to the most economical methods of heating them, and it is a matter of no small difficulty to combine an efficient ventilation with a moderate consumption of heat. Even in cases where mere expense has been disregarded, and the attention has been confined solely to producing a temperate and pure atmosphere, success has not always followed the efforts of those men whom of all others we should consider most competent to direct works of this kind. To show this it is sufficient to mention the failure of Sir H. Davy, in 1811, in his attempt to ventilate the House of Lords. But if the subjects of warming and ventilating be not yet so thoroughly understood as could be desired, we are certainly advancing in our knowledge of them, by a more complete investigation and publication of the laws and principles on which they are founded. Besides the treatise just published by Dr. Wyman, of which it is our purpose to give a more particular account in this article, we have had, heretofore, several very excellent works, particularly those by Mr. Tredgold and Dr. Reid.

The latter of these gentlemen has been rendered somewhat conspicuous by his labors in warming and ventilating the Houses of Parliament, and by the cry which has been opened upon him, in various forms, from the English press. Whatever may be said of his practical efforts, his book bears ample testimony to his very competent knowledge of the subject upon which he is engaged. But he is evidently an enthusiast, and, like most other enthusiasts, a man of a single idea. Ventilation is, with him, about all that is necessary in life. Food and clothing are insignificant, compared to it. The Lords and Commons are to meet in their new palace, not so much to make laws and govern the kingdom, as to enjoy the comfort of a perfect ventilation. Hence, all architectural design and arrangement are to be rendered subservient to this end. Carrying his notions to this ridiculous extent, we cannot wonder that he has failed to obtain credit with judicious men, who, however they may hereafter use his work when in search of facts, will not yield to his opinions the weight of an authority.

The work by Dr. Wyman is not less complete and full than that either of Tredgold or Reid ; and in some points it

is much more so. It is very judiciously arranged. The plan which he has followed, according to the Preface, has been, —

"First, to describe the laws and properties of gases generally; especially the law of their diffusion, so important in its influence upon ventilation.

"Secondly, the chemical and physical properties of the atmosphere.

"Thirdly, the processes by which atmospheric air may become vitiated; particularly the processes of respiration and combustion, and the nature of the gases produced by them.

"Fourthly, the means by which impurities, whether chemical or mechanical, may be removed from atmospheric air.

"Fifthly, the principles of the movements induced in air by heat, especially those occurring in apartments and in chimneys.

"Sixthly, the moving power best adapted to ventilation, and the quantity and qualities of the air which should be supplied.

"Lastly, the mechanical arrangements best adapted to effect the ventilation of the various structures to which they are applied." — pp. vi., vii.

The first part of the volume, which contains an account of the physical and chemical properties of the atmosphere, as a necessary introduction to the more practical parts of the work, is very full and satisfactory, and shows Dr. Wyman's familiar acquaintance with the discoveries of modern science. But as we intend that the work shall speak for itself, we commence with the following extract of a curious computation, made by Dumas, showing the sufficiency of the supply of oxygen in the atmosphere.

"The air which surrounds us weighs as much as 581,000 cubes of copper, 3,273 feet by the side; its oxygen equals in weight 134,000 of these same cubes. Supposing the earth peopled with a thousand million men, and animals equivalent to three thousand million of men, they would not together consume in a century a weight of oxygen equivalent to sixteen of these cubes of copper, while the air contains 134,000 of them. It would require 10,000 years for this number of men to produce a sensible effect on the eudiometer of Volta, even supposing all vegetable life annihilated!" — p. 7.

Of the following facts and instances relating to combustion, some are new, and those which are not so will bear to be again examined.

"A pint of oil when burned produces a pint and a quarter of water; a pound of gas, more than two and a half pounds of water.

"An Argand gas-burner, in a shop-window, will produce in four hours two and a half pints of water, which may be condensed upon the goods, the window, or any other cold substances.

"The Argand burner of the Boston Gas Company with twenty-two holes will produce in four hours, when burning at the rate of four feet per hour, twenty-two ounces, or a pint and six ounces, of water, and four feet of carbonic acid, which will render *four hundred* cubic feet of atmospheric air unfit for respiration.

"A pound of oil produces 2.86 pounds of carbonic acid, and consumes the oxygen contained in 13.26 cubic feet of atmospheric air.

"A pound of coal-gas produces 2.56 pounds of carbonic acid, and consumes 4.25 cubic feet of oxygen, which is equivalent to that contained in 21.25 cubic feet of atmospheric air. For every cubic foot of gas burned, an equal quantity of carbonic acid is produced, and renders, according to Leblanc, 100 cubic feet of air unfit for respiration.

"As an illustration of the demand for air to produce efficient lighting, we may mention the following. In the vestry of a meeting-house in Boston, some years since, great complaint was made of the impurity of the oil used; it burned well for a time, when the lamps grew dim, and continued to grow more so through the evening. The sexton was directed to procure better; he tried many kinds, but all to no purpose. He had noticed, however, that, the longer he was compelled to remain after the services, and listen to the complaints of the aggrieved, the better his lamps burned, which was soon interpreted to mean the improvement of the air consequent upon the opening of the doors and the departure of the audience." — pp. 65 – 67.

The annoyance experienced in cities from smoke has always been complained of as very serious. So great is this grievance in London, that a member of parliament, a few years since, declared in his place, that it was well known that it had rendered the city uninhabitable. It has not yet attained to this formidable height with us, and probably the more general use of anthracite and wood than of bituminous coal will preserve us from the fate of London. Still, some method for burning smoke, where bituminous coal is used, especially in manufactories, has long been desired, and often attempted. If it has not yet been fully accomplished, the way seems at last to have been opened to it; and the following extract will indicate the principles involved, and the most successful practical results yet attained.

"We have already spoken of the great nuisance of the smoke of bituminous coal, as usually burnt in large cities. A great variety of modes have been invented and patents taken out for the consumption of smoke, but, until a short time, they have all been contrived upon a wrong principle. It has been supposed that it is only necessary to heat the smoke to a certain temperature to consume it, and if it is not consumed, it is because the requisite heat had not been attained. For this reason it was proposed, and the proposition was for a long time practised upon, to place the new coal in front, near the door, and allow the gases to be driven off over the hot coals and burn. This was Mr. Watt's plan; he admitted a quantity of atmospheric air where the coal was undergoing the process of coaking, but never sufficiently diffused to mingle with the gases and accomplish their complete combustion; even if they were transformed into carbonic acid, still, in passing over the incandescent fuel beyond, that carbonic acid would dissolve a portion of carbon and again become carbonic oxide. This plan was not successful, nor were any others which were formed upon the same principle.

"An Argand lamp without a chimney will burn without smoke, if the wick be kept low; but on raising it to a certain point, it smokes; if now the chimney be put on, the smoke no longer appears; it is not produced. In the first case, the volatilized carbon and disengaged hydrogen, into which the oil is converted, do not meet with sufficient air at a proper temperature until they have risen so high that they have become too cold to burn; in the second case, this amount of air is supplied at the right place, and the red-hot vapor of carbon unites with it and becomes invisible carbonic acid. This is precisely the principle upon which smoke is to be prevented in furnaces. Soft or bituminous coal is composed essentially of carbon and hydrogen, which, with a certain amount of heat, are disengaged as gases, and, if a proper amount of oxygen is supplied, and of a proper temperature, they unite with it and are consumed. If these facts are kept in view, it will be seen that smoke can be prevented as readily in the furnace as in the Argand lamp. If the air is introduced in too large quantity, or at too low a temperature, the gases are cooled, and smoke appears. In these cases, it is found necessary to admit the air heated to a proper temperature, without allowing it to come in contact with the fuel, and entirely separated from that which passes through the grate, that it may retain its full amount of oxygen up to the moment it mingles with the gases.

"It has been supposed that the admission of air would cool the furnace and diminish the amount of steam; but this is found not

to be the case when so regulated as just to consume the smoke, as will be seen in the following results of experiments by Mr. H. Houldsworth. The kinds of coal used were Knowles's Clifton coal, a free-burning kind, which does not cake, and produces a considerable quantity of ashes; and Barker and Evans's Oldham coal, a slow-burning, rich, caking coal, containing little ashes.*

"*Steam produced in a given Time.*

No air admitted,	Coal thrown upon fire,				230 lbs.	100
No air,	"	"	"	"	460 "	109
53 square inches of air,	"	"	"	"	230 "	132
Air regulated to consume all smoke,	"	"	"	"	230 "	134
53 square inches of air,	"	"	"	"	460 "	140

Showing that the admission of air increases the amount of steam produced in a given time from 30 to 40 per cent." — pp. 105 – 107.

If it be difficult, with our present apparatus and methods of using fuel in our houses, to obtain all the economical advantages which would be possible from the combustion of smoke, we may obtain an equivalent for this waste, in saving our heat by an arrangement of double windows. Although we now and then see this arrangement adopted, we are confident that it deserves to be brought into more general use; and we have often wondered, that, with the laudable disposition to avoid all unnecessary expense, which is so general amongst our people, this simple fixture has been so much neglected. We know that the objection has sometimes been made to it, that the air of rooms thus guarded becomes less pure; that it preserves the heat mainly by preventing the escape of the warm, or the entry of the cold air. This is altogether a mistake, as the single window, if well fitted, prevents the passage of air, but fails to retain the heat, which can pass through a thin wall of glass with great facility. The non-conducting power of the double window, on the contrary, is well described by Dr. Wyman in the following paragraph.

"When a cold window makes a part of one of the walls, a constant current of cold air descends along it, which is often mistaken for that which enters the window from without; but it will exist without that, and cannot be prevented by closely fitted sashes, or any care in calking their crevices. The unpleasant effect of this fall of air from a number of large windows, as in churches, and their great influence in lowering the temperature of the room, are much greater than is usually supposed, especially in buildings

* Minutes of Evidence of Committee on the Smoke Nuisance, p. 122.

heated by warmed air, where the walls do not feel the influence of radiated heat. In our New England climate, where the temperature not unfrequently approaches zero, and is often below the freezing point, there would be a vast saving of heat, if our churches, court-rooms, and other public buildings, could be preserved from this cooling process. This can be done by means of double windows, fitting closely, and inclosing between them a quantity of air. Air, as is well known, transmits heat only by a change of position among its particles; each particle may receive a portion of heat from a heated body, and, by coming in contact with another less heated body, communicate its heat to it, but not otherwise. One particle never communicates its heat to another particle. Hence, if glass, or any other material which transmits light, be placed at two or three inches' distance from the glass, the inner sash will be kept warm, the circulation of the air between the sashes going on slowly; consequently, less heat will escape from the room. If this same arrangement were introduced into the walls of the room, and the transmission of air between them cut off at two or three levels in each room, or even if the communication between the different stories were completely cut off at the floor and ceiling, great good would result.* In buildings in which a complete system of ventilation is established, these windows should, as suggested by Count Rumford, be kept up both summer and winter. We say a complete system of ventilation, for, under such a system, windows would be required for the admission of light only, never for the admission of air. Double windows would, under such circumstances, in summer prevent the transmission of heat inwards, as in winter they prevent its transmission in the opposite direction. Glass is not necessary in the construction of double windows, where we require only a diffused light; white cotton, stretched upon a suitable frame, and rendered impervious to air by linseed oil or other preparations, will answer equally well for preserving heat, and be much less expensive." — pp. 125 – 127.

* "Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Cambridge, Mass., has adopted this principle in a brick ice-house which he has lately erected. The building is 198 feet long by 177 wide, and 40 feet high; the walls are 4 feet in thickness at the bottom, and 3 feet 6 inches at the top, including within their thickness two air-spaces. A triple wall is thus formed, the inner and outer being 8 inches in thickness, and that making the division between the two air-spaces 4 inches. The air-spaces are subdivided in portions of 6 feet in length and 5 in height; the first division being formed by bricks, and the second by planks resting on bricks projecting from the sides, and covered with dry tan. At the top and bottom of the building the air-spaces are made perfectly tight by masonry. The transmission of heat by the movement of the air is thus prevented, and the greater part of that which finds its way to the ice is by the radiation of the walls."

In any system of ventilation established and practised upon rational principles, it seems necessary first to determine what quantity of air is requisite to each individual in a given time. It would seem that the ration of air, the food to the lungs, might be assigned, like the ration of bread and meat, the food of the stomach, and although we might be required sometimes to content ourselves with a short allowance, it would be well to know what constitutes a full supply. To determine this question, various estimates and observations have been made, which exhibit widely discordant results. Dr. Arnott will be content with two or three cubic feet a minute; while the supply sometimes required in the House of Commons has been sixty feet a minute for each person. These extremes exhibit the difference between necessity and luxury. The smaller quantity will support life for the time, but with a constant feeling of discomfort and strain upon the health, while the larger gives a good tone to the body and a free flow to the spirits.

In cold weather, and it is then only that the amount of air need be limited, it will always be found, that, however large a quantity we may desire, we must bound ourselves by our wealth. The supply of heat required to warm a room is in proportion to the supply of fresh air admitted to it. Thus, while the rich may enjoy open flues and hot-air furnaces, those of more moderate means must content themselves with less costly modes of warming their rooms, and continue to use their atmosphere, as they do their garments, as long as possible.

It appears that the cost of high ventilation does not end with heating the air; for it has been found that a larger supply of food is consumed by a person kept constantly in a fresh atmosphere, than by one having less change of air. The following cases given by Dr. Wyman are in point.

"In a weaving-mill near Manchester, where the ventilation was bad, the proprietor caused a fan to be mounted. The consequence soon became apparent in a curious manner. The operatives, little remarkable for olfactory refinement, instead of thanking their employer for his attention to their comfort and health, made a formal complaint to him that the ventilator had increased their appetites, and therefore entitled them to a corresponding increase of wages! By stopping the fan a part of the day, the ventilation and voracity of the establishment were brought to a

medium standard, and complaints ceased. The operatives' wages would but just support them; any additional demands by their stomachs could only be answered by draughts upon their backs, which were by no means in a condition to answer them.

"In Edinburgh a club was provided with a dinner in a well ventilated apartment, the air being perfumed as it entered, imitating in succession the fragrance of the lavender and the orange-flower. During the dinner the members enjoyed themselves as usual; but were not a little surprised at the announcement of the provider, that they had drunk three times as much wine as he had usually provided. Gentlemen of sober, quiet habits, who usually confined themselves to a couple of glasses, were not satisfied with less than half a bottle; others, who took half a bottle, now extended their potations to a bottle and a half. In fact, the hotel-keeper was drunk dry. That gentlemen who had indulged so freely were not aware of it at the time is not wonderful; but that they felt no unpleasant sensations the following morning, which they did not, is certainly quite so." — pp. 179, 180.

To understand the effect of any arrangement for producing or aiding ventilation, it is necessary to become familiar with the laws which govern the movements of air.

"The movement of the air has been called by Dr. Reid, according to the means by which it is brought about, the *plenum*, the *vacuum*, and the *mixed movement*. Giving here merely the general principles upon which they act, a description of the means by which these movements are kept up will be deferred to a subsequent chapter.

"By *plenum movement* is meant the circulation produced by air forced in from without by the wind, or any mechanical power. Every part of the room so ventilated is subjected to a slight pressure, and air escapes through all doors, flues, and crevices; it is one of the advantages which attend this mode of ventilation, that there are no indraughts whatever except through the proper channels. The wind-sails used for the ventilation of ships act upon the principle of the plenum movement, the moving power being derived from the wind blowing upon the large open mouth of the air-channel. The force of the wind, acting upon a cowl turned towards it, is frequently made use of in the ventilation of buildings; and where it is combined with another in the opposite direction, with a good wind, is quite efficient. But as we cannot depend upon the constant and sufficient action of the wind, and as it has no effect in calm weather, when we require it most, other and mechanical means must be provided. In almost all cases, air vitiated by living beings, except in the very hottest

weather, is warmer than that into which it is poured. In winter, it is very much warmer; and hence, when a sufficient outlet is afforded in the ceiling, an important moving power is obtained, aiding the plenum movement; we seldom make use of a plenum movement solely.

"The *vacuum movement* takes place where we produce a difference of pressure, whether by heat applied at the bottom of a chimney, or by mechanically pumping out the air, the external atmosphere rushing in to supply its place. The reverse of the plenum movement, there is in this a pressure of air in at all windows, open doors, and flues not connected with the moving power. It is therefore a matter of great importance to the successful operation of this plan, that the windows should never be opened, and the doors as little as possible. This movement, produced by heat, is the most natural and simple, and is observed as well in the great movements on the surface of the globe as in the operations of the arts. It is the only means ordinarily employed in private houses, and by far the most common in public buildings.

"The *mixed movement* is produced by a combination of the means just mentioned; the vacuum movement being induced by a chimney, and the inward pressure, with its inconveniences, obviated by the propulsion of the requisite quantity of air. It is undoubtedly by a nice adjustment of this mode of ventilation, that the most perfect system may be produced. When a large number of persons are crowded together in a small space, the quantity of air required for their comfort is greatly increased; and unless a corresponding increase in the exhausting power is provided, — and this is accompanied with an increased inconvenience from the pressure inwards at the doors, — mechanical means must be resorted to to make up the deficiency." — pp. 131 – 133.

"In examining the ventilating arrangements of a room, the smoke from gunpowder burnt in a spoon will be found very convenient; it need not be in sufficient quantity to heat the air materially, and yet will show the various currents in different parts of the room at the same instant. If exploded over the register in the floor for admitting air from the hot-air furnace in common use, the current will be found to rise rapidly to the ceiling, along which it will flow towards the walls, descending by these slowly, by the cold windows more rapidly, approach the register, and a part be again drawn into the ascending current. The various currents from windows and doors, if examined by this process, will be found to follow the course we have pointed out in the preceding illustrations. A fine thread of silk has been frequently used for the same purpose, but it will be found better adapted to

the examination of single currents than those complications which are usually found in a room." — p. 140.

Such are the movements or modes of ventilation which are to be applied under all varieties of circumstances, and modified to suit the size and height of the room, the method of heating it, and the use to which it is subject. Of rooms for public use, where large numbers assemble, churches are generally the least difficult to ventilate, as the audiences are rarely large in proportion to the size of the building, and the assembly seldom continues more than an hour and a half; a time so short, that a few flues or openings in the ceiling, and a supply of air from a Wakefield furnace, or hot-air stove, are sufficient to correct the effect of all noxious gases.

The air of lecture-rooms is commonly more oppressive than that of churches, as the audiences are more crowded, the ceiling lower, and the lecturer often overestimates his ability to interest his hearers, and holds them together more than his legal hour. As it is not often in our power to adopt the *plenum movement* in a lecture-room, great care should be used, when such rooms are designed and built, to provide large flues in the walls, or openings in the ceilings; which should be assisted by cowls to produce a constant flow from the room.

School-rooms, occupied, for several hours in succession, by persons of tender years and requiring every aid from external circumstances to fortify their health and assist their growth, need a high degree of ventilation. Children are not readily sensible of the presence of foul odors or a suffocating atmosphere. Hence, they may receive much injury in their health from bad ventilation, without complaint. Cold is immediately painful to them, and they will take care to let their sufferings be known. They are therefore better pleased with unwholesome air at a high temperature, than with pure air if at all chilly. But they should be exposed to neither; for it is impossible that the object for which schools are instituted can be well attained without an invigorating atmosphere, which gives clearness to the mind as well as strength to the body.

As the number of scholars who assemble in one room rarely amounts to a hundred, there can be no difficulty in providing a sufficient ventilation for them, if it be taken into consideration and made part of the design when the school-

house is built. If then neglected, especially if the building be divided into stories, and occupied by different schools or classes, so many difficulties may be found in adding flues for ventilation, that they will most likely be for ever wanted. Dr. Wyman has given the subject of school-rooms particular attention in his treatise, not only in relation to ventilation, but in respect to various other conditions which affect the health and comfort of both scholars and instructers.

Of all rooms for large assemblages, the chambers or halls used by deliberative bodies are the most difficult to ventilate. The complaints constantly made of the close and uncomfortable atmosphere of our legislative chambers are known to every body. This is to be attributed solely to these assemblies continuing together during many consecutive hours, so that, if there be any excess in the production of noxious over the supply of pure air, it has time to accumulate, while the members of the assembly, from want of exercise, and sometimes from the prosy and unsatisfactory character of the debates, are rendered particularly sensitive to the annoyance. The amount of fresh air required for a House of Representatives or a House of Commons is enormous. It is in warming and ventilating the British House of Commons, that Dr. Reid has found it so difficult to give satisfaction to the public.

This gentleman was employed by the government, after the destruction by fire of St. Stephen's chapel, formerly used by the Commons, to warm and ventilate the rooms temporarily provided for parliament. It was intended, likewise, to make such experiments with these rooms, as should lead to a more perfect mode of heating and ventilating the new Houses of Parliament, then erecting. Funds without limit appear to have been placed at his command, and on his part, he seems to have disregarded all complexities in the construction, and all attendant difficulties of derangement from neglect or any other cause. He has made the chamber a part of a chemical apparatus, and the air and the Commons are substances to be operated upon by it. The air is strained, washed, heated, and again moistened; and then it is sent, in definite quantities, always under control, to combine with the members. Thermometers and observers are placed wherever they can be useful, and one would suppose that all that can be effected by *science* to render the house comfortable had been done. Still, such is the diversity of sensa-

tion in different members, that Dr. Reid complains, that, when the House first met, after the ventilating arrangements were made, one of the members exclaimed, as he hurried to the door, "The temperature is rising; we shall be suffocated immediately"; and in a moment or two, he was followed by a second who said, "I am shivering with cold, I can bear this house no longer." He found, moreover, that the same individuals differ materially in their feelings at different times. Occasionally it has been found necessary, in order to suit the fluctuating orders of the members, to make from fifty to one hundred changes in the quantity and quality of the air in a single night. In general, the members require air of a higher temperature before dinner; after dinner an increased quantity of air at a moderate temperature. Moreover, it is found necessary, in protracted sittings, as the time advances to two, three, four, and five o'clock, in the morning, gradually to increase the temperature to stimulate the exhausted constitution, except when the excitement of the debate is extreme. The greatest supply is needed in autumn, when the air is moist, the wind light, and the barometer low. With a crowded house, fifty thousand feet a minute are required to render the atmosphere comfortable.

The various experiments made by Dr. Reid, and the knowledge obtained from their results, led a committee, charged with the subject, in 1841, to recommend the following plan for ventilating the new Houses of Parliament.

"The air, according to this proposed plan, is to be taken from a height of 200 feet, by two towers, the clock-tower and the Victoria tower, which are to be situated at opposite extremities of the immense pile of buildings constituting the new Houses of Parliament. The design in taking air from this great height, and from two sources, is to escape the various impurities which usually exist near the surface of the earth, and to use one or the other source, as the wind may drive smoke or impure air towards the other. From these towers the air is conducted to a basement story, between the foundation walls, which extends under the whole building. This immense area is expected to afford, in warm weather, a magnificent reservoir of cool air for the supply of the halls above. In the basement, also, is to be placed the warming apparatus, the mechanical power, and all the horizontal flues connecting with the upright flues conducting to the various apartments.

"After the air has been properly tempered in the basement, it

is to be allowed to ascend into the public hall above, and into the committee-rooms. In the committee-rooms, the air entering which is to be only moderately warmed, are to be open fires, fed by coke or other smokeless fuel. All the ventilating and smoke-flues of these apartments, to the number of about 400, are to be carried upon a fire-proof floor under the roof to a ventilating tower or spire over the central octagonal hall. This tower, which is to be 250 feet above Trinity high-water mark, is to be the sole egress and the principal moving power to the whole system.

"Provision is to be made in this tower for making a fire, if it shall be found necessary; but it is hoped that the plenum movement derived from the natural current of the wind, by which the air is forced inwards, aided by the rarefaction of the air, when heated in the various apartments, by which it flows outwards, will, in most cases, produce a sufficient ventilating current in the lofty tower. When the Houses are much crowded, it is intended to make use of mechanical means to propel the air, and prevent indraughts at the doors.

"As the large halls are used in the evening only, and the committee-rooms in the day-time, it is proposed to use upon the committee-rooms the same power which at other times would be devoted entirely to the halls.

"The following is the estimate of the expense of the warming and ventilating arrangements of these buildings, machinery being provided to assist solely in the ventilation of the Houses proper.

1. Air-flues under the basement, &c., and under all the floors, including the vaulting of the basement, and communicating channels in the roof, leading to the central shaft, ...	£ 12,320
2. Apparatus for warming, purifying, propelling, and regulating the admission of the air, . . .	12,000
3. The central shaft, ...	20,000
4. Fire-proof floor under the roof, to simplify the general construction of the flues, and permit them to be discharged by a central shaft, . . .	20,680
Total, ...	£ 65,000"

— pp. 236–238.

To pass from these great and expensive works to the more simple, though more important, matter of ventilating private houses in connection with warming them; the great principle laid down by Dr. Wyman should always be borne in mind, namely, that the greatest economy in warming can-

not be combined with the most perfect ventilation. They are things incompatible with each other. To produce a sufficient ventilation with the least possible waste of heat must, therefore, be the measure of excellence aimed at.

The heating apparatus now in common use with us may be arranged under three kinds. The open fireplace or grate; the close stove, or a vessel or system of pipes containing hot water or steam, placed in the room occupied by the family; and the apparatus for hot air, in whatever form it may be constructed. Where the open fireplace or grate is used, it must always be accompanied by a good ventilation; as the flow of air to the chimney, above and by the side of the fire, must be attended by an equal flow of fresh air from without. With the wide fireplaces and open flues, such as were used by the early settlers in New England, the ventilation was in such excess, that the temperature of the room could never be raised much above that of the external air. The model of this old fireplace and chimney was probably brought from England by the Puritans, where it had lately been substituted for the more simple hole in the roof, in the dwellings of the common people; as Holinshed says that old men, in his time, mentioned the great increase of three luxuries since their remembrance, namely, glass windows and chimneys to their houses, and pillows to their heads.

The introduction of the close stove was an immense advance from the open fireplace, even after it had been improved by narrowing it to its smallest dimensions, in giving a comfortable temperature to rooms; while it has been attended with the great evil of rendering the ventilation imperfect. Used as it sometimes now is, under the name of the air-tight stove, in a close room, it cannot fail to be most pernicious to the health of all exposed to it. The mode of warming by hot water or steam held in vessels or pipes within the occupied room may be subject to the same abuse. Should this method of warming houses be improved and extended, as we think it not unlikely it will be, some flue or aperture should always be provided for ventilation; otherwise, it will become quite as injurious as the air-tight stove.

The system of warming by hot air, whether the air be heated immediately by the furnace, by water, or by steam-pipes, is one of the greatest improvements in domestic comfort of the last twenty years. The furnace is a ventilating

as well as heating apparatus, and it is only necessary to provide for a sufficient evaporation of water, to be introduced with the air, to render the atmosphere of a room always comfortable and healthy. Those to whom the sight of an open fire is pleasant, and who are not willing to abandon the domestic hearth, may use hot air for their halls, entries, and many other rooms, and retain the fireplace and its accessories in their sitting-rooms ; and this combination furnishes the most perfect method of warming and ventilating now known.

The peculiarities of the foregoing systems of warming and ventilating are fully described and examined by Dr. Wyman ; and as it is our purpose rather to call attention to his work, than to furnish a treatise of our own, we may here close our notice with again recommending his book for the sound judgment, accurate science, and good taste which everywhere pervade it.

Art. IX. — *Memoirs, Official and Personal ; with Sketches of Travels among the Northern and Southern Indians ; embracing a War Excursion, and Descriptions of Scenes along the Western Borders.* By Thomas L. M'Kenney, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Author of The History of the Indian Tribes of North America, &c., &c. Two volumes in one. [Title to Vol. II. *On the Origin, History, Character, and the Wrongs and Rights of the Indians, with a Plan for the Preservation and Happiness of the Remnants of that Persecuted Race.*] New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 340, 136.

The purpose and spirit of this book place it aside from the technical canons of criticism. It is the tribute of a sincere philanthropist to a cause to which he has given not fair words alone, but the substantial efforts and costly sacrifices of many years. Yet, in a merely rhetorical point of view, the work has no need to intrench itself upon its moral rights, and evade criticism. Without art or ostentation, it possesses great merits of style. Its narrative is the plain, straightforward, unsophisticated story of a man of strong

sense, true refinement, and deep sympathy. Its appeals are in heart-coined words, of the utmost directness and cogency.

Colonel M'Kenney was appointed in 1816, by Mr. Madison, "Superintendent of the United States Indian Trade with the Indian Tribes." For twenty years previously, our government had conducted, under officers of its own appointment, and on capital drawn from the public treasury, a barter traffic with the various Indian tribes on our borders. The object of this arrangement was to protect the tribes from the imposition and extortion, which had grown into a system and constituted the basis of a common law among the irresponsible traders, many of whom had rapidly become rich on a business the lawful profits of which would have yielded them a bare subsistence. The federal government had from its formation exercised a careful and truly parental guardianship over all friendly Indians within its territory, though subsequent injustice and outrage have nearly obliterated the memory of those days. But the efforts of the government in their behalf encountered the most vehement opposition from individuals and companies engaged in the Indian trade; and by their influence over the Southern and Western delegation in Congress, the public trade establishment was abolished in 1822. Colonel M'Kenney, having triumphantly rebutted, by an overwhelming array of testimony, certain calumnious charges of official malversation, and still retaining the highest confidence of the administration, was, in 1824, appointed chief of the bureau of Indian Affairs, then first established as a separate department of the office of the secretary of war. Though opposed to the election of General Jackson, he was suffered to remain in office for nearly seven months after the change of administration, it being found impossible to fill his place with any one whose personal qualifications for it bore comparison with his own; and he owed his final dismission undoubtedly to his refusal to sign and issue from his office a circular, the designed and understood effect of which was to break down the Cherokee government, and to deprive that tribe of its independent national existence. When he asked the acting secretary of war the reasons for his dismissal, the reply was, — "Why, Sir, every body knows your qualifications for the place; but General Jackson has long been satisfied that you are not in harmony with him in his views in regard to

the Indians." This removal was a marked era in Indian history, as the commencement of that encroaching, arbitrary, and oppressive policy which has cost the country millions of treasure, many thousands of valuable lives, and more reputation than a patriotic American likes to acknowledge, and which has issued in the forced emigration, under treaties surreptitiously made, of tribes far advanced in the arts and refinements of life, and entitled to their soil by the joint claims of original proprietorship, reiterated guaranty and recognition on the part of the United States, and productive occupancy. Since his removal from office, Colonel M'Kenney has devoted himself, with great ardor and perseverance, to the objects which had received his chief attention when in office under the government. He has endeavoured, by public lectures, an extensive correspondence, and personal intercourse in every part of the country, to excite a sufficiently deep interest in the remains of our aboriginal tribes, to lead to some concerted plan and organized movement for their preservation, improvement, and elevation. His enthusiasm and eloquence, aided by an unusual combination of the best personal endowments for such a mission, have powerfully stirred up strong minds and good hearts, wherever he has gone. The present publication is designed to fix and deepen the necessarily vague and evanescent impressions made by the living voice.

The title of the first volume allows our author a wide range of autobiography; but he has taken advantage of it, beyond the main scope of his work, only to give us a few anecdotes of public men and traits of official life at Washington, which his readers would not willingly lose. From a chapter chiefly devoted to anecdotes of President Monroe we quote the following, as illustrative of a striking contrast between the better days of our republic and our own.

"In 1823, I think it was, I write from memory, Colonel Freeman, then fourth auditor of the treasury, died. Mr. Calhoun, being then secretary of war, asked me if I would accept the office made vacant by the Colonel's death. I assented, — when, leaving me in his office, he went over to see Mr. Monroe, the President, and ascertain his pleasure on the subject. Mr. Calhoun soon returned, telling me the President very cordially assented, — but had scarcely finished the sentence, when the President's messenger came in, saying to Mr. Calhoun that the President

would be glad to see him. He left me, requesting me to remain until his return; and being gone some half hour, he came back, saying, in substance, 'It is very strange! The President, I think, is singularly scrupulous. He recognized you just now with great pleasure as Colonel Freeman's successor; and then sent for me to say he could not nominate you, — giving as his reason, that you had been active and useful in defending his administration, and if, with the knowledge the public had of this fact, he should appoint you to office, it might be interpreted as a compensation to you, out of the public money, for those services.' He went on to say, that Mr. Monroe was anxious for my appointment to some suitable office in the government, provided a situation could be found that would not devolve upon him the duty, for the reasons stated, of conferring it upon me.

"I introduce this little anecdote to show how *sensitive* was this good man, and how constantly alive to his fame; and also, that it may serve as a contrast to the practice which was destined in a few short years to take the place of it, — of an exactly opposite character.

"Another anecdote illustrative of this sensibility in Mr. Monroe to his reputation. It is known that his entire devotion to the public service left him but little time to attend to his private affairs. He became embarrassed, — greatly so; but was perhaps never more so than during the term of his Presidency. He owned, by bequest, I believe, a valuable estate in Virginia, — known as the Albemarle estate. It was his great object, if possible, to save this, and pass it down to his descendants. But the pressing nature of his finances forced from him, at last, a reluctant offer of this property for sale. Some time after the appearance of the advertisement, he was waited upon by a gentleman, who said to him, — 'Sir, I am just from Virginia, and from your estate in Albemarle. My object in going there was to examine it, with a view to its purchase. I have done this, and have also learned from your agent your terms. I am here to say, that I am ready, when you shall have made out the title-deeds, to pay you the stipulated price.'

"Mr. Monroe replied, 'Colonel O——, I cannot sell that estate to you. My necessities, I know, are great; and these alone prompted me to advertise that property for sale, — but ——' Colonel O——, interrupting him, asked, with surprise, 'Why not sell to me?' 'For no other reason than one, — and that is, you were a contractor during the war; and you received your contracts from me as secretary of war. You were faithful, I know, and fulfilled your trust like an honest man, and made money. And now, were I to sell you my estate, I might incur

the suspicion of having, by these contracts, purposely placed it in your power to buy it.' All remonstrance on the part of Colonel O—— proved in vain. Mr. Monroe held to his first decision, preferring to bear the weight of heavy embarrassments, to the liability of incurring the suspicion that he had converted his trust, as secretary of war, into an instrument of pecuniary gain and personal emolument.

"Such instances of purity in public life are refreshing. They will appear to the reader of the present day, perhaps, as fables; and the patriotic Monroe may, probably, be considered, when contemplated through the medium of modern times, as fastidious." — Vol. I., pp. 41–43.

The greater part of this volume is occupied with the narrative of an excursion made, in the year 1827, among various Indian tribes, from Lake Superior to Georgia. The story abounds in graphic descriptions of natural scenery, in detailed sketches of Indian habits and character, and in all the minute tracery of forest and savage life. Without stilt-like phrase or rhetorical artifice, the author tells us, as he might have told his own family on his return, just what he saw and heard, said and did. And without any affectation of philanthropy, without a particle of that maudlin sentimentality which seems to us a philological rather than a moral attainment, he manifests everywhere a prompt and hearty sympathy with the noble though fallen race whose servant he made himself, and a keen and true moral discernment as to their relations, rights, and wrongs. In all his transactions with them, he appears as their apologist, defender, and patron, and seems to have sown along his whole path among them claims upon their personal gratitude and affection. We had marked several extracts from this volume; but we should hardly do justice to the work in quoting single incidents of travel apart from those connectives of time, place, and circumstance, whence they derive so much of their interest and point.

The second volume consists of discourses which the author has delivered, in the prosecution of the work of love to which his latter years have been consecrated. With regard to the origin of the Indian races, Colonel M'Kenney supposes them to be of Tartar descent, and to have found their way to this country across Behring's Straits. He does not ascribe to the present races the construction of

the fortifications and other remarkable monuments which still baffle antiquarian acumen; but supposes them to have been built by an earlier Asiatic race, identical with the Mexicans or Peruvians, which was vanquished and exterminated by the fiercer and less civilized ancestors of the modern tribes. His grounds for this hypothesis are a similarity between the mounds and circumvallations in our territory and those found in both Mexico and Peru; a general resemblance in relics disinterred from the mounds in the three countries respectively; traditions favoring this theory; and the occasional digging up in our soil of skulls belonging to a manifestly extinct race. On these obscure points, without the profession or parade of learning, our author reasons with great good sense and discrimination; and we cannot but pay the more deference to his conclusions, from his having omitted that entire and copious class of arguments by which our antiquaries are wont to illustrate their own erudition much more than the questions at issue. We have neither room nor disposition to enter upon these questions here; and setting aside both our author's speculations and our own, we transfer to our pages a rare *morçeau* of Indian cosmogony or *anthropogony*, which we commend to the admirers of the "Vestiges," as a parallel theory, resting on no less solid *a posteriori* grounds, and presenting a no less beautiful union of poetical fancy with profound philosophy, than that which finds literal truth in the words of Job, when he said to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister."

"The government had made arrangements, somewhere about the year 1825, for introducing among the Seminoles of Florida the school system, and a sum of money was appropriated for that object. It was resisted by NEA-MATHLA, a chief, at that time, of distinction, and exercising over that tribe great authority. After several ineffectual attempts to apply the government bounty under that form, a council was held, when Nea-Mathla rose and addressed Governor Duval, *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs, as follows: —

"'*Father*, — It is not my wish to have my red children made white children of. When the Great Spirit made man, he made him as he is, and under three marks. He assigned to each color, at the creation, the duties of each; and it was never intended that they should mingle.

"'*Father*, — This was the way in which the Great Spirit made man. He stood upon a high place. Then taking into his hand

some dust, he mixed it, and dried it, and then blew upon it, sending it from his hand in front of him, — when there stood up before him *a white man!*

" 'The Great Spirit was sorry. He saw that what he had made was not what he aimed at. The man was white! He looked feeble and sickly. When the Great Spirit, looking at him, said, " White man, I have given you life. You are not what I want. I could send you where you came from; but no, — I will not take away your life. Stand aside." The Great Spirit mixed up the dust again, and drying it, blew upon it again, — and there stood before him *a black man!*

" 'The Great Spirit was grieved. He saw, now, this man was black and ugly; so he bade him stand aside; when, mixing up the dust again, he blew upon it, — and there stood before him A RED MAN! The Great Spirit smiled. At this moment, all looked up and saw an opening in the heavens, and through it descended, slowly, three boxes. They came down, at last, and rested on the ground; when the Great Spirit spoke, saying, " I have given life to you all. The red man, alone, is my favorite; but you shall all live. You must, however, fulfil, each of you, the duties that are suited to you. These three boxes contain the tools you are to use in getting what is necessary to support you." So saying, he called to him the white man. " White man," said the Great Spirit, " you are not my favorite, — but I made you first. Open these boxes, and look, and choose which you will take. They contain the implements you are all three to use through life."

" 'The white man opened the boxes, looked in, and said, " *I 'll take this.*" It was full of pens, and ink, and paper, and all the things you white people use. He looked at the black man, saying, " I made you next, but I cannot allow you to have the second choice "; then, turning to the red man, he smiled, and spoke, saying, " Come, my favorite, and make a choice." The red man looked into the two remaining boxes, and said " *I 'll take this.*" That was full of beaver-traps, bows and arrows, and all the kind of things the Indians use. Then the Great Spirit said to the negro, " You can take this "; and that was full of hoes and axes, — plainly showing that the black man was made to labor for both the white and red man.

" '*Father*, — Thus did the Great Spirit make man, and in this way did he provide the instruments for him to labor with. It is not his will that our red children shall use the articles that came down in the box which the white man chose, any more than it is proper for the white man to take of the implements that were prepared by the Great Spirit for the use of his red children.'

" The result was, the means provided for the support of schools

were rejected, and have never been employed to this day."—Vol. II., pp. 15 – 17.

The second discourse treats of the "claims of the Indians upon our national regard, arising from past services and sufferings, and from unanswerable evidence of endowments, and capacity to receive and enjoy the benefits of civilization." That the early indebtedness of the Colonists to the placable dispositions and friendly offices of the Indian tribes should have been so soon overlooked, and so unrighteously recompensed, in the very lifetime of Pocahontas and Massasoit, presents an enigma, for the solution of which the civil and domestic history of the Colonies furnishes no adequate materials. We are disposed to think that religious bigotry bore a large agency in the seemingly gratuitous suspicion and hostility with which the Indians began to be regarded, before any aggressive movements on their part authorized alarm. The origin of these tribes was then a vexed question among theologians, as now among antiquaries. The celebrated Joseph Mede was gravely consulted on this point, and replied by propounding and defending, in an elaborate and profoundly learned essay, the following theory. The name and faith of Christ having been rapidly diffused in the Eastern continent, Satan began to despair of the permanence of his empire in Asia, and determined to found a kingdom in the New World, where the abhorred symbols of the Christian worship should never meet his eye; or, as Mede more classically expresses the thought, "*ubi nec Pelopidarum nomen, nec facta audiret.*" He accordingly convened somewhere among the *steppes* of Tartary a body of his most devoted servants, and led them to the previously uninhabited glades and forests of America, marking out by his own diabolical ingenuity a more practicable path than unaided mortals could have found, defending their passage across the straits, and going before them by some visible sign of his presence, corresponding to the pillar of alternate cloud and fire that preceded the Israelites in the desert. The grounds of this theory are ample and satisfying. The reasoning of the author of the "Vestiges" is not one whit more conclusive. In the first place, the Peruvian and Mexican divinities, which Mr. Mede had seen, strikingly resembled the Devil in face and form. Then, again, it had been found impossible, either by strong water or fire-arms, to convert any of the Indians to Christianity.

And, thirdly, the New England settlers had suffered much sorer hardships than the Almighty would have permitted his special favorites to endure, had they not put themselves beyond his protection, by intruding on Satan's own soil. From all which Mr. Mede sagaciously infers, that the experiment of colonizing America with Christians was a very doubtful one, and liable at any moment to be abruptly closed by an explosion of diabolic wrath. Now, when we consider that these absurdities were believed and published by the first divine of the day, a cherished ornament of the English church, and a correspondent and friend of many distinguished Puritans, it is not too much to suppose that similar opinions had a deep root in Virginia and in New England, and that the Colonists hunted and slew Indians, not maliciously or wantonly, but from religious motives, and as an essential department of divine service.

Colonel M'Kenney has brought forward, were it still needed, abundant evidence of the mental capacity of the Indians, and of their susceptibility of the highest moral and religious culture. Few portions of our country would present an average standard of intelligence and moral worth, that would compare with that of the Cherokees before their removal; and they in their new homes, as well as the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks, are well organized nations, with written laws, representative assemblies, regular courts of justice, and liberal provisions for public education. We extract the following beautiful portraits of Indian piety; and we confess that we know not where to look for a more luculent commentary on the precepts of the New Testament than in Kusick's rigid, tender, minute conscientiousness.

"Who has not heard of the famous Oneida chief Skenandoah? He whose pathway, for sixty years, had been marked with blood; whose war-whoop had resounded through many a terrified settlement, and until the regions of the Mohawk rang with it; and who was, in all respects, the *cruel*, the *indomitable* savage. One would suppose that habits, stiffened by so long a period of indulgence, could not be easily, if at all, softened and remoulded; that the spirit of the warrior, having been so long indulged in the practices so congenial to the feelings of the savage, could not be subdued, and made to conform to all that is gentle, and peaceful, and pious. But all this *was* effected in the person of this chief. He was awakened under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and

became a convert to the faith of the Christian. The tomahawk, the war-club, and the scalping-knife fell from his grasp; the desolations which he had produced he mourned over; he saw, in his mythology, nothing but chimeras; he was penitent, — and was forgiven. Nor did he ever abandon the faith he had adopted, but continued a peaceful, faithful, and devoted Christian, until his death, which occurred when he was over a hundred years old.

"Awhile previous to his death, a friend, calling to see him, and inquiring after his health, received this answer (which most of you, doubtless, have heard), — 'I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top (referring to his blindness). Why I yet live, the great, good Spirit only knows. When I am dead, bury me by the side of my minister and friend (meaning Mr. Kirkland), — that I may go up with him at the great resurrection!' He was accordingly so buried, and I have seen his tomb.

"Another case was that of Kusick, chief of the Tuscaroras. He was also an Indian, and had served under La Fayette, in the army of the Revolution. It was usual for him, in company with a few of his leading men, to visit, once in every two or three years, the State of North Carolina, whence his tribe originally came, to see after some claims they had upon that State. In passing through Washington, the old chief would call at my office, for the purpose of submitting his papers, and of counselling with me. On one of these occasions, he made a call before breakfast, at my residence, accompanied by his companions. A neighbour had stepped in to see me, on his way to his office, and our conversation turned on Lady Morgan's France, which had been just then published, and was lying on my table. We spoke of La Fayette. The moment his name was mentioned, Kusick turned quick upon me his fine black eyes, and asked, with great earnestness, —

"'*Is he yet alive?* The same La Fayette that was in the Revolutionary war?'

"'Yes, Kusick,' I answered, 'he is alive; and he is the same La Fayette who was in that war. That book speaks of him as being not only alive, but looking well and hearty.'

"He said, with deep emphasis, '*I'm glad to hear it.*'

"'Then you knew La Fayette, Kusick?'

"'O, yes,' he answered, 'I knew him well; and many a time in the battle, I threw myself between him and the bullets, — *for I loved him.*'

"'Were you in commission?'

"'O, yes,' he replied, 'I was a lieutenant; General Washington gave me a commission.'

"My friend (who was the late venerable Joseph Nourse, at that time Register of the Treasury) and myself agreed to examine the records, and see if the old chief was not entitled to a pension. We (or rather he) did so. All was found to be as Kusick had reported it; when he was put on the pension list.

"Some years after, in 1827, when passing through the Tuscarora reserve, on my way to the wilderness, I stopped opposite his log cabin, and walked up to see the old chief. I found him engaged drying fish. After the usual greeting, I asked if he continued to receive his pension.

"'No,' said the old chief, 'no; Congress passed a law making it necessary for me to swear I cannot live without it. Now here is my little log-cabin, and it 's my own; here 's my patch, where I can raise corn, and beans, and pumpkins; and there's Lake Oneida, where I can catch fish. With these I can make out to live without the pension; and to say I could not would be to *lie to the Great Spirit!*'

"Here was principle, and deep piety; and a lesson for many whose advantages had far exceeded those of this poor Indian. In connection with this, I will add another anecdote, in proof of his veneration for the Deity. He breakfasted with me on the morning to which I have referred; and knowing him to be a teacher of the Christian religion among his people, and an interpreter for those who occasionally preached to them, I requested him to ask a blessing. He did so, and in a manner so impressive, as to make me feel that he was deeply imbued with the proper spirit. He employed in the ceremony his native Tuscarora. I asked him why, as he spoke very good English, he had asked the blessing in his native tongue? He said, 'When I speak English, I am often at a loss for a word. When, therefore, I speak to the Great Spirit, I do not like to be perplexed, or have my mind distracted, to look after a word. When I use my own language, it is like my breath; I am composed.' Kusick died an honest man and a Christian; and though an Indian, has doubtless entered into his rest." — Vol. II., pp. 83 – 86.

In the series of Indian portraits published by McKenney and Hall, some of our readers have no doubt become familiar with the noble countenance of Petalesharro. His story is a long one; but we cannot well abridge it, and it is so full, not only of romance, but of the highest moral interest, that we are unwilling to pass it over.

"The Pawnee Loups had long practised the savage rite, known to no other of the American tribes, of sacrificing human

victims to the *Great Star*, or the planet Venus. This dreadful ceremony annually preceded the preparations for planting corn, and was supposed to be necessary to secure a fruitful season. To prevent a failure of the crop, and a consequent famine, some individual was expected to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, who had been captured in war, and some one was always found who coveted the honor of dedicating the spoil of his prowess to the national benefit. The intended victim, carefully kept in ignorance of the fate that impended, was dressed in gay attire, supplied with choicest food, and treated with every tenderness, with the view of promoting obesity, and preparing an offering the more acceptable to the deities who were to be propitiated. When, by the successful employment of those means, the unconscious victim was sufficiently fatted, a day was appointed for the sacrifice, and the whole nation assembled to witness the solemn scene.

"You will now fancy yourselves in view of the great gathering of the Pawnees, and in sight of the multitude assembled in honor of the sacrifice. In your nearer approach you will hear their orgies. In the midst of the great circle a stake is brought, its end is sharpened, when it is driven deep in the ground. Yells and shouts are heard, and these announce that all is ready. In the distance is a company of Pawnees, — by the side of the leader is a delicate girl. She is an Itean maid. They approach nearer. He who made her captive steps proudly into the circle. Shouts welcome him. He takes the maid by the hand, and leads her to the fatal spot. Her back is placed against the stake; cords are brought, and she is bound to it. The fagots are now collected, and placed round the victim. A hopeless expression is seen in her eye, — perhaps a tear! Her bosom heaves, and her thoughts are of home. A torch is seen, coming from the woods, hard by. At that moment a young brave leaps into the circle, — rushes to the stake, — severs the cords that bind the victim to it, and springing on a horse, and throwing her upon another, and putting both to the top of their speed, is soon lost in the distance. Silence prevails, — then murmers are heard, and then the loud threats of vengeance, when all retire! The stake and the fagot are all that remain to mark the spot, on which, but for this noble deed, ashes and charred bones would have been distinguished. Who was it that intrepidly released the captive maid? It was the young, the brave, the generous PETALESHARRO. Whether it was panic, or the dread of Letalashahou's vengeance (LETALASHAHOU was the great chief of the Pawnees, and father of Petalesharro), that operated to keep the warriors from employing their bows and arrows, and rifles, on the occasion, is not known; but certain it is, they did not use them.

"Having borne the rescued maid into the broad plains beyond the precincts of the Pawnee village, and supplied her with provisions, he admonished her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was distant about four hundred miles, and left her. She, alive to her situation, lost no time in obeying such salutary counsel, and had the good fortune, the next day, to fall in with a war-party of her own people, by whom she was safely carried home.

"Can the records of chivalry furnish a parallel to this generous act? Can the civilized world bring forward a case demonstrating a higher order of humanity, united with greater bravery? Whence did the youthful Petalesharro learn this lesson of refined pity? *Not of civilized man.* The lessons of the good had never yet reached the Pawnees, to instruct them, or to enrapture their thoughts by such beautiful illustrations of the merciful. *It was the impulse of nature:* — nature, cast in a more refined mould, and probably, as the sequel will show, nurtured by the blood and spirit of a noble, though untaught father.

"The rescue of the Itean maid happened a short time before Petalesharro was deputed to Washington, as one of a deputation on matters connected with the interests of the Pawnee nation. His visit to that city was in 1821. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war-eagle, which extended, in a double series, down his back, to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown gracefully, but carelessly, over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm, bare. The usual garments decorated his hips and lower limbs, — these were the auzeum, the leggins, and the moccasons, — all ornamented. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, but his age was about twenty-five. I had his portrait taken, which is a perfect one.

"As was most natural, the tidings of his noble deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. Both himself and his chivalry became the theme of the city. The ladies, as is their nature, hastened to do him honor. A medal was prepared, and a time appointed for conferring on him this merited gift. An assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given him in token of the high opinion which was entertained of his act, in the rescue of the Itean maid. He was asked by the ladies who presented it, to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from torture and from the stake, to look upon the medal, think of those who gave it, and save her, as he had saved the Itean girl. With that grace which is peculiar to the

Indian, he held the prize he had so nobly won before him, and as he gazed upon it, thus replied: — 'This brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf, after a storm, and when the wind is still. I have listened to you. I am glad. I love the pale-faces more than ever I did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know it, by giving me this medal.'

"The rescue of the Itean girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and *not* as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone, as the only instance of the sort, in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother warriors had brought in a captive boy. He was a Spaniard. The captor resolved to offer him as a sacrifice to the Great Star. The chief, Letalashahou, had been for some time opposed to these barbarous rites. He sent for the warrior, and told him he did not wish him to make the sacrifice. The warrior claimed his right, under the immemorial usages of the tribe. They parted. Letalashahou sent for his son, and asked what was to be done to divert the captor from his purpose? Petalesharro replied promptly, 'I will take the boy, like a brave, by force.' The father thought, no doubt, that danger would attend upon the act, and resolved on a more pacific mode. It was to buy the boy. This intention was made known, when those who had any goods of any kind brought them to the chief's lodge, and laid them down, as an offering, on the pile which the chief had supplied from his *own* limited stores. The captor was again sent for, and in the authoritative tone of the chief thus addressed: — 'Take these goods, and give me the boy.' He refused, when the chief seized his war-club, and flourished it over the head of the captor. At the moment, Petalesharro sprang forward, and said, — 'STRIKE! *and let the wrath of his friends fall upon me.*'

"The captor, making a merit of necessity, agreed, if a few more articles were added, to give up the boy to the chief; they were added, and the boy was saved. The goods were sacrificed instead of the boy. The cloth was cut into shreds, and suspended on poles, at the spot upon which the blood of the victim had been proposed to be shed, and the remainder of the articles were burned. No subsequent attempt to immolate a victim was made." — Vol. II., pp. 93–97.

The plan which Col. M'Kenney proposes for the permanent benefit of the Indians, and in behalf of which he is diligently manufacturing public opinion, is, for the United States to convey to the Indian races the unconditional fee of the

lands west of the Mississippi, to which the principal tribes have been removed, and to give these tribes a territorial government, with a view to their ultimately taking their place as an independent state in the confederacy. By this arrangement, a stimulus would be given to all institutions and enterprises for the general good, and to all forms and modes of self-improvement, which now languish on account of the doubtful tenure on which the Indians hold their soil and their rights, and the large experience of Punic faith vouchsafed to them by the American republic. For our own peace, as well as for their good, ought the fee of their soil and the permanence of their political condition to be guarantied to them. As they are now situated, should any new invasions of their rights rouse a vindictive spirit, there is hardly a limit to the mischief which they might do to the States on their eastern frontier, before they could be successfully resisted, or to the extent to which, if driven back among the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, they might prolong a desperate guerilla warfare. Let our government arrest too well merited retribution by a timely return to justice and mercy.

We rejoice in the bold and eloquent appeal made to our countrymen in the volume before us. We trust that it will find a free and rapid sale in all parts of the country. Except that it is a larger book than the devourers of cheap literature like, it is admirably adapted to win its way into general circulation. Its typography is large, clear, and tasteful. It is embellished by numerous and well designed lithographs. It contains a *fac simile* of the venerable Mrs. Madison's letter, accepting the dedication of the first volume. It bears for its frontispiece the author's own intellectual and benevolent face; and to the second volume is prefixed a strikingly beautiful colored engraving from Sully's copy of the original portrait of Pocahontas, with a characteristic anecdote of one of whose illustrious descendants we close our critical labors, and earnestly commend the book, on which we have bestowed them, to all who admire the native nobleness of the Indian character, who sympathize with the sufferings of this persecuted race, or rejoice in the aspirations and impulses which are now urging some of these tribes rapidly on in a career of self-improvement.

"I was present in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, during an exciting debate; on the one side of which

was Mr. Randolph, and on the other, Mr. Jackson, of Virginia. Mr. Randolph had spoken, when Mr. Jackson rose in reply. He had not proceeded far, when, having occasion to refer to some part of Mr. Randolph's speech, he addressed him as — 'My friend from Virginia.' He had scarcely given utterance to the word 'friend,' when Mr. Randolph sprang to his feet, and throwing his lustrous eyes first on Mr. Jackson, and then on the speaker, keeping his arm extended, meantime, and his long, bony finger pointing at Mr. Jackson, said, in that peculiar voice of his, —

"'*Mr. Speaker!* — *I am not that gentleman's* FRIEND, sir. I have never been his friend, sir; nor do I ever mean to *be* his friend, sir!' — when he took his seat.

"Mr. Jackson, meantime, keeping his position on the floor, looking first upon Mr. Randolph, and then at the speaker, replied, —

"'Mr. Speaker, I am at a loss to know by what title to address the honorable *member* from Virginia'; — then pausing awhile, with his finger beside his nose, he said, — '*I have it, sir, — I have it, — it shall be*' — looking Mr. Randolph full in the face — 'THE RIGHT HONORABLE DESCENDANT OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN POCAHONTAS!'

"The entire countenance of Mr. Randolph changed instantly; and, from a look of mingled aversion and contempt, to a smile the most complaisant and gracious. The storm-cloud was dissipated, and the rainbow seemed to reflect all its hues upon his countenance, in one glow of heart-felt reconciliation, — when he bowed most courteously, giving evidence that of all the honors he had ever coveted, that of having descended from that heaven-inspired woman was the one he most highly prized. And who would not be proud of such a descent?" — Vol. II., pp. 64, 65.

ART. X. — *The Koran, commonly called the Alcoran, of Mohammed; translated into English, with Explanatory Notes, and a Preliminary Discourse.* By GEORGE SALE. London. 1838. 8vo.

SISMONDI and Carlyle have done something, of late years, to make us believe that the old orthodox notion of Mahomet's, or Mohammed's, power and success is not as well founded as might be. They have tried to convince the world that naked, selfish, mean imposition never could have done what

the spirit of the founder of Islam did. God, according to their doctrine, has not endowed shallow craft and unlimited lying with such mighty control over human souls as that which the great Arabian possessed. But the mass of those who write on the prophet still write in the tone of the Crusaders; they buckle on their armor to do battle with the false leader of the infidel host, in place of opening their eyes and purging their minds, to see and understand aright one of the great phenomena of history, that is to say, one of the great facts in God's government of the world. And is it not truly a great fact, that a wild, illiterate, unregenerate Arab was able to breathe a spirit of advancement, of daring, of enterprise, of civilization even, into those desert children, which has lasted for so many centuries, and swept clean so many countries? Count over your great men, your Alexanders, Solons, Platos, Homers, — how many of them have influenced human destinies, moulded human laws, ruled in palaces, judged in courts, led in battles, taken the child in the cradle and guided it even to the tomb, as this rude Ishmaelite has done? Let us not, even if we can, shut our eyes to the fact, that in the success of Mohammed God has placed before us a riddle worthy our reading; and let us not forget, that, when he places before us a lesson to be learned, we are little better than blasphemers, if we fail at least to study it. It is in the hope that we may do something for some minds toward reading this riddle, that we write the few following pages.

And, in the first place, it should be clearly understood that we know very little with certainty respecting the prophet. Neither Saracens nor Christians are to be believed. He that reads must read *as Niebuhr* did. He must question every statement, weigh every intimation, compare friend and enemy on every point of praise and dispraise. The Koran alone may be trusted, and to the study of that more than all else the inquirer should turn, and strive to find the needle which shall guide him in that vast stack of mingled weeds, flowers, and food.

In the next place, the different periods of Mohammed's life must be distinguished, and each one made to throw light upon the others. And this must be done with a constant prayer that God will enable us to set aside prejudice, and judge of this man as we should judge of another. With these

two thoughts to aid us, let us enter upon the inquiry, What was Mohammed, and how came he to play so great a part in the world's history? His life consisted of three periods; the first extending from his birth to the commencement of his mission, at about the age of forty; the second including his years of trial and suffering, and closing with his flight to Medina, in the fifty-third year of his age; the third, his period of triumph, ending with his death, ten years after his flight. What was this man in these three periods?

In a narrow valley, hemmed in by barren mountains, a valley without pastures, or grain-fields, or even springs of sweet water, stood the holy city of Mecca. Many tribes of the keen, nervous Arab race lived there, but none of them was so noble as the Koreish, and of that tribe no house was so powerful as the house of Hashem, who kept the key of the Caaba, the holy temple, where the sevenfold stone bound with silver, which the archangel Gabriel brought from heaven when God made the world, stood for the reverential kiss of the sons of Ishmael. Gabriel brought it milk-white from above, but the sins of man had in early ages changed its color to black. Of the house of Hashem, in the year of our Lord 569, there were living Abdol Motalleb, his thirteen sons, and six daughters. Among these sons was Abdallah, the light of the East, whose smile no maiden could withstand. Flashing eyes followed his stately person, wherever he moved; warm Arab hearts beat quicker, whenever his noble countenance was seen; and when the rumor spread through the Holy City, and sped out on swift coursers even to the daughters of the desert, that Amina was the chosen bride of the beautiful grandson of Hashem, many a bosom felt that void which nothing can fill. Amina, like her husband, was of the tribe of the Koreish, and of a noble house of that tribe. We may be sure it was a princely wedding. Grand old men with flowing beards, and stately women, and free-moving youths in their light Eastern costume, and wondering children with their open eyes, we may feel certain graced the ceremony; the youngest of them died twelve hundred years ago, and yet is that wedding memorable, for from the union sprang Mohammed.

The little boy, who inherited his father's beauty, and whose mind and temper were from the cradle noticeable, was but just beginning to climb that father's knee, and to

listen and answer as they sat upon the house-top in the twilight, when the angel of death took Abdallah from the earth; the son of Hashem saw the fairest of his nineteen children fall the first. Can we bring before us the widowed Amina, with her little prophet by her side? Can we imagine how he, with his quick, wild soul and keen sense of justice, was educated into a horror and hatred of the customs of his country by the injustice of his uncles, who, according to usage, seized his father's wealth, and left him and his mother stripped? Will not the two years, sad and lonely years, which he passed with the mourning and suffering bride of Abdallah, show us something of the creation of the Arabian Reformer? Two lonely years, and then the weary heart of Amina herself stood still. Silence reigned in the house; silently friends moved round the bed of death; and he stood there, a little child of four years old, with the heart and the imagination of a child, — looked on the pallid face, the speechless lips, and knew that it was the cruel treatment allowed by the pagan faith he lived under, which had robbed the eye Abdallah had loved of its beauty, and brought the young bride to her grave. He knew it all, but did not know he knew it; it was in his imagination and soul, not in his understanding. Many words had that weeping mother spoken to him, which had sunk into his heart to lie for years, and prepare the way for Islam.

Amina was laid in her tomb, and Mohammed looked up into the sorrowing face of his grandfather, who took the orphan-boy kindly by the hand and led him home. He was a kind old man, Abdol Motalleb, and he loved and cared tenderly for Abdallah's child. For two more years Mohammed grew in strength, beauty, and intelligence under the patriarch's eye; then the son of Hashem called the stripling to him, and having sent for Abdallah's eldest brother, Abu Taleb, he gave the orphan to his uncle, saying, — "I am dying. Take this child, whose father and mother have been called away from this world, and rear him as if he were your own." The uncle promised him protection, and in a little while the boy followed to the grave his third, his last parent. So early was his spirit purified and made strong by sorrow.

Let us pass by twenty years, and look at Abdallah's son a grown man, faintly visible as he is in the pages of biogra-

phy. He is a merchant or factor, not trading on his own account, but heretofore agent for his uncle, and lately advanced into the service of a rich lady of Mecca, Cadijah, already twice a widow. He had travelled; he had been in Syria; had seen Christians and Jews; had listened to the history and the poetry of the old Hebrews. Calm, acute, quick, imaginative, and devout by nature, and devout also through suffering, Mohammed saw and heard realities; and in silence, half consciously, weighed the faith and the practice of his own pagan Arabia against the simple deism and the sublime morality of Moses. Among his companions, kind, considerate, and remarkable for his purity; in business exact and thorough; with a person of uncommon beauty, an address of remarkable grace, a fine intellect, and a spotless character, — none of the descendants of Hashem promised better than the son of Abdallah. And now he is leaving again, in the service of Cadijah, to spend some years in Syria. Will he not carry still farther his inquiries into Judaism and Christianity? Will he not think yet more earnestly of a change among his own wild brethren, that shall do away with those savage customs which made his childhood one of dependence, and brought Amina to the grave? Can we not from all the fables about the Nestorian monk Sergius take simply this kernel, that Mohammed, in his various journeys to Syria, became well acquainted with the faith of Moses and with that of Jesus, and leave all the husks of time, place, and circumstance to those who please to quarrel about them? Are we not authorized to feel sure, that, when the factor of the rich Meccan widow, at the age of twenty-eight, became her husband, and rose through her wealth to the place which he might claim as his own by birth, he was already earnestly, silently meditating that great reform in the faith and practice of his countrymen which twelve years later he commenced?

Slowly do the great births of time, material or spiritual, take place. Napoleon may rise in an instant to his zenith of influence, but so he falls, too; Mohammed through twenty years quietly meditates his mission, and leaves an impress on the world for twenty centuries; Christianity yet more slowly grows towards power; the Arab lived to triumph, Jesus died upon the tree; and now the crescent is passing away before the cross. No meteor hangs long in the firma-

ment. Through twenty years Mohammed listened, thought, and prayed, — through eight years of active life, through twelve of quiet retirement. Imagine the effect of retirement, of earnest, solitary meditation, on a mind of vast, uneducated powers; a soul of mighty passion, chastened and curbed by a will of iron. He saw the evils of Arabian society, of Arabian law, of Arabian religion, — that is, of paganism; he saw, too, that, wherever great progress had been made, it had proceeded from revelation; Moses and Jesus were prophets of the one God. Was God dead? Had he ceased to take an interest in mankind? Did he care less for the offspring of Hagar than for those of Sarah? Was no other prophet to arise, no further revelation to be made? Nay, did not even Judaism and Christianity require another revelation to purify them? Had not Jesus promised another to complete his work, the Comforter?

Twenty years of such questioning, and deep meditation thereon, might produce an impostor or an enthusiast, a liar or a self-deceiver. Which was Mohammed? Before seeking an answer in his after life, look at him as he is, and which is the most probable character for him to live in? He is noble, his ambition is thereby gratified; he is rich, he can hope no more from wealth; he is looked on as a man of leading mind, love of power and fame on that score is satisfied; his character is so pure, so faultless, that men point him out as a model to their sons. Will he, profoundly false, plan to deceive his countrymen into a system better than their own, and gain nothing himself? That surely would not be human nature. And what could he gain for himself? What did Jesus gain? What did Moses gain, or any true servant of God? Would these fierce idolaters — these worshippers of the sun, and moon, and stars, these kissers of the Black Stone — make him their king and prophet because he *pretended* to have a mission from God? The Israelites, with their old traditions, so much stronger and fresher than those of the Ishmaelites, could scarce yield to Moses with all his miracles; would he, without any miracle, succeed, where the rod of the Hebrew lawgiver and the thunders of Sinai were so weak? He was a shrewd man, this Mohammed; in worldly matters he had sped well; he was an astute, cautious, judicious merchant of forty. In England or the United States, he would, in our day, have been presi-

dent of a bank, chief director in a railroad or canal company. Now, to him coolly calculating, what sort of a speculation was this of prophecy? On the one hand, certain rank, certain wealth, certain respect and estimation; on the other, every thing uncertain, but persecution probable, and little to be hoped at last save the production of a faith in one God, for whom — on this imposture theory — he cared not a straw. Would any judicious Yankee have gone into this business of humbug with such odds? It was not a case of quack medicines, or perpetual-motion machines. Mohammed was trying his patent invention against the intensest prejudices of one of the intensest races this earth has been occupied by. Imagine a Dutch merchant of old times, say 1650, going to preach the gospel of peace and forgiveness among the Mohawks *on speculation*; or a wise Boston dealer of our day starting, — not for Texas or Oregon, — but for the Blackfeet or Crows on a like mission; — imagine this, and then you have a conception of Mohammed playing the part of impostor. Out on the idea! Paley's argument for the honesty of the Apostles is worth nothing, if Mohammed was an impostor, — leaving out of sight, what we have presently to present, his after life. O, no! whether rogue or not afterwards, let us so far respect our own hearts and heads, — human nature, fallen as it is, — as to believe that this unlettered, imaginative, world-oppressed, heaven-seeking Arab was no mere cheat, but one to whose imagination heaven was opened, and to whom Gabriel came, *subjectively at least*, in truth. Twenty years of earnest thought on the questions, "Will God never send another prophet? never heal our woes?" twenty years of earnest longing that he would, of solitary, heartfelt prayer that he might, were enough to draw Gabriel to that cave of Hara, in Mohammed's thought, if not in reality. In how many hours had Amina met her child in that quiet cave! How often had the misty form of Abdallah, even, floated near him! Was it strange, that, on the night of Al Kadr (the divine decree), the Koran drew near to the earth, — God's expressed will near to man, — and that the archangel, dark with excessive bright, told the dreamer of his mission?

The light of morning was breaking over Mecca on the 24th of the month of Ramadan, and Cadijah yet waited the coming of her husband. Many a night he had been absent

in his solitude, and she had slept in peace; but for some days his mind had been so absent, so excited, so elevated, that she could not rest. Morning dawned; her husband came; never had she seen such a fire in his eye, such light in every trait of his noble countenance. Was it insanity or inspiration? To her his words, burning with the calm fervor of the sun, proved it the latter, and the new prophet had one disciple.

Now begins the second period of the prophet's life, extending through about thirteen years. Supposing him honest at the commencement of it, did he continue so? And what light does his conduct during this part of his career throw upon the previous portion of his history? Does it add to or take from the proofs of his honesty at the beginning of his mission?

His wife was his first convert; his servant his next; Ali, the son of Abu Taleb his protector, and the leading man of Mecca, was his third; Abubekir, a rich and influential citizen of the Holy City, his fourth. In four years he had gained but nine followers. Then he called together all of the house of Hashem to hear his message, for hitherto he had labored in secret, — labored rather to perfect his own conceptions, probably, than to convey them to others. His relatives, or forty of them, came at his call, curious to hear what their quiet, easy, comfortable cousin Mohammed had to say. Cousin Mohammed was a changed man since they last saw him; then he was a thriving merchant and bridegroom, who seemed likely to enjoy his wealth, bring up his children respectably, and command the regard of his fellow-citizens for his intelligence and virtue, but who would never set the world on fire. Now, at this annunciation feast, his eye, manner, voice, and words had a vehemence, fervor, and extravagance in them, heretofore unknown in him. Some wondered, some laughed, some scoffed; to a few it was inspiration, to most sheer madness, to one or two (the rogues of the family) deep hypocrisy and imposture. The family of Hashem, the kin of Abdallah, rejected him. Then he turned from his own house to the Holy City, and in public, to all men, at the doors of the Caaba, to the idolatrous pilgrims flocking thither, proclaimed the truth given through Abraham, through Moses, through Jesus, and now again through him: — "God is one God; the eternal God; he begetteth not, neither is he begotten; and there is not any one like unto

him."* "Those whose balance shall be weighty with good works shall go into paradise; but they whose balance shall be light of good works shall go into hell." † The people listened in wonder to the eloquence of their townsman; the pilgrims heard, half angry, half alarmed, his denunciations of their idol-worship. The tribe of the Koreish — from among whom the keepers of the temple were taken, and who now saw with alarm and horror one rising to overthrow that temple, from the very family to which its care had been confided — found a solace for their troubles in the suggestion, that, should the family of Hashem uphold Mohammed, the time was come to turn that house from its primacy and exalt some other to its place. Abu Taleb, calm and firm, who had promised his father to protect Abdallah's child, would not desert him in his hour of need. He knew his virtues, his integrity, his purity, his intelligence, — and while he thought him an enthusiast, perhaps a madman, he still held over him his powerful arm, and the bold prophet was unhurt. Months passed, and years passed; day after day Mohammed took his station in the open street, and proclaimed the unity of God, the terrors of hell that lay before all idolaters and evil-doers, and the certainty of his own mission. A man, as we have said, of noble appearance, of persuasive manners, of natural eloquence and grace, and of excited imagination, — all could not hear him unmoved; but the greater part cried out upon him, that he had a devil, that he was a sorcerer, that he was a man distracted, a liar and a knave. Now and then some man came to him privately, and owned himself a convert; now and then some woman fell at his knees and hailed him as the prophet of the Most High; but in the seventh year of his mission, all his adherents in Mecca could not much have exceeded a hundred. ‡

Months passed, and years passed, and still, day by day, amid the gathering storm, when his followers had to fly to other lands, when even his daughter had to seek a foreign home, and after the other families of the Koreish had bound themselves by a solemn league against the family of Hashem, — even then, Mohammed, in the streets of Mecca, poured

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* Koran, ch. 112. † Koran, ch. 101.

‡ One hundred and one fled to Ethiopia in that year, to escape persecution; and these could not have been the weakest only, as Mohammed's own daughter and her husband were among them.

forth his denunciations of divine wrath against the idolater and evil-doer. No threats, no dangers, daunted him; and though death at the hands of his opponents seemed sooner or later inevitable, he never swerved from his purpose of declaring the message confided to him. Fortunately, the Meccans were not the only hearers of his message; all the pilgrims who crowded to kiss the Black Stone came within the reach of his voice. Among them were wayfarers from Yatreb, or Medina, the city of "the people of the book," the literary emporium (as we should say in America) of Arabia. Many Jews, many half Christians, dwelt there; to the pagans of Medina, therefore, the unity of God was not, as to other pagans, a novelty and rock of offence; and they listened to the voice of Mohammed, and believed, and became his disciples. Returning home to Yatreb, these few disciples became apostles, and while on all sides darkness seemed closing in upon the Reformer, while Mecca was becoming a more and more perilous home for him each year, silently at the sister city his doctrines were spreading; and behold, in the twelfth year of the mission, when at the Holy City itself civil war and the death of the prophet seemed inevitable, twelve men went up from Medina to pledge themselves to Mohammed. At night, upon the hill Al Akaba, north of Mecca, these twelve swore to renounce all idolatry; neither to steal, commit fornication, nor kill their infant children, — the common crimes of the pagan Arabs; not to forge calumnies; and to obey the new prophet of the one true God in every thing reasonable. Such was the oath of fealty on which rested the empire of the Caliphs. They returned, with one of the better instructed of the Meccan believers, who was to be a missionary in Yatreb. Even at that juncture, when death stood on one hand, and life and power on the other, Mohammed remained fronting death. Nay, when, the next year, a larger deputation from the city of the faithful came and offered to the endangered Meccan a home, and almost a throne, he still waited in his native town until all hope of success there should have vanished.

The thirteenth year of his mission came. The brave, wise, faithful friend of Abdallah's son, Abu Taleb, had descended to the tomb, and the arm of power which shielded the prophet was withdrawn. Nor was the death of his defender his only loss; Cadijah, — for twenty-five years his wife, to

whom through that quarter of a century he had been faithful as few of that land ever were, for many wives were allowed, — Cadijah, his benefactress and his first disciple, had also been recalled from the earth. It was the "year of mourning" for the Reformer, that one which thus took from him his two best friends. His heart was no longer in Mecca.

And now an enemy, a deadly enemy, filled the place of Abu Taleb, and the hour of vengeance drew near. Silently, beneath the shades of night, the leaders of the Koreish met in conclave; with hushed voices, they plotted the destruction of Mohammed; from each family one was to be chosen, and all these were to strike their daggers into the breast of the offending member of the house of Hashem, and thus would that powerful connection be forced to seek revenge upon all the other houses of the tribe. They plotted, but "God is the best layer of plots"; * by unknown means those whispers reached the ear of the doomed one. Should he fly? Had not God bidden him do so, by raising up an asylum at Yatreb? But already his chamber was watched, and at midnight the daggers would be in his heart. "Give me thy mantle," cried the young, fearless, generous Ali, "and do you, O Prophet, and Abubekir escape in the twilight." Ali put on the green mantle of Mohammed, and laid himself, fearing nothing, upon the apostle's bed. Eyes of vengeance watched him there, while the daggers were whetted, and while, with noiseless steps, the founder of Islam commenced the Hegira. He fled, with Abubekir, to a cave three miles from Mecca, and there rested till pursuit was passed. As he rested, sleeping calmly, his friend touched his arm; he awoke to hear at the mouth of the cavern voices debating the probability of the fugitive being concealed there. Trembling with fear, Abubekir whispered, — "We are lost! what can we do against so many, we two"? "There is a third," was the calm reply. "Who?" asked the astonished follower, — and as his hand fell by chance in the dark on the apostle's wrist, he felt the pulsations regular as those of a child; — "Who?" he asked. "God." As they spoke, the voices receded, and they were safe. A pigeon had built her nest at the mouth of the cavern, and a spider had woven her web across the entrance. Truly, by a spider's thread at

* Koran, ch. 8.

that moment hung the fate of the world. After three days' delay, the fugitives pursued their way, and reached Medina in safety. Five hundred men met the prophet, and he entered the city of his adoption in triumph.

How does this portion of his life, these thirteen years of persecution and contempt endured, and death dared hourly, correspond with the theory of imposture on speculation? How does his answer in the cave agree with the probable feelings of one who was thinking, talking, living a lie? If the lie theory can be made to explain the second period of Mohammed's life, then, we aver, a similar theory may be made to apply to almost every great promulgator of the gospel. If thirteen years so spent are not *primâ facie* proof of honesty, nothing can be; and it is a proof so strong, that a vast, vast amount of counter evidence must be brought forward to overturn it. One who is content to reason as Professor Bush does, in his Life of Mohammed, may see no force in what is so mighty as evidence to us; but to such champions of the cross we do not speak. He, for example, disbelieves the express statement of his hero, that he was not taught to write, — because, first, his cousin Ali was; secondly, because writing was not rare among the Arabs; thirdly, because Mohammed was to be a merchant; and fourthly, because it is asserted in the Koran, the last place where truth is to be looked for; * and he actually supposes this prince of liars to have dictated to Ali this useless lie, which Ali, and Cadijah, and every body else knew to be a lie, at the time when he wished to inspire confidence, and all for no other purpose, apparently, than to have the pleasure of lying. To such reasoners we have not a word to say; but to the rest of our readers we address the question, — Does the second period of the prophet's life add to or take from the probability, created by the purity and honesty of his character during the first period, that he was honest? And we cannot doubt the answer.

Let us now pass to the third, — the shortest, last, and most mysterious portion of this man's life. And let us begin by remembering that we are looking at a man fifty-three years old, one void of ambition hitherto, and remarkably free from impurity and immorality; who has been led to feel keenly the

* Bush's *Life of Mohammed* (Harper's edition), pp. 38, 39.

need of a great radical change in the habits of his countrymen, who believes such a change must be effected by a revelation from God through an inspired prophet, and who has, after long meditation, come apparently to the conclusion that he is so inspired. And as we proceed in this man's history, and meet, as we shall, with circumstances which would stamp a sane man as a rogue, let our inquiry be, whether they are inconsistent with what has been observed of other monomaniacs, and honest religious enthusiasts. This is the basis on which, as we conceive, all such inquiries must proceed, and on which, in common daily affairs, all men would proceed. Had we known a man sensible and upright to the age of forty, and for the next thirteen years showing undoubted signs of insanity on some one subject, should we ever after that judge of his actions as of a perfectly sane man's in matters relating to that and kindred subjects? Should we not reckon as delusion in him many things which in one of sound mind we should deem clear knavery? Up to the time of the Hegira, we claim that Mohammed's life gives proof of nothing but honest self-deception or monomania; and we also claim, that, in trying to understand the ten years of his career that remain, we are still to regard him as under the same influence, unless something which is opposed to such an idea can be shown.

Mohammed had ever proclaimed the impolicy and iniquity of religious persecution; he had advocated the propagation of his doctrines, by addressing the reason, feelings, and consciences of men. For thirteen years he had persevered in thus addressing them, and almost in vain; they had spurned his instructions, rejected his truths, and sought his life. On a sudden, without agency of his, unsought, unasked by him, lo! God had put into his hands an army of devoted followers; for what? The old Hebrew collection answered very plainly, that God chastised by physical suffering those that persisted in rebellion and unbelief; it taught him that by the sword, when all else failed, Jehovah had prepared a way for himself. Is this denied? Is it denied that an Arabian of the sixth century might, in his best senses, most naturally thus read the Holy Book? Is it denied that in modern Europe, in England, more than a thousand years after Mohammed, the idea of promulgating by force the truth, even the truth as it is in Jesus, was a common idea? Can we

look at the conquest of America by the Spaniards, and hold an Arab, into whose possession Heaven had as by miracle given arms, an evident knave, and no enthusiast, for believing that God designed him to use the arms thus given for the purpose of spreading that truth which men would not otherwise receive? Nothing, perhaps, tells more against Mohammed in the popular mind, than the idea that he wished to spread his faith by the sword; and yet how strange would it have been, had he persevered in peaceful addresses to men's reason, after laboring so long in vain, and being at last empowered to use other means, — the same means that were used against him! Truly, had he refused the armies of Yatreb, he would have deserved from all of us the name of prophet, and would have proved himself one of the truest successors to the spirit of the gentle Jesus. But so great virtue was not in him; the offer of the sword was to his mind not to be refused, for God offered it. The means of conversion which the greatest monarch of Christendom tried some three centuries later, this untutored Arab appealed to. Was Charlemagne dishonest in his bloody baptisms? If not, why Mohammed? It will be said, because he once taught a better doctrine; but shall there be no end to God's forbearance? Had not a clear proof reached the fugitive from Mecca, that the day of retribution was at hand?

But Mohammed, when in power, was cruel, vindictive, and showed that he used the sword for selfish, not noble, purposes; so many appear to think. In two lives of the prophet lying before us, the fact, that, after the battle of Beder, the bodies of the Meccans were thrown by Mohammed's followers into a well, is mentioned as a striking instance of their barbarity. Did the writers of those works remember how Christians, in this nineteenth century, treat the corpses of their foes? Did it occur to them, that, in the situation of the victorious army at Beder, no other mode of burial was possible than the one adopted? and that the act which is denounced as barbarous may have been an act of unusual respect? Surely, to leave the body of an enemy to the kites and dogs is as barbarous as to bury it, even though the grave be a well. And to aid them in estimating the barbarity of the victor in that wonderful battle, they had the fact, — more important, one would think, than the disposition of the dead, — that, of seventy prisoners taken, but two suffered death.

But the charge of cruelty is utterly false. Mohammed forgave the very men of Mecca who had driven him forth and hunted him like a wild beast; he probably forgave the Jewess who administered the poison which produced his death; nor does a spirit of cruelty show itself in any part of his career.

He entered Medina, as we have said, in triumph. He found himself Prophet, Priest, Lawgiver, Judge, General, and King. Never was monarch so revered by his people, as the son of Abdallah by his followers. He built a temple or mosque of the most primitive simplicity, and reared for himself a palm-tree for a pulpit. His private life was one of marked abstinence and plainness. He lit his fire, and swept his chamber; mended his own garments, and spread his own table; dates and barley-bread, milk and honey, were his food.

One charge, and only one, relative to his private conduct, is, or can be, made; he is accused of licentiousness. Into a full discussion of this subject we cannot enter; but we ask the inquirer to consider these suggestions. From his youth to the age of fifty-three, Mohammed had been a model of chastity, and this at a time when no external circumstances operated upon his mind to make him so. Is it, then, to be at once believed that he, who had been so free from licentiousness through youth and manhood, would become a profligate in his old age, when every inducement from without called upon him to control himself? He was trying to reform his countrymen in regard to the very vice of which he is accused; and should we look, in the course of nature, for utter abandonment on the part of the Reformer, heretofore so continent, just when he was preaching continence? Ought we not, before we admit so improbable a charge, to weigh well the evidence on which it rests? And what is this evidence? It is, first, the tradition of his followers; secondly, certain portions of the Koran. In regard to the first, we hold it as worthless, for it is clear that what we look on as criminal his followers viewed in a wholly different light;* and this, leading, as we know it did, to immense exaggerations and fables, vitiates the tradition entirely. And what is the evidence of the Koran? We take it to be this,

* See Gibbon, chap. 50, notes 162, &c.

and nothing more; Mohammed took a greater number of wives than he allowed to his followers, under an assumed permission from God to do so. Why? From a licentious spirit? We cannot believe it. What then? it may be asked. We answer, that the conduct of the prophet may, very probably, have been induced by the same feeling which led Napoleon to repudiate Josephine; the only sons he had appear to have died in infancy, and he had no one to succeed him in that priesthood to which God had raised him. In short, that charge of unbounded licentiousness, which Christian and infidel writers have brought against the husband of Cadijah, we believe may be regarded as a misinterpretation of the fact, that, in his desire for an heir, he supposed himself allowed by Heaven to increase the number of his wives beyond the bounds prescribed to his followers. No other explanation than this seems to us to accord with his previous purity, and this explanation coincides entirely with the idea upon which we are proceeding, that Mohammed was a monomaniac, a self-deceived enthusiast, up to the time of his flight from Mecca.

And how do the other circumstances of his life at that time accord with our theory? Take, for instance, the first noted event after his accession to power, that battle of Beder, to which we have already referred. A caravan of the Koreish was on its way to Mecca. Anticipating an attack from the followers of Mohammed, a reinforcement from Mecca, consisting of nine hundred and fifty men, went out to meet and defend their fellow-citizens. To this force the Prophet could oppose only three hundred and thirteen soldiers; but he did not hesitate about engaging the superior body, assuring his followers of divine aid. At first, he stood aloof from the battle, calling on God to assist his true worshippers; but when he saw his men wavering before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, throwing himself upon a horse, and casting a handful of sand into the air, with a loud cry he led his yielding followers back to the charge, and by his enthusiasm so inspirited his supporters, and daunted his opponents, that he gained the day.

In relation to this battle, we have another specimen of the way in which prejudice can lead a man to write. Professor Bush, after giving an account of the contest, says this triumph is often alluded to in the Koran "in a style of *self-*

satisfied vaunting," and immediately quotes this passage : — " And ye slew not those who were slain at Beder yourselves, but God slew them. Neither didst thou, O Mohammed, cast the gravel into their eyes when thou didst seem to cast it, but God cast it " ; together with one or two others of similar import, all ascribing the victory to God.

But perhaps no period will more fully prove a man's honesty than the hour of death. How was it then with the Arabian impostor ? He knew, for many months before his death, that his end was approaching, as he died from the lingering disease produced by poison. As long as his strength permitted, he pursued his usual course, promulgating his faith by force, where the Koran was not enough. Though he knew Azrael to be so near, he changed neither in language nor action, but continued to claim to be God's messenger, and to fulfil the duties of his mission. At length his strength failed him, but not his courage, his enthusiasm, or his faith. For the last time he caused himself to be borne to the mosque, and spoke to his people. He told them that his last hour was near, and called upon any to whom he had been unjust, or whose name he had injured, to accuse him openly ; and if he owed any, he prayed them to make their claims then, rather than at the day of judgment. From the crowd there came a voice making a demand ; it was acknowledged and paid, with many thanks to the creditor. He then set free his slaves ; arranged every thing for his funeral ; appointed Abubekir to succeed him as priest, but made no mention of any successor in command ; and, with his head resting on Ayesha's knee, prepared to die. When the delirium of fever was upon him, he wished to dictate new messages from God ; when the delirium passed by, he bade his weeping friends be comforted. Around him were gathered his chief followers ; the worthlessness of power, the poverty of the rewards of ambition, could not fail to be seen by the dying man. Did he point out their vanity to Ali and Abubekir ? Were his last moments given to self-reproach, or even silent despair ? Could this impostor, this liar, this greatest of quacks and deceivers, pass away, and not utter one word showing that his soul was stricken with agony, when he looked back upon the villany of his mature years ? His lips moved ; they leant over him to catch the feeble sounds. " O God ! pardon my sins," he cried ; " yes, I

come among my fellow-laborers on high!" He dipped his faint hand in the water, sprinkled his face, and died. Was that a liar's death-bed?

But there is one fact in the history of Mohammed which is usually regarded as conclusive; the fact, that he had revelations to suit his own plans, wishes, and position; in any difficulty or danger, he was informed from heaven what course to pursue. This is considered as certain proof of his imposture. But we think the history of monomania would show it to be one of the most common results of that disease. An enthusiast whose mind is unsound will, in most cases, have his visions or voices, when circumstances make them desirable; his revelations will be guided by his wishes. We cannot, therefore, think this strongest of all the evidences of the Arabian's dishonesty of any weight.

We have now given the leading points which need to be considered, in estimating Mohammed's honesty. For ourselves, we look upon him as honest to the last hour of his life; and we suppose his success and his influence to have been the result of his truthfulness and his real greatness of soul. It is disheartening to think, for a moment, that a mere deceiver and cheat could rule men's minds as this man did; but it is full of comfort and food for faith, the conviction that earnest, heartfelt, fearless devotion to the cause of God, as he believed, enabled the Arab Reformer to change the fortunes of so many millions. We regard the lesson to be learned, from the study of the prophet's life, as in favor of uprightness; not, as by the imposture theory, in favor of deception and knavery.

But not only do we look on Mohammed as honest, we regard him as one of the great souls of the world. We have no room to discuss his whole character, but we would call the attention of the reader to his forgiveness of the Meccans who had sought his life; to his ability as a soldier, though educated to arts of peace; to the fact, that he originated the laws and literature of a great people, though but partially taught himself; and to that peculiar power which he gained over all about him. Had he been less great, his honesty would not have enabled him to perform the wonders he did; and had he been otherwise than honest, we cannot believe his name would have been now known to the reader of history.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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ERRATA.

Page 295, 11th line from the bottom, for "his doctrines" *read* "its doctrines."
" 296, 18th line from the bottom, *dele* "But."
" 298, 17th line from the top, for "modest" *read* "utmost."
" 307, 5th line from the top, for "honor" *read* "horror."
" " 12th line from the bottom, for "puffs" *read* "huffs."

The statement on page 390, that manuscripts of the Gospels written in the age of the first Christian Emperor are even now extant, is perhaps made with too little qualification. It is true that some critics ascribe both the *Alexandrine* and the *Vatican* manuscripts of the Gospels to the fourth century, in the early part of which Constantine flourished. But others, with more reason, do not give them a higher antiquity than the fifth century.

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